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OF  
English POETRY:  
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IN OUR  
POEMS and PLAYS:  
From the Celebrated SPENCER.

The WHOLE Instructive, Moral, and Humourous; and adapted to all Degrees of Mankind: Alphabetically digested under proper Heads, in Chronological Order of Time.

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Several EMINENT HANDS.

To which is prefix'd,  
An Alphabetical Catalogue of AUTHORS, POEMS, and  
PLAYS quoted in the Collection. Also an Historical  
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T H E  
British Muse.

P A N D E R.

**I**'M kept for pleasure, though I never  
taste it.  
For 'tis the usher's office, still to cover  
His lady's private meetings with her  
lover.

*Marston's Insatiate Countess.*

1. At best 'tis but a goodly pandarism.

2. Shrewd business.

Thou child in thrift, thou fool of honesty ;  
Is't a disparagement for a gentleman,  
For friends of lower rank to do the offices  
Of necessary kindness without fee  
For one another ; courtesies of course,  
Mirths of society ; when petty mushrooms,  
Transplanted from their dunghills, spread on mountains,  
And pass for cedars, by their servile flatteries  
On great mens vices ? —pander —th'art deceiv'd,  
The word includes preferment, —'tis a title  
Of dignity, I could add somewhat more else.  
Thy beauteous sister like a precious tissue,

V o l. III.

B

Not

Not shap'd into a garment fit for wearing,  
 Wants the adornments of the workman's cunning  
 'To set the richness of the price at view ;  
 Though in her self all wonder.

*John Ford's Fancy chaste and noble.*

But you are  
 The squire of dames, devoted to the service  
 Of gamefome ladies ; the hidden mystery  
 Discover'd, their close bawd : thy slavish breath  
 Fanning the fires of lust ; the goe-between  
 This female, and that wanton sir : your art  
 Can blind a jealous husband, and disguis'd  
 Like a milliner, or shoemaker, convey  
 A letter in a pantoofle, or glove  
 Without suspicion ; nay, at his table,  
 In a case of pick-teeth : you instruct 'em how  
 To parley with their eyes, and make the temple  
 A mart of looseness. To discover all  
 Thy subtilty brokages, were to teach in publick  
 Those private practices, which are in justice  
 Severely to be punish'd.

*Massinger's Emperor of the East.*

Pimps manage the great business o'th' nation,  
 That is—the heav'nly work of propagation !

*Crown's Sir Courtly Nice.*

P A R A S I T E.

Ah, when the means are gone, that buy this praise,  
 The breath is gone whereof this praise is made !  
 Feast-won, fast-lost : one cloud of winter-show'rs  
 These flies are couch'd.

2. The swallow follows not

Summer more willingly, than we your lordship.

1. Nor more willingly leaves winter : such summer-  
 Birds are men.——

*Shakespeare's Timon.*

May you a better feast never behold,  
 You knot of mouth-friends : smoke, and luke-warm water  
 Is your perfection, This is *Timon's* last ;

Who

Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,  
 Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces  
 Your reeking villany Live loath'd, and long ;  
 Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites ;  
 Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,  
 You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time-flies,  
 Cap-and-knee slaves, vapors, and minute-jacks ;  
 Of man and beast the infinite malady  
 Cruel you quite o'er !

*Shakespear's Timon.*

————— O ! your parasite  
 Is a most precious thing, drop'd from above ;  
 Not bred 'mongst clods and clod-polls here on earth.  
 I muse, the mystery was not made a science,  
 It is so lib'rally profess'd ! almost  
 All the wise world is little else in nature,  
 But parasites, or sub-parasites. And, yet,  
 I mean not those that have your bare town-art,  
 'To know who's fit to feed them ; have no house,  
 No family, no care, and therefore mould  
 'Tales for mens ears, to bait that sense ; or get  
 Kitchen-invention, and some stale receipts  
 To please the belly, and the groin ; nor those  
 With their court dog-tricks, that can fawn and flatter,  
 Make their revenue out of legs and faces ;  
 Eccho my lord, and lick away a moth :  
 But your fine elegant rascal, that can rise,  
 And stoop, almost together ; like an arrow  
 Shoot through the air as nimbly as a star :  
 Turn short, as doth a swallow ; and be here,  
 And there ; and here, and yonder, all at once ;  
 Present to any humour, all occasion ;  
 And change a vizor, swifter than a thought !  
 This is the creature had the art born with him ;  
 Toils not to learn it, but doth practice it  
 Out of most excellent nature : and such sparks  
 Are the true parasites, others but their zanies.

*Johnson's Volpone.*



'Tis true, that sway'd by strong necessity,  
 I am enforc'd to eat my careful bread,  
 With too much obsequy; 'tis true, beside,  
 That I am fain to spin my own poor raiment,  
 Out of my mere observance, b'ing not born  
 To a free fortune : but that I have done  
 Base offices, in rending friends asunder ;  
 Dividing families ; betraying councils ;  
 Whisp'ring false lies, or mining men with praise ;  
 Train'd their credulities with perjuries ;  
 Corrupted chastity ; or am in love  
 With mine own tender ease, but would not rather  
 Prove the most rugged and laborious course,  
 That might redeem my present estimation ;  
 Let me here perish, in all hope of goodness.

*Johnson's Volpone.*

A tassell that hangs at my purse strings ; he dogs  
 Me, and I give him scraps, and pay for his  
 Ordinary, feed him ; he liquors himself  
 In the juice of my bounty ; and when he  
 Hath suck'd up strength of spirit, he squeaseth  
 It in my own face : when I have refin'd  
 And sharpn'd his wits with good food, he cuts  
 My fingers, and breaks jests upon me ;  
 I bear them, and beat him.

*Marston's What you will.*

P A R D O N.

Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twain ;  
 But makes one pardon strong.  
 The word is short, but not so short as sweet ;  
 No word-like pardon, for kings mouths so meet.

*Shakespeare's K. Richard II.*

The higher those great powers have rais'd you,  
 Press that which lies below, with gentler weight :  
 To pardon miseries is fortune's height.

*Goffe's Courageous Turk.*

When I call to mem'ry our long friendship,  
 Methinks it cannot be too great a wrong,

That

That then I should not pardon. Why should man,  
 For a poor hasty syllable or two,  
 And vented only in forgetful fury,  
 Chain all the hopes and riches of his soul,  
 To the revenge of that, die lost for ever ?  
 For he that makes his last peace with his maker  
 In anger ; anger is his peace eternally :  
 He must expect the same return again,  
 Whose venture is deceitful.

*Middleton and Rowley's Fair Quarrel.*

But by his heralds first he pardons sent,  
 So *Tamberlaine* sent his white flag before.  
*Henry* by lenitives, not corr'sives meant  
 Those ulcerated members to restore.  
 No soldier but a herald ; nor a blow ;  
 But strange, a pardon overthrew the-foe.

The best of trophies ; chiefly when the war  
 Is between king and subject : those are best  
 Complexion'd conquests, which least sanguine are ;  
 And those most modest, which do blush the least.  
*Camillus*, once was by *Rome's* senate thought  
 Worthy to triumph, tho' he had not fought.  
 And greatest trophy too : they laid their hearts  
 At *Henry's* feet to be triumphed o'er,  
 And yielded their minds captive ; which imparts  
 The bravest glory to the conqueror.

*Aleyn's Henry VII.*

When *Kent* was in commotion, I know,  
 Corr'sives did cure the ulcers of the state ;  
 But should you use that course of physick now,  
 You might the patients more exasperate ?  
 So the same simples, as th' experienc'd find,  
 Gather'd at sev'ral times, do purge or bind,  
 If to be great, not good were your intent ;  
 I have chalk'd out your way : 'twere a false aim,  
 If by the ruins of the slain you meant,  
 To raise the pile and structure of your fame :  
 They

They which survive will the best trophies be,  
And living statues of this victory.

*Aleyn's Henry VII.*

If *Rome* could pardon sins, as *Romans* hold ;  
And if such pardons might be bought with gold ;  
An easy judgment might determine which  
To chuse ; to be religious, or else rich :  
Nay, *Rome* does pardon ; pardons may be sold :  
We'll search no scriptures ; but the mines for gold.

*Quarles*

Have you no words but what are only good,  
Because their ill is quickly understood ?  
Dispose of *Claudio's* life ! Whilst cruel you  
Seem dead, by being deaf to all that sue :  
Till by long custom of forgiving none,  
You're so averse to all forgiveness grown,  
That in your own behalf you shall deny  
To hear of absolution, when you die.

*Sir W. Davenant's Law against Lovers.*

P A R E N T S.

Unreasonable creatures feed their young ;  
And tho' man's face be fearful to their eyes,  
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,  
Who hath not seen them, even with those wings,  
Which sometimes they have us'd with fearful flight,  
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,  
Off'ring their own lives in their young's defence ?

*Shakespeare's Third Part of King Henry VI.*

——— Parents are o'erseen,  
When with too strict a rein, they do hold in  
Their child's affections ; and controul that love,  
Which the high pow'rs divine instruct them with :  
When, in their shallow judgments, they may know,  
Affection cross'd, brings misery and woe.

*Robert Taylour's Hog hath lost his Pearl.*

Fathers that deny their daughters lawful  
Pleasures, when ripe for them ; in some kind, edge  
Their

Their appetites, to taste of the fruit that  
Is forbidden.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Elder Brother.*

Oh, the blindness of a cov'tous wretched  
Father, that is led only by the ears,  
And in love with sounds ! Nature had done well  
'To have thrust him into the world without  
An eye, that like a mole is so affected  
'To base earth ; and there means to dig for paradise.  
Fathers their children, and themselves abuse ;  
'That wealth, a husband, for their daughters chuse.

*Shirley's School of Compliments.*

Honour thy parents to prolong thine end ;  
With them, though for a truth, do not contend :  
Though all should truth defend, do thou lose rather  
The truth a while, than lose their loves for ever :  
Whoever makes his father's heart to bleed ;  
Shall have a child that will revenge the deed.

*Randolph.*

P A R T I N G.

And by the way, the sundry purpose found  
Of this or that, the time for to delay ;  
And of the perils whereto he was bound,  
The fear whereof seem'd much her to affray :  
But all she did, was but to wear out day.  
Full oftentimes she leave of him did take ;  
And oft again deviz'd somewhat to say,  
Which she forgot ; whereby excuse to make :  
So loth she was his company for to forsake.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Parting is such sweet sorrow,  
That I shall say good night, till it be morrow.

*Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet.*

——— I would have thee gone,  
And yet no further than a wanton's bird,  
That lets it hop a little from her hand,  
Like a poor pris'ner in his twisted gyves ;  
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,



So loving-jealous of his liberty.

*Shakespear's Romeo and Juliet.*

With his head over his shoulder turn'd,  
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes ;  
For out of doors he went without their help,  
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

*Shakespear's Hamlet.*

1. So long,  
As he could make me with this eye, or ear,  
Distinguish him from others, he did keep  
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,  
Still waving, as the fits and starts of's mind  
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,  
How swift his ship.

2. Thou should'st have made him  
As little as a crow, or less ; ere left  
To after-eye him.

1. Madam, so I did.

2. I would have broken mine eye-strings, crack'd 'em, but  
To look upon him ; till the diminution  
Of Space had pointed him sharp as my needle ;  
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted, from  
The smallness of a gnat, to air ; and then  
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.

*Shakespear's Cymbeline.*

I did not take my leave of him, but had  
Most pretty things to say : Ere I could tell him,  
How I would freely think on him, at certain hours ;  
Such thoughts, and such ; or, I could make him swear,  
The shees of *Italy* should not betray,  
Mine int'rest and his honour ; or have charg'd him  
At the sixth hour of the morn, at noon, at midnight,  
T'encounter me with orisons ; for then  
I am in heav'n for him ; or ere I could  
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set  
'Twixt two charming words, comes in my father ;  
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,  
Shakes all our buds from growing.

*Shakespear's Cymbeline.*

With that, wringing my hand, he turns away ;  
 And tho' his tears would hardly let him look,  
 Yet such a look did through his tears make way ;  
 As shew'd how sad a farewell there he took.

*Daniel's Arcadia.*

Sweetest love, I do not go,  
 For weariness of thee ;  
 Nor in hope the world can show  
 A fitter love for me :  
 But since that I  
 Must die at last, 'tis best,  
 Thus to use myself in jest  
 By feigned death to die.

Yesternight the sun went hence,  
 And yet is here to day ;  
 He hath no desire nor sense,  
 Nor half so short a way :  
 Then fear not me,  
 But believe that I shall make  
 Hastier journeys, since I take  
 More wings and spurs than he.

*Dr. Donne.*

As in *September*, when our year resigns  
 'The glorious sun to the cold watry signs,  
 Which through the clouds looks on the earth in scorn ;  
 The little bird, yet to salute the morn,  
 Upon the naked branches sets her foot,  
 The leaves then lying on the mossy root ;  
 And there a silly chirruping doth keep,  
 As though she fain would sing, yet fain would weep :  
 Praising fair summer, that too soon is gone,  
 Or sad for winter, too fast coming on :  
 In this strange plight, I mourn for thy depart,  
 Because that weeping cannot ease my heart.

*Drayton's Queen Margaret to Duke of Suffolk.*

I make no doubt, as I shall take the course,  
 Which she shall never know, till it be acted ;

B 5

And

And when she wakes to honour, then she'll thank me  
for't

I'll imitate the pities of old surgeons  
To this lost limb; who ere they shew their art,  
Cast one asleep, then cut the diseas'd part:  
So out of love to her I pity most,  
She shall not feel him going till he's lost;  
'Then she'll commend the cure.

*Middleton's Women beware Women.*

P A S S I O N S.

Behold the image of mortality,  
And feeble nature cloth'd with fleshly tire;  
When raging passion with fierce tyranny,  
Robs reason of her due regality,  
And makes it servant to her basest part!  
The strong it weakens with infirmity,  
And with bold fury arms the weakest heart;  
The strong, through pleasure soonest falls, the weak,  
through smart.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

But though the apprehensive pow'r do pause,  
The motive virtue then begins to move;  
Which in the heart below doth passions cause,  
Joy, grief, and fear, and hope, and hate, and love.  
These passions have a free commanding might,  
And divers actions in our life do breed;  
For all acts done without true reason's light,  
Do from the passions of the sense proceed.  
But since the brain doth lodge the pow'rs of sense,  
How makes it in the heart those passions spring?  
The mutual love, the kind intelligence  
'Twixt heart and brain, this sympathy doth bring.  
From the kind heat which in the heart doth reign,  
The sp'rits of life do their beginning take;  
These sp'rits of life ascending to the brain,  
When they come there, the spirits of sense do make.  
These

These sp'rits of sense, in fantasy's high court,  
 Judge of the forms of objects, ill or well;  
 And so they send a good or ill report  
 Down to the heart, where all affections dwell.

If the report be good, it causeth love,  
 And longing hope, and well-assured joy :  
 If it be ill, then doth it hatred move,  
 And trembling fear, and vexing griefs annoy.

*Sir John Davies.*

Most necessary 'tis, that we forget  
 To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt :  
 What to ourselves in passion we propose,  
 The passion ending, doth the purpose lose :  
 The violence of either grief or joy,  
 Their own enactors with themselves destroy :  
 Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament ;  
 Grief joys, joy grieves on slender accident.

*Shakespear's Hamlet.*

————— Passions are desperate,  
 And tempt with uncouth woe, as well as joy :  
 It evil is, that glories to destroy.

*Lord Brooke's Alabam.*

Passions are oft mistaken, and misnam'd ;  
 Things simply good, grow evil with misplacing.

*Lord Brooke's Mustapha.*

Who would the title of true worth were his,  
 Must vanquish vice, and no base thoughts conceive :  
 The bravest trophy ever man obtain'd ;  
 Is that, which o'er himself, himself hath gain'd.

*E. of Sterline's Davius.*

Fear seeing all, fears it of all is spy'd :  
 Like to a taper lately burning bright,  
 But wanting matter to maintain his light ;  
 The blaze ascending, forced by the smoke,  
 Living by that, which seeks the same to choke :  
 The flame still hanging in the air doth burn,  
 Until drawn down, it back again return :

B 6.

Then:



Then clear, then dim; then spreadeth, and then closeth;  
 Now getteth strength, and now its brightness loseth;  
 As well the best discerning eye may doubt,  
 Whether it yet be in, or whether out:  
 Thus in my cheek, my fundry passions shew'd;  
 Now ashy-pale, and now again it glow'd.

*Drayton's Lady Geraldine to the Earl of Surrey.*  
 The grief that melts to tears, by't self is spent:  
 Passion resisted, grows more violent.

*Tourneur's Atheist's Tragedy.*

—————Each small breath  
 Disturbs the quiet of poor shallow waters:  
 But winds must arm themselves, ere the large sea  
 Is seen to tremble.

*Habbington's Queen of Arragon.*

—————Passions without power,  
 Like seas against a rock, but lose their fury.

*Denham's Sophy.*

The gods from passions might have made us free;  
 Or gave us only those, which best agree.

*Sir R. Howard's Vestal Virgin.*

These starts, are the convulsions of weak reason,  
 When fits of passion grow too strong upon you:  
 We have all our haggard passions, but none so wild  
 Or so unmann'd as yours. —————

They may be tam'd and brought from their excess,  
 And watch'd by reason, into gentleness.

*Ibid.*

—————Passions are like thieves  
 That watch to enter undefended places;  
 And rob you too, of all that puts a difference  
 Between wild beasts and man.

*Sir R. Howard's Blind Lady.*

—————Oh! these passions  
 Are but the cracks and splinters of the soul;  
 Shatter'd and bruis'd by some external pow'r,  
 Which might securely lie in its own haven.  
 Mens minds, like kingdoms, never so much flourish,

As

As when they raise the price of native goods ;  
And set low values upon foreign wares.

*Fane's Love in the dark.*

'Tis hard to say, what men, whom reason guides  
Intend to do ; much more, whom passion rides.

*Fountain's Rewards of Virtue.*

We oft by light'ning read in darkest nights ;  
And by your passions, I read all your natures,  
Though you at other times can keep them dark.

*Crown's First Part of Henry V I.*

Oh, sir ! your passion's dead ; and you are weaving  
Garlands of fine expressions for it's funeral.

*Crown's Second Part of Henry VI.*

P A T I E N C E.

What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,  
Patience her injury a mock'ry makes.  
The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from the thief ;  
He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

*Shakespeare's Othello.*

Patience unmov'd — no marvel though she pause ;  
They can be meek, that have no other cause :  
A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,  
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry ;  
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain ;  
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.

*Shakespeare's Comedy of Errors.*

What fortune hurts, let suff'rance only heal ;  
No wisdom with extremities to deal.

*Drayton's Duke of Suffolk to Queen Margaret.*

1. For he whose breast is tender, blood so cool,  
That no wrongs heat it, is a patient fool :  
What comfort do you find in b'ing so calm ?
2. That which green wounds receive from sov'reign  
balm ;

Patience, my lord ; why, 'tis the soul of peace :  
Of all the virtues 'tis nearest kin to heaven ;  
It makes men look like gods : The best of men  
That e'er wore earth about him, was a sufferer,

A soft

A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,  
'The first true gentleman that ever breath'd.

'The stock of patience then cannot be poor ;  
All it desires, it has ; what monarch more ?

It is the greatest enemy to law

That can be ; for it doth embrace all wrongs ;

And so chains up lawyers, and womens tongues.

'Tis the perpetual pris'ner's liberty,

His walks and orchards ; 'tis the bond-slave's freedom,

And makes him seem proud of each iron chain,

As though he wore it more for state, than pain :

• It is the beggar's musick ; and thus sings,

Although their bodies beg, their souls are kings.

O my dread liege ! It is the self same bliss

Rears us aloft, makes men and angels kiss :

And last of all, to end a household strife ;

It is the honey 'gainst a waspish wife.

*Dekker's First Part of the Honest Whore.*

'Tis an easy thing for him that has no

Pain, to talk of patience.

*Tourneur's Atheist's Tragedy.*

Patience grows fury that is often stirr'd ;

When conquerors wax calm, and cease to hate ;

The conquer'd should not dare reiterate.

*Goffe's Courageous Turk.*

I have heard you with that patience,

(And with no better) as the troubled pilot

Endures a tempest, or contrary winds :

Who, finding nevertheless his tackling sure,

His vessel tight, and sea-room round about him,

Plays with the waves, and vies his confidence

Above the blasts of fortune, till he wins

His way, through all her threatnings, to his port.

*Richard Brome's Damoiselle.*

He that's besotted to his fear, or ease ;

Will make his patience prove his worst disease.

*Tatham's Distracted State.*

Patience

Patience in cowards is tame hopeleſs fear ;  
But in brave minds, a ſcorn of what they bear.

Sir R. Howard's *Indian Queen*.

## P A T R O N.

How many great ones may remember'd be,  
Who in their days moſt famously did flouriſh ;  
Of whom no word we hear, no ſign we ſee,  
But as things wip'd out with a ſponge they periſh ;  
Be cauſe they, living, cared not to cheriſh  
Some gentle wit, thro' pride, or covetize,  
Which might their names for ever memorize ?

*Spenser's Ruins of Time.*

O grief of grief ! O gall of all good hearts !  
'To ſee that virtue ſhould deſpiſed be  
Of ſuch, as firſt were raiſed for virtuous parts ;  
And now, broad-ſpreading, like an aged tree,  
Let none ſhoot up, that nigh them planted be :  
O let not thoſe of whom the muſe is ſcorn'd,  
Alive, or dead, be by the muſe adorn'd.

*Spenser, Ibid.*

Who grac'd the muſes, which her times became :  
For they who give them comfort, muſt have fame.

*Daniel's Civil War.*

And to invite great men from foreign parts,  
Gueſts worthy of this table, he did add  
Rich ſalaries to ſublimiate their hearts  
For high deſigns : Some guerdon muſt be had  
'To raiſe a great, and a dejected ſoul :  
Virtue ſteers bravely, where there's ſuch a pole.

Antiquity the arts ſo flouriſhing ſaw,  
Chear'd by their patron's ſweet and temp'rate air :  
'Twas hope of meed that made *Apelles* draw  
Such an unvalu'd piece of *Philip's* heir ;  
And well he might : Rewards not only can  
Draw ſuch a picture, but make ſuch a man.

*Aleyn's Creſcey.*

P E A C E.



A peace is of the nature of a conquest ;  
 For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,  
 And neither party loser.

*Shakespear's Second Part of King Henry IV.*

Let me have war, say I ; it exceeds peace,  
 As far as day does night ; it's sprightly, waking,  
 Audible, and full of vent. Peace is a  
 Very apoplexy, lethargy, mull'd,  
 Deaf, sleepy, insensible, a getter  
 Of more bastard children, than war's a destroyer  
 Of men.

2. 'Tis so ; and as war in some sort  
 May be said to be a ravisher, so  
 It cannot be denied, but peace is  
 A great maker of cuckolds.

1. Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

2. Reason, 'cause they then less need one another.

*Shakespear's Coriolanus.*

1. Now all's peace, no danger : Now what follows ?  
 Idleness rusts us ; since no virtuous labour  
 Ends ought rewarded, ease, security,  
 Now all the palm wears ; we made war before  
 So to prevent war ; men with giving gifts  
 More than receiving, made our country strong :  
 Our matchless race of soldiers then would spend  
 In publick wars, not private brawls, their sp'rits ;  
 In daring enemies, arm'd with meanest arms ;  
 Not courting strumpets, and consuming birth-rights  
 In apishness, and envy of attire :  
 No labour then was harsh, no way so deep,  
 Nor rock so steep, but if a bird could scale it,  
 Up would our youth fly to. A foe in arms,  
 Stirr'd up a much more lust of his encounter,  
 Than of a mistress never so be-painted :  
 Ambition then, was only scaling walls,  
 And over-topping turrets : Fame was wealth ;  
 Best parts, best deeds, were best nobility ;

Honour

Honour with worth ; and wealth well got, or none.  
 Countries we won, with as few men as countries.  
 Virtue subdu'd all.

2. Just : And then our nobles  
 Lov'd virtue so, they prais'd and us'd it too ;  
 Had rather do, than say : their own deeds hearing  
 By others glorify'd, than be so barren,  
 That their parts only stood in praising others.

1. Who could not do, yet prais'd, and envy'd not :  
 Civil behaviour flourish'd ; bounty flow'd ;

Avarice to upland boors, slaves hang-men banish'd.

2. 'Tis now quite otherwise ; but to note the cause  
 Of all these foul digressions, and revolts

From our first natures ; this 'tis, in a word :

Since good arts fail, craft and deceit are us'd :

Men ignorant are idle ; idle men

Most practice, what they most may do with ease,

Fashion, and favour : All their studies aiming

At getting money, which no wise man ever

Fed his desires with.

*Chapman's Revenge of Buffey D'ambois.*

Thus mighty rivers quietly do glide,

And do not by their rage their pow'rs profess,

But by their mighty workings ; when in pride

Small torrents roar more loud, and work much less :

Peace greatness best becomes. Calm pow'r doth guide

With a far more imperious stateliness,

Than all the swords of violence can do ;

And easier gains those ends she tends unto.

*Daniel's Panegyrick to the King.*

The people thus in time of peace agree

To curb the great men still ; ev'n in that form,

As in calm days they do disbranch the tree,

Which shrowded them of late against a storm.

*E. of Sterline's Julius Cæsar.*

The misery of peace ! Only outsidés

Are then respected : As ships seem very

Great upon the river, which shew very

Little

Little upon the seas ; so some men in  
The court, seem *Colossusses* in a chamber ;  
Who if they came into the field, would appear  
Pitiful pigmies.

*Webster's White Devil.*

————— Pox of peace —————  
It fills the kingdom full of holydays ;  
And only feeds the wants of whores and pipers ;  
And makes th' idle drunken rogues get spinners :  
By heav'n it is the surfeit of all youth,  
'That makes the toughness, and the strength of nations  
Melt into women. 'Tis an ease that broods  
Thieves, and bastards only.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Captain.*

————— In this plenty,  
And fat of peace, your young men ne'er were train'd  
In martial discipline ; and your ships unrigg'd,  
Rot in the harbour ; nor defence prepar'd,  
But thought unuseful : as if that the gods  
Indulgent to your sloth, had granted you  
A perpetuity of pride and pleasure ;  
Nor change fear'd, or expected.

*Massinger's Bondman.*

————— States that never knew  
A change but in their growth, which a long peace  
Hath brought unto perfection, are like steel,  
Which being neglected, will consume itself  
With its own rust : so doth security  
Eat through the hearts of states, while they're sleeping  
And lull'd in her false quiet.

*Nabbs's Hannibal and Scipio.*

• Men are unhappy when they know not how  
To value peace, without its loss :  
And from the want learn how to use,  
What they could so ill manage when enjoy'd.

*Sir R. Howard's Blind Lady.*

Surfeited with fulsome ease and wealth,  
Our luscious hours are candy'd up for women ;

Whilst

Whilst our men lose their appetite to glory ;  
Our pilots all their skill, for want of storms.

*Crown's Ambitious Statesman.*

## P E R S E V E R A N C E.

Perseverance keeps honour bright :  
To have done, is to hang quite out of fashion,  
Like rusty mail in monumental mockery.  
For honour travels in a straight so narrow,  
Where one but goes abreast ; keep then the path ;  
For emulation hath a thousand sons,  
That one by one pursue ; if you give way,  
Or turn aside from the direct forth-right,  
Like to an entred tide, they all rush by,  
And leave you hindermost ; and there you lie,  
Like to a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,  
For pavement to the abject near, o'er-run  
And trampled on : then what they do in present,  
Tho' less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours.  
For time is like a fashionable host,  
That slightly shakes his parting guest by th' hand ;  
But with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,  
Grasps in the comer ; welcome ever smiles,  
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek  
Remuneration for the thing it was !  
For beauty, wit, high birth, desert in service,  
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all  
To envious and calumniating time.  
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin ;  
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,  
Tho' they are made and moulded of things past,  
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,  
More laud than they will give to gold o'er-dusted :  
The present eye praises the present object.  
Then marvel not, thou great and compleat man,  
That all the *Greeks* begin to worship *Ajax* ;  
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,  
Than what not stirs.

*Shakespear's Troilus and Cressida.*

Know



Know mortals, that the men the gods most love,  
 In hard and dang'rous arts they always prove;  
 When men live brave at first, then fall to crimes,  
 Their bad is chronicle to future times:  
 For who begins good arts, and not proceeds;  
 He but goes backward in all noble deed.

*Goffe's Couragious Turk.*

Not to promote what we do once commence,  
 Argues a weaknefs, and a diffidence.

When great ones, for great actions are bound,  
 And failed far i'th' voyage, they will not  
 Turn for their honour, but be rather drown'd;  
 Nor can, perhaps: as those the gulph have shot:  
 Or not begin, or finish, is a rule,  
 As well in *Mars's*, as in *Venus's* school.

Nerves would be cramp'd, the lazy blood would freeze,  
 Limbs be unactive, should they longer lie;  
 And if they still should sacrifice to ease,  
 Valour would fall into a lethargy:  
 Dull lakes are choak'd with melancholick mud;  
 Motions do clear, and christallize a flood.

*Aleyn's Poitiers.*

Revolt is recreant, when pursuit is brave;  
 Never to faint, doth purchase what we crave.

*Machen's Dumb Knight.*

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;  
 Nothing's so hard, but search will find it out.

*Herrick.*

# P E T I T I O N.

You hurt your innocence, suing for the guilty.

*Johnson's Volpone.*

Virtue is either lame, or not at all;  
 And love a sacrilege, and not a saint,  
 When it bars up the way to mens petitions.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Valentinian.*

How wretched is that suppliant, who must  
 Make suit to obtain that, which he fears to take?

*Richard Brome's Mad couple well match'd.*

————— They have robb'd me  
 Of all means to prefer my just complaints  
 With any promising hope to gain a hearing ;  
 Much leis redrefs : Petitions not sweetned  
 With gold, are but unsav'ry ; oft refus'd :  
 Or if receiv'd, are pocketted, not read.  
 A suitor's swelling tears by the glowing beams  
 Of chol'rick authority are dry'd up,  
 Before they fall ; or if seen, never pity'd.

*Massinger's Emperor of the East.*

————— Petitions shall be drawn,  
 Humble in form ; but such for matter  
 As the bold *Macedonian* youth would send  
 'To men he did despise for luxury :  
 The first begets opinion of the world,  
 Which looks not far, but on the outside dwells :  
 Th' other enforces courage in our own ;  
 For bold demands must boldly be maintain'd.

*Suckling's Brennoralt.*

## P L A Y E R.

Is it not monstrous that this player here,  
 But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,  
 Could force his soul so to his own conceit,  
 That, from her working, all his visage warm'd :  
 Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,  
 A broken voice, and his whole function suting  
 With forms to his conceit ? and all for nothing ?  
 For *Hecuba* ?

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*  
 That he should weep for her ? what would he do,  
 Had he the motive, and the cue for passion,  
 That I have ? he would drown the stage with tears,  
 And cleave the gen'ral ear with horrid speech ;  
 Make mad the guilty, and appall the free,  
 Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,  
 The very faculty of eyes and ears.

*Shakespeare's Hamlet.*

1. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounce'd  
 It to you, trippingly on the tongue. But  
 If you mouth it, as many of our players  
 Do, I had as lief, the town crier had  
 Spoke my lines: and do not saw the air too  
 Much with your hand thus, but use all gently;  
 For in the very torrent, tempest, and,  
 As I may say, whirl-wind of your passion,  
 You must acquire, and beget a temp'rance  
 That may give it smoothness. Oh, it offends  
 Me to the soul, to hear a robustious  
 Periwig-pated fellow tear a passion  
 To tatters, to very rags, to split the  
 Ears of the groundlings: who, for the most part,  
 Are capable of nothing, but inexplicable  
 Dumb shews, and noise: I could have such a fellow  
 Whip'd for o'erdoing termagant; it  
 Out *Herods Herod*. Pray you, avoid it.

2. I warrant your honour.

1. Be not too tame neither; but let your own  
 Discretion be your tutor, sute the action  
 'To the word, the word to the action;  
 With this special observance, that you o'erstep  
 Not the modesty of nature; for any  
 Thing so overdone is from the purpose  
 Of playing; whose end, both at the first and  
 Now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror  
 Up to nature; to shew virtue her own  
 Feature, scorn her own image, and the very  
 Age and body of the time, his form and  
 Pressure. Now this o'rdone, or come tardy  
 Of, tho' it makes th' unskilful laugh, cannot  
 But make the judicious grieve: the censure  
 Of which one, must in your allowance o'er weigh  
 A whole theatre of others. Oh, there be  
 Players that I've seen play, and heard others  
 Praise, and that highly, not to speak it prophanely,  
 That neither having the accent of christian,

Nor

Nor the gait of christian, pagan, nor man,  
Have so strutted, and bellow'd, that I have  
Thought some of nature's journeymen had made  
Men, and not made them well; they imitated  
Humanity so abominably!

2. I hope, we have reform'd that indiff'rently  
With us,

1. Oh! reform it altogether.

And let those that play your clowns, speak no more  
Than is set down for them: for there be of  
Them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some  
Quantity of barren spectators to  
Laugh too; though, in the mean time, some  
Necessary question of the play be  
Then to be consider'd: that's villainous;  
And shews a most pitiful ambition  
In the fool that uses it.

*Shakepear's Hamlet.*

—————Players

Were never more uncertain in their lives:  
They know not when to play, where to play, nor  
What to play; not when to play, for fearful fools;  
Where to play, for puritan fools; nor what  
'To play, for critical fools.

*Middleton's Mad World my Masters.*

—————They abuse our scene,  
And say we live by vice, indeed 'tis true;  
As the physicians by diseases do,  
Only to cure them: they do live we see  
Like cooks by pamp'ring prodigality;  
Which are our fond accusers. On the stage,  
We set an usurer to tell this age  
How ugly looks his soul; a prodigal,  
Is taught by us how far from liberal  
His folly bears him. Boldly I dare say,  
'There has been more by us in some one play  
Laugh'd into wit, and virtue, than hath been  
By twenty tedious lectures drawn from sin.

And



And foppish humours : hence the cause doth rise,  
Men are not won by th' ears, so well as eyes.

*Randolph's Muscs Looking-Glass.*

————— 'Tis better in a play,  
Be *Agamemnon*, than himself indeed ;  
How oft with danger of the field beset,  
Or with home mutinies, would he unbe  
Himself ? or over cruel altars weeping,  
Wish, that with putting off a vizard, he  
Might his true inward sorrow lay aside ?  
The shews of things are better than themselves :  
How doth it stir this aiery part of us,  
To hear our poets tell imagin'd fights,  
And the strange blows that feigned courage gives ?  
When I'd *Achilles* hear upon the stage  
Speak honour, and the greatness of his soul,  
Methinks, I too could on a *Phrygian* spear  
Run boldly, and make tales for after times :  
But when we come to act it in the deed,  
Death mars this bravery, and th' ugly fears  
Of the other world, sit on the proudest brow ;  
And boasting valour loseth it's red cheek.

*Nero.*

P L E A S U R E.

Ease dulls the sp'rit ; each drop of fond delight  
Allays the thirst, which glory doth excite.

*Mirror for Magistrates.*

All these fond pleasures, if fond things  
Deserve so good a name,  
Should not seduce a noble mind,  
To stain itself with shame.  
The time shall come, when all these fame,  
Which seem so rich with joy :  
Like tyrants, shall torment thy mind,  
And vex thee with annoy.

*Brandon's Octavia to Antonius.*

Pleasure is like a building, the more high,

The

The narrower still it grows ; cedars die  
Soonest at top.

*Shakespear and Rowley's Birth of Merlin.*  
Since all earth's pleasures are so short and small ;  
The way t' enjoy 'em, is t' abjure 'em all.

*Chapman's Buffy D'ambois.*  
Long lull'd asleep with scornful fortune's lies,  
A slave to pleasure, drown'd in base delights ;  
I made a cov'nant with my wand'ring eyes,  
To entertain them still with pleasant sights ;  
My heart enjoy'd all that was wish'd of late,  
Whilst it the height of happiness did cloy ;  
Still serv'd with dainty, but suspected meat,  
My soul with pleasure sick, was faint for joy :  
All, with much care, what might procure mine ease,  
My will divin'd, obsequiously devis'd ;  
And who my fancy any way could please,  
As prais'd by me, was by all others priz'd.  
Save serving me, none else could have deserv'd,  
Of whom whatever came, was held of weight ;  
My words and looks were carefully observ'd,  
And whom I grac'd, were had in honour straight ;  
For pomp and pow'r, far passing other kings.  
Whilst too secure with drowsy thoughts I slumber'd,  
My coffers still were full of precious things,  
Of which, as wealth least weigh'd, gold scarce was  
numb'red ;  
I rear'd rare buildings, all emboss'd with gold ;  
Made ponds for fishes ; forests for wild beasts ;  
And with vain thoughts which could not be controul'd,  
Oft spent the day in sport, the night in feasts.  
I tofs'd the elements with pow'r like *Jove's* ;  
Driv'd water up, air down ; a pleasant change :  
For stately fountains, artificial groves,  
As common things, were not accounted strange.  
With me ; what more could any monarch crave ?  
In all the parts of pomp, none could compare :  
My minions gallant, counsellors were grave ;  
My guards were strong, my concubines were fair :  
VOL. III. C Yea,

Yea, whilst light fortune my defects supply'd,

I had all that could breed, as now I find,

In others wonder, in the owner pride :

So puffing up the flesh to spoil the mind.

Thus with delight, long pressing pleasure's grapes,

With fortune I carous'd, what men dear hold :

But ah ! from misery none always scapes ;

One must be wretched once, or young, or old.

*E. of Sterline's Cræsus.*

Like dew upon the grass, when pleasure's sun

Shines on your virtues, all your virtue's done.

*Marston's Insatiate Countess.*

That pleasure is of all

Most bountiful and kind,

That fades not straight, but leaves

A living joy behind.

*T. Campion's Masque, at the E. of Somerset's Marriage.*

Thus grief and gladness still by turns do come,

But pleasure least while doth possess the room :

Long nights of grief may last ; but lo, one day

Of shining comfort slideth soon away.

*Goffe's Orestes.*

Farewell to thy enticing vanity,

Thou round gilt box, that dost deceive man's eye !

The wise man knows, when open thou art broke,

The treasure thou includ'st, is dust and smoke.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Four Plays in One.*

————— What is pleasure,

More than a lustful motion in the sense ?

'The prosecution full of anxious fears ;

'The end repentance. Though content be call'd

The soul of action, and licentious man

Propounds it as the reason of his life ;

Yet if intemp'rate action pursue it,

The pure end's lost, and ruin must attend it.

*Nabbs's Microcosmus.*

Pleasures whose means are easy, in the end

Do lose themselves. Things only are esteem'd

And

And valu'd by their acquisition.  
Should you win her delights without some pains,  
They would not relish.

*Nabbs's Microcosmus.*

As dogs of *Nilus* drink a snatch, and gone :  
Sweets must be tasted, and not glutted on.

*Aleyn's Crescey.*

Henceforth, I'll strive to fly the sight of pleasure,  
As of an harpy or a basilisk ;  
And when the flatt'ers, seal my ears with wax,  
Took from that boat, that row'd with a deaf oar,  
From the sweet tunes of the *Sicilian* shore.

*Marmyon's Holland's Leaguer.*

Pleasure's a courtly mistress, a conceit  
That smiles and tickles without worth or weight :  
Whose scatter'd reck'ning, when 'tis to be paid,  
Is but repentance, lavishly inlaid.

*Cleveland.*

Why ? would not eating, drinking, sleeping,  
Education of children be half neglected,  
Were it not for pleasure ? would understanding  
Embrace the truth, if it took not pleasure  
In it ? what kind of men are those that oppugn  
Pleasure ? doth not the courtier take pleasure  
In honour ; the citizen in wealth ; the  
Countryman in delights of health ; the  
Academick in the mysteries of  
Learning ? is there not ev'n in angels, a  
Certain incomprehensible pleasure ?

*Parthomachia : Or Love's Load-stone.*

————— I despise

These short and empty pleasures, and how low  
They stand in my esteem ; which ev'ry peasant,  
The meanest subject in my father's empire,  
Enjoys as fully, in as high perfection  
As he or I ; and which are had in common  
By beasts as well as men, wherein they equal,  
If not exceed us. Pleasures to which we're led



Only by sense, those creatures which have least  
Of reason, most enjoy.

*Denham's Sophy.*

Ye gods, was it man's nature or his fate,  
Betray'd him with sweet pleasure's poison'd bait?  
Which he, with all designs of art, or pow'r,  
Doth with unbridled appetite devour:  
And as all poisons suck the noblest part,  
Pleasure possesses first the head and heart,  
Intoxicating both: By them, she finds,  
And burns the sacred temples of our minds.

*Denham.*

Pleasures like wonders, quickly lose their price,  
When reason or experience makes us wise.

*Bishop King.*

In my delights I can no limits bear.  
But, for what reason never could be known,  
Our joys have bounds, and our desires have none.

*Crown's Caligula.*

#### P O E T S. P O E T R Y.

O sacred poesy, thou spirit of *Roman* arts,  
The soul of science, and the queen of souls!  
What prophane violence, almost sacrilege,  
Hath here been offer'd thy divinity,  
That thine own guiltless poverty should arm  
Prodigious ignorance to wound thee thus?  
For thence is all their force of argument  
Drawn forth against thee; or from the abuse  
Of thy great powers in adult'rate brains:  
When spirits, would men learn but to distinguish  
And set true difference 'twixt those jaded wits  
That run a broken pace for common hire,  
And the high raptures of a happy muse,  
Borne on the wings of her immortal thought,  
That kicks at earth with a disdainful heel,  
And beats at heav'n's gates with her bright hoofs;  
They would not then with such distorted faces,  
And desp'rate censures, stab at poesy.

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They would admire bright knowledge, and their minds  
Should ne'er descend on so unworthy objects  
As gold or titles: they would dread far more,  
To be thought ignorant, than be known poor.

*Johnson's Poetaster.*

Verse hath a middle nature; heav'n keeps souls,  
The grave keeps bodies, verse the same enrolls.

*Dr. Donne.*

When heav'n would strive to do the best it can,  
And put an angel's spirit into man,  
The utmost pow'r it hath, it then doth spend,  
When to the world a poet it doth intend:  
That little difference 'twixt the gods and us,  
By them confirm'd, distinguish'd only thus:  
Whom they in birth ordain to happy days,  
The gods commit their glory to our praise;  
T' eternal life when they dissolve their breath,  
We likewise share a second pow'r by death.

*Drayton's E. of Surry to Lady Geraldine.*

A verse may find him who a sermon flies;  
And turn delight into a sacrifice.

*Herbert.*

You dare not, sir, blaspheme the virtuous use  
Of sacred poetry; nor the same traduce  
Of poets; who not alone immortal be,  
But can give others immortality.  
Poets that can men into stars translate,  
And hurl men down under the feet of fate:  
'Twas not *Achilles'* sword, but *Homer's* pen,  
That made brave *Hector* die the best of men:  
And if that pow'rful *Homer* likewise would,  
*Hellen* had been a hag, and *Troy* had stood.

*Richard Brome's 'Sparagus Garden.'*

How shall my debts be paid? or can my scores  
Be clear'd with verses to my creditors?  
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What the brain coins, goes scarce for currant there.

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Can meter cancel bonds ? is there a time  
 Ever to hope to wipe out chalk with rhyme ?  
 Or if I now were hurrying to a jail,  
 Are the nine muses held sufficient bail ?  
 Would they to any composition come,  
 If we should mortgage our *Elisum*,  
*Tempe*, *Parnassus*, and the golden streams  
 Of *Tagus*, and *Pætolus*, those rich dreams  
 Of active fancy ?

*Randolph.*

Clowns for posterity may cark and care ;  
 That cannot out-live death but in an heir :  
 By more than wealth we propagate our names,  
 That trust not to successions, but our famés.

*Ibid.*

A poet's then exact in ev'ry part  
 That is born one by nature, nurs'd by art :  
 Whose happy mixture both of skill and fate,  
 Makes the most sudden thought elaborate :  
 Whose easy strains a flowing sense does fit ;  
 Unforc'd expressions, and unravish'd wit :  
 Words fill'd with equal subject, such as brings  
 To chosen language, high and chosen things.  
 Harsh reason clear as day, as smooth as sleep,  
 Glide here like rivers, even still though deep :  
 Discords grow musick ; grief itself delight ;  
 Horror when he describes, leaves off t'affright.  
 Sullen philosophy does learn to go  
 In lightest dressings, and becomes them too.

*Dr. Lluellin.*

Poets are truly poor ; but only then,  
 When each a hero lacks for his own pen.  
 They pine when mighty arguments are scant ;  
 And not, when they that trifle, treasure, want.  
 As at such dearth they languish, so they seem  
 To swell, when they have got a plenteous theme ;  
 For rashly then the muses take their flight :  
 Yet as a man, o'erjoy'd at sudden sight

Of

Of treasure found, grows jealous, and through care,  
 Lest others in his prize should claim a share,  
 Bears hastily from that which he did find  
 Much less away, than what he leaves behind :  
 So, whilst thus rashly I convey to fame  
 Your virtues, I so few of them proclaim,  
 'That many more are left behind unprais'd,  
 Than those, which on this poem's wings are rais'd.  
 How glad will all discreeter poets be,  
 Because, whilst in their choice they disagree,  
 They this imperfect present shall prevent,  
 Which darkens you, to whom it lustre meant ;  
 Or rather it does quite extinguish me ;  
 Who looking up to you, do only see  
 I by a fainting taper lose my aim,  
 And lifting it too high, put out the flame.

*Sir W. Davenant to the King.*

Th' eternal cause, in their immortal lines  
 Was taught ; and poets were the first divines :  
 And *Moses*, in the old original,  
 Ev'n God, the poet of the world doth call.

*Denham.*

Poets by dangers, like old soldiers taught,  
 Grow wise ; and shun the fame which once they sought.

*Prologue to Sir R. Howard's Vestal Virgin.*

With equal eagerness contend  
 Some to cry down, and others to commend :  
 So easy 'tis to judge, so hard to do ;  
 There's so much frailty, yet such prying too ;  
 That who their poetry to view expose,  
 Must be prepar'd to be abus'd in prose.

*Alexander Brome on Richard Brome.*

A poem's life and death dependeth still  
 Not on the poet's wit, but reader's will.

*Alex. Brome.*

### P O L I C Y . P O L I T I C I A N .

For this chaos,  
 This lump of projects, ere it be lick'd o'er,

Is like a bear's conception : Stratagems  
 B'ing but begot, and not got out ; are like  
 Charg'd cannons not discharg'd ; they do no harm  
 Nor good : True policy, breeding in the brain,  
 Is like a bar of iron, whose ribs b'ing broken,  
 And soften'd i'th' fire, you then may forge it  
 Into a sword to kill, or to a helmet,  
 'To defend life : 'Tis therefore wit to try  
 All fashions, ere y' apparel villany.

*Marlo's Lust's Dominion.*

————— A precisian  
 In state, is a ridic'lous miracle ;  
 Friendship is but a vizor, beneath which  
 A wise man laughs to see whole families  
 Ruin'd ; upon whose miserable pile  
 He mounts to glory.

*Chapman and Shirley's Admiral of France.*

Justice to live, doth nought but justice need,  
 But policy must still on mischief feed :  
 Untruth, for all his ends, truth's name doth sue in ;  
 None safely live, but those that study ruin.

*Chapman's Revenge of Buffey D'ambois.*

For who observes strict policy's true laws,  
 Shifts his proceeding to the varying cause.

*Drayton's Barons Wars.*

A politician, *Proteus*-like, must alter  
 His face and habit ; and like water, seem  
 Of the same colour that the vessel is  
 That doth contain it ; varying his form  
 With the camelion at each object's change.  
 My tongue must  
 With passionate oaths and protestations,  
 With sighs, smooth glances, and officious terms,  
 Spread artificial mists before the eyes  
 Of cred'lous simplicity : He that will be high,  
 Must be a parasite, to fawn and lie.

*Mason's Muleasses.*

He

He that deals all by strength, his wit is shallow :  
 When a man's head goes thro', each limb will follow  
*Webster's White Devil.*

He that can compass me, and know my drifts,  
 May say he hath put a girdle 'bout the world,  
 And founded all her quick-sands.  
*Webster's Dutchess of Malfy.*

————— This 'tis for a puny  
 In policy's *Protean* school, to try conclusions  
 With one that hath commenc'd and gone out doctor.  
 If I discover what but now he bragg'd of,  
 I shall not be believ'd : If I fall off  
 From him, his threats and actions go together ;  
 And there's no hope of safety, till I get  
 A plummet, that may sound his deepest councils.  
 I must obey and serve him. Want of skill  
 Now makes me play the rogue against my will.  
*Massinger's Duke of Milan.*

The greatest politician may be  
 Deceiv'd sometimes ; wit without brains we see.  
*Shirley's Witty Fair One.*

————— So politicians thrive,  
 That with their crabbed faces, and sly tricks  
 Legerdemain, ducks, cringes, formal beards,  
 Crisp'd hairs, and punctual cheats, do wriggle in  
 Their heads first, like a fox, to rooms of state,  
 Then the whole body follows.  
*John Ford's Lover's Melancholy.*

Policy wills some seeming cause be had,  
 To make that good, which justice knows for bad.  
*Jones's Adrafta.*

————— These great statesmen,  
 When time has made bold with the king and subject,  
 Throwing down all fence that stood 'twixt their pow'r  
 And others right ; are, on a change,  
 Like wanton salmons coming in with floods,  
 That leap o'er wires and nets ; and make their way,  
 To be at their return, to ev'ry one a prey.  
*Suckling's Aglaura.*



————— Your politicians  
Have evermore a taint of vanity ;  
As hasty still to shew, and boast a plot,  
As they are greedy to contrive it.

Sir *W Davenant's Fair Favourite.*

P O P U L A R I T Y.

————— I love the people ;  
But do not like to stage me to their eyes :  
Though it do well, I do not relish well  
Their loud applause and *Ave's* vehement :  
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,  
That does affect it.

*Shakespear's Measure for Measure.*

Ourself, and *Busby*, *Bagot* here, and *Green*  
Observ'd his courtship to the common people :  
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,  
With humble and familiar courtesy ;  
What reverence he did throw away on slaves ;  
 wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,  
And patient under-bearing of his fortune,  
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.  
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench ;  
A brace of dray-men bid, God speed him well :  
And had the tribute of his supple knee,  
With——Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends ;  
As were our *England* in reversion his,  
And he our subjects next degree in hope.

*Shakespear's King Richard II.*

Who hates not the vulgar, deserves not love  
Of the virtuous : And to affect praise of  
That we despise, how ridiculous is it ?

*Chapman's Widow's Tears.*

Look how *Thames*, enrich'd with many a flood,  
And goodly river, (that have made their graves,  
And bury'd both their names, and all their good,  
Within his greatness, to augment his waves)  
Glides on with pomp of waters, unwithstood,  
Unto the ocean ; which his tribute craves,

And

And lays up all his wealth within that pow'r,  
 Which in itself all greatness doth devour :  
 So flock the mighty, with their foll'wing train,  
   Unto the all-receiving *Bullingbroke* ;  
 Who wonders at himself, how he should gain  
   So many hearts as now his party took ;  
 And with what ease, and with how slender pain,  
   His fortune gives him more than he could look :  
 What he imagin'd never could be wrought,  
 Is pour'd upon him far beyond his thought :  
 So, often, things which seem at first in shew,  
   Without the compass of accomplishment ;  
 Once ventur'd on, to that success do grow,  
   That ev'n the authors do admire th'event :  
 So many means which they did never know,  
   Do second their designs, and do present  
 Strange unexpected helps ; and chiefly then,  
 When th'actors are reputed worthy men.

*Daniel's Civil War.*

—————Popular men,  
 They must create new monsters, and then quell 'em,  
 To make their arts seem nothing. Would you have  
 Such an *Herculean* actor in the scene,  
 And not his *Hydra* ? They must sweat no less  
 To fit their properties, than to express their parts.

*Johnson's Catilina.*

I never courted popular applause ;  
 Feasted the men of action ; or labour'd  
 By prodigal gifts to draw the needy foldier,  
 The tribunes or centurions to a faction ;  
 Of which, I would rise up the head against him.  
 I hold no place of strength, fortress, or castle  
 In my command, that can give sanctuary  
 To malecontents, or countenance rebellion :  
 I've built no palaces to face the court ;  
 Nor do my follow'rs brav'ry shame his train ;  
 And though I cannot blame my fate for want,

My competent means of life deserves no envy ;  
In what then am I dangerous ?

*Massinger's Emperor of the East.*

1. How full of hidden ambiguities

Grow these distracted times ?

The factious common's giddy censure stand  
So strange and doubtful, that 'twere policy indeed  
To sound 'em to the bottom ;

2. To be a crouching, crawling, fawn<sup>i</sup>ng cur,  
To lick the lazy hands of prating priests,  
With protestations of integrity  
Devoted wholly to them ;

With true compunction of unfeigned grief,  
Submissively to crave their gracious pardon :

To paw the ragged multitude with praise  
Of their ingenious care and fervent love  
For preservation of the commonwealth ;  
To promise fair rewards to froward fools ;  
Perhaps, with dirty feet to mire with fawnings,  
And then be beaten with the shameful staff  
Of foul reproach :

To do all this, were to be born a fool ;

To live a slave, and die a coward.

Death ! I will stand between the counter-buffs  
Of these devouring storms in spite of hell ;

Nor priest, nor peasant shall inforce me stoop  
An inch to either : As I have liv'd, I'll fall ;  
Or freed from both, or rent up root and all.

*Hemmings's Jews Tragedy.*

P O V E R T Y.

————— O known evil,

Rich fly the poor, as good men shun the devil !

*Heywood's Woman kill'd with Kindness.*

Poverty, thou bane of chastity,

Poison of beauty, broker of maidenheads !

I see when force, nor wit can scale the hold,

Wealth must ; she'll ne'er be won, that defies gold :

But lives there such a creature ? Oh, 'tis rare,

To

To find a woman chaste, that's poor and fair !

*Dekker and Webster's Westward Ho.*

————— A poor spirit,  
Is poorer than a poor purse.

*Tourneur's Atheist's Tragedy.*

————— The rich  
Have wakeful nights, whilst the poor man's turf  
Begets a peaceful sleep ; in which they're blest  
From frigid fears all day, at night with rest.

*Goffe's Careless Shepherdes.*

Poor men are born to wrongs ; low are their ranks ;  
The more they're trod on, the more they must give  
thanks.

*Dauborne's Poor Man's Comfort.*

With poverty in love we only close,  
Because our lovers it most truly shews ;  
When they who in that blessed age did move,  
Knew neither poverty, nor want of love ;  
The hatred which they bore was only this,  
That ev'ry one did hate to do amiss :  
Their fortune still was subject to their will ;  
Their want, O happy ! was the want of ill.

*Brown's Pastorals.*

1. Our want with this philosophy doth well  
Agree ; but yet I hope your constancy  
Will yield it a far less uneasy task  
To commend poverty, than suffer it.
2. Not so, for wit is heav'n's gift to those  
Are shap'd of purer clay ; but patience  
Each noble mind bestows upon itself.

*Marriage-Broker.*

To mortal men great loads allotted be ;  
But of all packs, no pack like poverty.

*Herrick.*

# P O W E R.

When pow'r, that may command, so much descends ;  
Their bondage, whom it stoops to, it intends.

*Johnson's Sejanus.*

——— Oh,



Oh, 'tis excellent  
To have a giant's strength! but it is tyrannous  
To use it like a giant.

*Shakespear's Measure for Measure.*

For pow'r is proud, till it look down to fear;  
Though only safe, by ever looking there.

*Lord Brooke's Alaham.*

In all states, pow'r which oppresseth spirits,  
Imprisons nature, empire disinherits.

*Lord Brooke's Mustapha.*

Pow'r, doth what likes, in her inferiors move;  
As we are fess'd, so pay we hate, or love.

*Lord Brooke's Alaham.*

Instead of these, I saw the veils of pow'r,  
Practice, and pomp, specious hypocrisy,  
Rent from her face, ev'n while she did devour:  
I saw those glorious stiles of government,  
God, laws, religion, (wherein tyrants hide  
The wrongs they do, and all the woes we bide,)  
Wounded, prophan'd, destroy'd: pow'r is unwise,  
That thinks in pomp to mask her tyrannies.

*Ibid.*

The violent thunder is ador'd by those  
Are dash'd in pieces by it.

*Webster's White Devil.*

Pow'r's a strange thing, which ev'n additions make  
Weak, and dispos'd to fall: Few can digest  
The swelling cheer of fortune: If you take  
But one dish more, you prejudice the rest:  
Some fortunes, that have flow'd gently before,  
Run over, if you add one honour more.

*Aleyn's Henry VII.*

With what a diff'rence nature's palate tastes  
The sweeter draught which art provides her, pow'r:  
Since pow'r, pride's wine, but high in relish lasts  
Whilst fuming new; for time does turn it four?

Yet

Yet pow'r, earth's tempting fruit, heav'n first did plant,  
 From man's first serpent sate, ambition's reach;  
 Else *Eden* could not serve ambition's want;  
 Whom no command can rule, nor council teach.

Pow'r is that luscious wine, which does the bold,  
 The wise, and noble most intoxicate;  
 Adds time to youth, and takes it from the old;  
 Yet I by surfeit this elixir hate.

*Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

Yield not in storms of state to that dislike  
 Which from the people does to rulers grow;  
 Pow'r, fortune's sail, should not for threat'nings strike;  
 In boats bestorm'd, all check at those that row.

*Ibid.*

For he who secrets, pow'r's chief treasure, spends,  
 To purchase friendship, friendship dearly buys:  
 Since pow'r seeks great confed'rates, more than friends.

*Ibid.*

————— My reward is pow'r;  
 An outward trifle, bought with inward peace;  
 Got in an age, and rifled in an hour;  
 When sev'rish love, the people's fit shall cease.

*Ibid.*

But how men gain their pow'r, the gods do not  
 So much regard; as how 'tis us'd, when got.

*E. of Orrery's Tryphon.*

Oh wretched he, who call'd abroad by pow'r,  
 To know himself can never find an hour!  
 Strange to himself, but to all others known;  
 Lends ev'ry one his life, and uses none:  
 So ere he tasted life, to death he goes;  
 And himself loses, ere himself he knows.

*Crown's Thyestes.*

But pow'r, it seems, can change the names of things;  
 Call treason virtue, and make rebels kings.

*Crown's Charles VIII. of France.*

P R A I S E.

P R A  
P R A I S E.

Or who would ever care to do brave deed,  
Or strive in virtue others to excel;  
If none should yield him his deserved meed,  
Due praise, that is the spur of doing well?  
For if good were not praised more than ill,  
None would chuse goodness, of his own free will.

*Spenser's Tears of the Muses.*

One good deed, dying tongueless,  
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that:  
Our praises are our wages.

*Shakespear's Winter's Tale.*

The worthiness of praise distains his worth;  
If he that's prais'd, himself bring the praise forth:  
What the repining enemy commends,  
That breath, fame blows; that praise, sole pure tran-  
scends.

*Shakespear's Troilus and Cressida.*

Your praise is come too swiftly home before you:  
Know you not, master, to some kind of men,  
Their graces serve them but as enemies?  
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,  
Are sanctify'd and holy traitors to you.  
Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely  
Envenoms him that bears it!

*Shakespear's As you like it.*

'Tis grown almost a danger to speak true  
Of any good mind; now, there are so few.  
The bad, by number are so fortify'd,  
As what they've lost t' expect, they dare deride:  
So both the prais'd and praiser suffer: yet  
For others ill, ought none their good neglect.

*Johnson's Forest.*

That praise contents me more which one imparts,  
Of judgment sound, though of a mean degree;  
Than praise from princes, void of princely parts,  
Who have more wealth, but not more wit than he.

*E. of Sterline's Cræsus.*

And

And what is most commended at this time,  
Succeeding ages may account a crime.

E. of *Sterline's Darius*.

Of which vain minds, it may be truly said,  
Who love false praise, of false scorns are afraid.

Lord *Brooke on Fame and Honour*.

Too eager a defence argues a strong  
Opposition ; and too veh'ment a praise,  
Draws a suspicion of others worthy disparagement.  
Set tapers to bright day, it ill befits ;  
Good wines can vent themselves, and not good wits.

*Marston's What you will*.

True praise, the brow of common men doth ring ;  
False, only girts the temples of a king.

*Marston's Second Part of Antonio and Mellida*.

I have made short the hours that time made long ;  
And chain'd mine ears to his most pleasing tongue :  
My lips have waited on your praises worth,  
And snatch'd his words ere he could get them forth:  
When he had spoke, and something by the way  
Hath broke off, that he was about to say,  
I kept in mind where from his tale he fell,  
Calling on him the residue to tell.

Oft he would say, how sweet a prince is he !  
When I have prais'd him, but for praising thee ;  
And to proceed, I would entreat and wooe ;  
And yet to ease him, help to praise thee too

*Drayton's Countess of Salisbury to the Black Prince*.

He heightens them with commendation : Praise

Is the reflection doth from virtue rise :

These fair encomiums do virtue raise

To higher acts : to praise is to advise.

Telling men what they are, we let them see,  
And represent to them, what they should be.

*Aleyn's Poictiers*.

————— To refuse just praise,  
Is an extreme, worse, than man's over-weening  
Opinion of himself.

*Nabbs's Hannibal and Scipio*.



A *Venus* and *Diana* mixt in one

She was; whose wit was ev'n in greenest years  
Flowing as nectar; ripe as autumn shewn,

And crown'd with graces, envy'd by white hairs:  
Which who can tell? and yet who cannot tell?  
Well may I praise her, but not praise her well.

To do it meanly, were no less disgrace,

Than a coarse garment to a princely dame;  
Or homely painting to a lovely face;

Or a brass setting to a precious gem.  
Think not weak muse by thy low song to raise her;  
'Tis praise enough, that none enough can praise her.

*Baron.*

Praise is but virtue's shadow; who court her,  
Doth more the handmaid than the dame admire.

*Heath's Clarastella.*

This is new court thrift; they are not able  
To maintain flatterers, therefore bely  
Each other, with their own praises.

*Sir W. Davenant's Siege.*

---

Now he brings  
The youths to view the temple built for praise;  
Where olive for th' *Olympian* victor springs;  
Myrtle, for lovers; and for war's triumph, bays.

These, as rewards of praise, about it grew;  
For lib'ral praise, from an abundant mind,  
Does ev'n the conqueror of fate subdue;  
Since heav'n's good king is captive to the kind.

*Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

Commend but sparingly whom thou dost love;  
But less condemn whom thou dost not approve;  
Thy friend like flatt'ry, too much praise doth wrong;  
And too sharp censure shews an evil tongue.

*Denham.*

Hark how they bandy praise, and flatt'ry round!  
Each takes her turn to catch it at rebound;

*Whit*

Whilst we desertless fools must patience feign,  
And praise ourselves, if any praise we'll gain.

*Crown's Calisto.*

P R A Y E R.

We, ignorant of ourselves,  
Beg often our own harms ; which the wise pow'rs  
Deny us for our good ; so find we profit  
By losing of our prayers.

*Shakespear's Antony and Cleopatra.*

That high all-seer, which I dallied with,  
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,  
And giv'n in earnest, what I begg'd in jest.  
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men,  
To turn their own points on their masters bosoms.

*Shakespear's King Richard III.*

————— Pray I cannot,  
Though inclination be as sharp as will ;  
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent :  
And, like a man to double business bound,  
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,  
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand  
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood ?  
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heav'ns  
To wash it white as snow ? whereto serves mercy,  
But to confront the visage of offence ?  
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,  
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,  
Or pardon'd being down ? then I'll look up ;  
My fault is past — But oh ! what form of pray'r  
Can serve my turn ? forgive me my foul murder !  
That cannot be, since I am still possessor  
Of those effects, for which I did the murder ;  
My crown, my own ambition, and my queen.  
What then ? what rests ?  
Try, what repentance can : what can it not ?  
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?  
Oh wretched state ! oh bosom, black as death !  
Oh limed soul, that, struggling to be free,

Art

Art more engag'd! help, angels! make assay!  
 Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart, with strings of steel,  
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!  
 All may be well ———

*Shakespear's Hamlet.*

When we of hopes, or helps, are quite bereaven,  
 Our humble pray'rs have entrance into heaven.

*John Ford's Lover's Sacrifice.*

Temporal blessings heav'n doth often share  
 Unto the wicked, at the good man's pray'r.

*Quarles.*

Man's plea to man, is, that he never more  
 Will beg; and that he never begg'd before:  
 Man's plea to God is, that he did obtain  
 A former suit, and therefore sues again.  
 How good a God we serve; that when we sue,  
 Makes his old-gifts th' examples of his new!

*Ibid.*

——— She will out pray  
 A preacher at saint *Ant'lin's*, and divides  
 The day in exercise; I did commend  
 A great precisian to her, for her woman;  
 Who tells me, that her lady makes her quilt  
 Her smocks before for kneeling.

*Main's City-Match.*

Mark, *Birtha*, this unrighteous war of pray'r!  
 Like wrangling states, you ask a monarch's aid  
 When you are weak, that you may better dare  
 Lay claim, to what your passion would invade.

Long has th' ambitious world rudely preferr'd  
 Their quarrels, which they call their pray'rs, to heav'n;  
 And thought that heav'n would like themselves have err'd:  
 Depriving some, of what's to others giv'n.

Thence modern faith becomes so weak and blind,  
 Thinks heav'n in ruling other worlds employ'd,  
 And is not mindful of our abject kind,  
 Because all futes are not by all enjoy'd.

*How*

How firm was faith, when humble futes for need,  
 Not choice were made? then, free from all despair,  
 As mod'rate birds, who sing for daily feed:  
 Like birds, our songs of praise included pray'r.

*Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

He who this builder's building did create,  
 Has an apartment here triangular;  
 Where *Astragon* three fanes did dedicate,  
 To days of praise, of penitence and pray'r.  
 To these, from diff'rent motives, all proceed;  
 For when discov'ries they on nature gain,  
 They praise high heav'n, which makes their works  
 succeed;

But when it fails, in penitence complain.

If after praise, new blessings are not giv'n,  
 Nor mourning penitence can ills repair;  
 Like practis'd beggars, they solicit heav'n,  
 And will prevail by violence of pray'r.

The temple built for pray'r, can neither boast  
 The builder's curious art, nor does declare,  
 By choice materials he intended cost;  
 To shew, that nought should need to tempt to pray'r.

No bells are here; unhing'd are all the gates:  
 Since craving in distress is natural,  
 All lies so ope, that none for entrance waits;  
 And those whom faith invites, can need no call.

The great have by distinction here no name;  
 For all so cover'd come, in grave disguise,  
 To shew none come for decency or fame,  
 That all are strangers to each others eyes.

*Ibid.*

How far is it to heav'n, that yet this lady's  
 Mournings are not heard? for if they were, my  
 Suff'rings and my guilt would cease; or cannot  
 Our petitions climb, and get access as  
 Nimble as our faults? O this is it, that

So



So emboldens vex'd humanity ; makes  
 Us complain. Those undiscern'd, immortal  
 Governors, are often in  
 Their bounty flow, in justice too severe ;  
 And give not what we beg, but what we fear.

*Sir W. Davenant's Platonick Lovers.*

Can pray'rs to all alike so gentle be,  
 Since all the world's devotions disagree ?  
 None beg the same ; the pray'rs of all the best,  
 Are little more than curses for the rest.

*Sir Robert Howard's Vestal Virgin.*

P R E F E R M E N T.

When a noble nature's rais'd,  
 It brings friends joy, foes grief, posterity fame :  
 In him the times, no less than prince, are prais'd ;  
 And by his rise, in active men, his name  
 Doth emulation stir :  
 To the dull, a spur  
 It is : to th' envious meant  
 A mere upbraiding grief, and tort'ring punishment.

*Johnson's Underwoods.*

————— Whoe'er is rais'd,  
 For worth he has not ; he is tax'd, not prais'd.

*Johnson's Epigrams.*

Many such ends have fall'n on such proud honours ;  
 No more because the men on whom they fell  
 Grew insolent, and lost their virtue's state ;  
 Than for their hugeness, that procur'd their hate :  
 And therefore little pomp in men most great,  
 Makes mightily and strongly to the guard  
 Of what they win by chance or just reward :  
 Great and immodest braveries again,  
 Like statues, much too high made for their bases,  
 Are overturn'd as soon as giv'n their places.

*Chapman's Revenge of Buff, D'ambois.*

There is a deep nick in time's restless wheel  
 For each man's good ; when which nick comes, it  
 strikes :

As

As rhetoric, yet works not persuasion,  
 But only is a mean to make it work ;  
 So no man riseth by his real merit,  
 But when it cries clink to his raiser's spirit.  
 Many will say, that cannot rise at all,  
 Man's first hour's rise is first step to his fall :  
 I'll venture that ; men that fall low must die,  
 As well as men cast headlong from the sky.

*Chapman's Buffs D'ambois.*

For when that men of merit grow ungrac'd,  
 And by her fautors, ignorance held in,  
 And parasites in good mens rooms are plac'd,  
 Only to sooth the highest in their sin ;  
 From those whose skill and knowledge is debas'd,  
 There many strange enormities begin.

*Drayton's Barons Wars.*

Others that stemm'd the current of the time,  
 Whence I had fall'n, strove suddenly to climb.  
 Like the camelion, whilst time turns the hue,  
 And with false *Proteus* puts on sundry shapes ;  
 This change scarce gone, a second doth ensue ;  
 One fill'd, another for promotion gapes :  
 Thus do they swarm like flies about the brim ;  
 Some drown'd, and some do with much danger swim.

*Drayton's Pierce Garveson.*

When knaves come to preferment, they rise as  
 Gallows are rais'd in the *Low Countries*, one  
 Upon another's shoulders.

*Webster's White Devil.*

For places in the court, are but like beds  
 In the hospital ; where this man's head lies  
 At that man's foot, and so lower and lower.

*Webster's Ducheſs of Malfy.*

If on the sudden he begins to rise ;  
 No man that lives can count his enemies.

*Middleton's Trick to catch the Old One.*

'Tis

'Tis not advancement that I love alone ;  
'Tis love of shelter, to keep shame unknown.

*Middleton's Mayor of Quinborough.*

————— All preferment

That springs from sin and lust shoots up quickly ;  
As gard'ners crops do in the rott'nest grounds :  
So is all means rais'd from base prostitution,  
Ev'n like a sallad growing upon a dunghill.

*Middleton's Women beware Women.*

————— He who cannot merit

Preferment by employments ; let him bare  
His throat unto the *Turkish* cruelty ;  
Or die or live a slave without redemption.

*John Ford's Lady's Trial.*

What throngs of great impediments besiege  
The virtuous mind ? So thick, they jostle  
One another as they come. Hath vice a  
Charter got, that none must rise, but such, who  
Of the devil's faction are ? The way to  
Honour is not evermore the way to  
Hell : A virtuous man may climb. Let the  
Flatterer sell his lies elsewhere ; it is  
Unthrifty merchandize to change my gold  
For breath.

*Sir W. Davenant's Cruel Brother.*

P R I D E.

So proud she shined in her princely state,  
Looking to heav'n, for earth she did disdain ;  
And sitting high, for lowly she did hate.  
Lo ! underneath her scornful feet, was lain  
A dreadfull dragon with a hideous train :  
And in her hand she held a mirror bright,  
Wherein her face she often viewed fain,  
And in her self-lov'd semblance took delight ;  
For she was wond'rous fair, as any living wight.

Of grisly *Pluto* she the daughter was,  
 And sad *Proserpina*, the queen of hell ;  
 Yet did she think her peerless worth to pass  
 That parentage, with pride so did she swell :  
 And thund'ring *Jove* that high in heav'n doth dwell ;  
 And wield the world, she claimed for her fire ;  
 Or if that any else did *Jove* excell ;  
 For to the highest she did still aspire :  
 Or, if ought higher were than that, did it desire.  
 And proud *Lucifera* men did her call.——

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

He that is proud eats up himself. Pride is  
 His own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle ;  
 And whatever praises itself but in  
 The deed, devours the deed in the praise.

*Shakespeare's Troilus and Cressida.*

———Pride hath no other glass  
 To shew itself, but pride ; for supple knees  
 Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

*Ibid.*

Let this example move th'insolent man,  
 Not to grow proud, and careless of the gods :  
 It is an odious wisdom to blaspheme,  
 Much more to flighen or deny their pow'rs.  
 For whom the morning saw so great and high ;  
 Thus low, and little, 'fore the eve doth lie.

*Johnson's Sejanus.*

How blind is pride ! What eagles are we still  
 In matters that belong to other men,  
 What beetles in our own ?

*Chapman's All Fools,*

How poor a thing is pride ! When all as slaves,  
 Differ but in their fetters, not their graves.

*Daniel's Civil War.*

Pride by presumption bred, when at a height,  
 Encount'ring with contempt, both march in ire ;  
 And 'twixt 'em bring base cruelty to light ;  
 The loathsome off-spring of a hated fire.

*E. of Sterline's Alexandrian Tragedy.*



1. Are you not proud of your cloaths ?  
Why then you were never proud of any thing;  
For therein chiefly consisteth pride ; for you  
Never saw pride pictur'd, but in gay attire.
2. True ; but in my opinion, pride might as well  
Be pourtray'd in any other shape ; being  
The causes thereof are so sev'ral and  
Divers : as some are proud of their strength, although  
That pride cost them the loss of a limb or  
Two, by over-daring : Some are proud of  
Their humour ; although in that humour, they  
Be often knock'd for being so : Some are  
Proud of their drink, although that liquid  
Operation cause them to wear a night-cap  
Three weeks after : Some are proud of their good  
Parts, although they were never put to better  
Uses, than the enjoying of a common  
Strumpet's company : And some are only  
Made proud, by the favour of a waiting-woman.

*Taylor's Hog hath lost his Pearl.*

————— I believe cunning  
Court ladies chuse some pretty venial errors,  
To set perfection off: For should you not  
Usurp a handsome pride, your fame would lie  
Like unwall'd cities, open to the prey  
Of each invading youth. Did you not shew  
A scorn, you would deserve it.

*Habbington's Queen of Arragon.*

He like a high-swol'n and impetuous tide,  
Bore all before him ; rais'd to such a pride  
As did his own approaching ruin shew,  
And draw it on : Plethorick bodies so,  
From whence diseases of themselves do breed,  
The seeds of death in that strong fulness feed.

*May's Edward III.*

I'll offer, and I'll suffer no abuse,  
Because I'm proud ; pride is of mighty use.

Th:

The affectation of a pompous name,  
Has oft set wits and heroes in a flame :  
Volumes, and buildings, and dominions wide,  
Are oft the noble monuments of pride.

*Crown's Caligula.*

P R O D I G A L I T Y.

What will this come to ? He commands us to  
Provide, and give great gifts, and all out of  
An empty coffer : Nor will he know  
His purse, or yield me this——  
To shew him what a beggar his heart is,  
Be'ng of no pow'r to make his wishes good ;  
His promises fly so beyond his state,  
That what he speaks is all in debt ; he owes for ev'ry  
word :

He is so kind, that he pays inter'st for't :  
His land's put to their books. Well, would I were  
Gently put out of office, ere I were forc'd.

*Shakespeare's Timon.*

—————Prodigal men  
Feel not their own stock wasting.

*Johnson's Catiline.*

That which made him gracious in your eyes,  
And gilded over his imperfections,  
Is wasted and consumed ev'n like ice,  
Which by the vehemence of heat dissolves,  
And glides to many rivers ; so his wealth,  
That felt a prodigal hand, hot in expence,  
Melted within his gripe, and from his coffers,  
Ran like a violent stream to other mens.

*Cook's Green's Tu quoque.*

Young heirs, left in this town, where sin's so rank,  
And prodigals gape to grow fat by them,  
Are like young whelps, thrown in the lion's den,  
Who play with them a while, at length devour them.

*Wilkins's Miseries of enforc'd Marriage.*

Thus like a fever that doth shake a man  
From strength to weakness, I consume myself:

I know this company, their custom wild,  
 Hated, abhorr'd of good men; yet, like a child,  
 By reason's rule instructed how to know  
 Evil from good, I to the worser go.

*Wilkins's Miseries of enforced Marriage.*

What is a prodigal? Faith, like a brash,  
 That wears himself, to flourish others cloaths;  
 And having worn his heart ev'n to the stump,  
 He's thrown away like a deformed lump:  
 Oh such am I! I have spent all the wealth  
 My ancestors did purchase; made others brave  
 In shape and riches, and myself a knave:  
 For tho' my wealth rais'd some to paint their door,  
 'Tis shut 'gainst me, saying, I am but poor.  
 Nay, ev'n the greatest arm, whose hand had grac'd  
 My presence to the eye of majesty, shrinks back,  
 His fingers clutch, and like to lead  
 They're heavy to raise up my state, b'ing dead:  
 By which I find spend-thrifts, and such am I,  
 Like strumpets flourish, but are foul within;  
 And they like snakes, know when to cast their skin.

*Ibid.*

My old master kept a good house, and twenty  
 Or thirty tall sword and buckler-men about  
 Him; and in faith his son differs not much,  
 He will have metal too; tho' he has no  
 Store of cutlers blades, he will have plenty  
 Of vintners pots. His father kept a good  
 House for honest men, his tenants, that brought  
 Him in part: And his son keeps a bad house  
 With knaves that help to consume all: 'Tis but  
 The change of time: Why should any man repine  
 At it? Crickets, good loving and lucky worms,  
 Were wont to feed, sing, and rejoice in the  
 Father's chimney: And now carrion-crows build  
 In the son's kitchen.

*Ibid.*

—Ours

Our eyes  
 See daily presidents : hopeful gentlemen  
 Being trusted in the world with their own will,  
 Divert the good is look'd from them, to ill :  
 Make their old names forgot, or not worth note ;  
 Such company they keep, such revelling  
 With panders, parasites, prodigies of knaves,  
 That they sell all, ev'n to their old fathers graves.

*Wilkins's Miseries of enforced Marriage.*

He has not felt  
 The weight of need, that want is virtue's clog ;  
 Of what necessity, respect and value  
 Wealth is ; how base and how contemptible  
 Poverty makes us : liberality  
 In some circumstances, may be allow'd ;  
 As when it has no end but honesty ;  
 With a respect of person, quantity,  
 Quality, time, and place : but this profuse,  
 Vain, injudicious spending makes him idiot :  
 And yet, the best of liberality  
 Is to be lib'ral to ourselves : And thus  
 Your wisdom is most liberal, and knows  
 How fond a thing it is for discreet men  
 To purchase with the loss of their estate  
 The name of one poor virtue, liberality,  
 And that too, only from the mouths of beggars !  
 One of your judgment would not, I am sure,  
 Buy all the virtues at so dear a rate.

*Randolph's Musés Looking-Glass.*

1. Two thousand pounds a year  
 Cannot be melted suddenly ; when 'tis,  
 Men can but say, her prodigality  
 Has done an act of justice, and translated  
 That wealth which fortune's blindness had misplac'd  
 On such a fellow : what should he do with it ?  
 2. And thou say'st right. Some men were made to be  
 The conduit-pipes of an estate ; or rather  
 The sieves of fortune, thro' whose leaking holes



She means to scatter a large flood of wealth,  
 Besprinkling many with refreshing show'rs :  
 So usurers, so dying aldermen  
 Pour at once upon their sieve-like heirs  
 Whole gusts of envy'd wealth ; which they together  
 Through many holes let out again in show'rs,  
 And, with their ruin water a whole country.

*May's Old Couple.*

P R O J E C T O R.

1. What is a projector, I would conceive ?
- 2 Why, one, fir, that projects  
 Ways to enrich men ; or to make 'em great,  
 By suits, by marriages, by undertakings :  
 According as he sees they humour it.

*Johnson's Devil is an Ass.*

Money's a whore, a bawd, a drudge ;  
 Fit to run out on errands : Let her go.  
*Via pecunia !* When she's run and gone,  
 And fled, and dead ; then will I fetch her again  
 With *Aqua vitæ*, out of an old hoghead !  
 While there are lees of wine, or dregs of beer,  
 I'll never want her ! coin her out of cobwebs,  
 Dust, but I'll have her ! raise wool upon Egg-shells,  
 Sir, and make grass grow out o'marrow bones !

*Ibid.*

---

He shall not draw  
 A string of's purse. I'll drive his patent for him.  
 We'll take in citizens, commoners, and aldermen,  
 To bear the charge ; and blow them off again,  
 Like so many dead flies, when 'tis carry'd :  
 The thing is for recov'ry of drown'd land,  
 Whereof the crown's to have a moiety,  
 If it be owner ; else the crown and owners  
 To share that moiety, and the recoverers  
 T' enjoy the other moiety for their charge.

*Ibid.*

It shall be no shame to me, to confess  
 To you, that we poor gentlemen, that want acres,  
 Must

Must for our needs, turn fools up, and plough ladies  
 Sometime, to try what glebe they are ; and this  
 Is no unfruitful piece. She and I now  
 Are on a project, for the fact, and venting  
 Of a new kind of fucus, paint for ladies,  
 To serve the kingdom : wherein she herself  
 Hath travell'd, 'specially, by way of service  
 Unto her sex ; and hopes to get the whole monopoly,  
 As the reward of her invention.

*Johnson's Devil is an Ass.*

1. I meant to have offer'd it  
 Your ladyship on the perfecting the patent.
2. How is it ?
1. For serving the whole state with tooth-picks ;  
 Somewhat an intricate business to discourse, but  
 I show how much the subject is abus'd ;  
 First, in that one commodity : then what diseases  
 And putrefactions in the gums are bred,  
 By those are made of adulterate and false wood ;  
 My plot, for reformation of these fellows,  
 'To have all tooth-picks brought unto an office,  
 'There seal'd ; and such as counterfeit 'em mulcted :  
 And last, for venting 'em, to have a book  
 Printed, to teach their use ; which ev'ry child  
 Shall have throughout the kingdom that can read,  
 And learn to pick his teeth by : which beginning  
 Early to practise, with some other rules,  
 Of never sleeping with the mouth open, chewing  
 Some grains of mastic, will preserve the breath  
 Pure, and so free from taint.

*Ibid.*

These are my old projectors, and they make me  
 The superintendent of their business :  
 But still they shoot two or three bows too short,  
 For want of money and adventurers.  
 They have as many demurrs as the chancery ;  
 And hatch more strange imaginations  
 Than any dreaming philosopher ; one of them

Will undertake the making of bay-salt,  
 For a penny a bushel, to serve the state ;  
 Another dreams of building water-works,  
 Drying of fens and marshes, like the *Dutch-men* :  
 Another strives, to raise his fortunes, from  
 Decay'd bridges, and would exact a tribute  
 From ale-houses, and sign posts : some there are,  
 Would make a thorough-fare for the whole kingdom,  
 An office, where nature should give account  
 For all she took, and sent into the world :  
 For they were born in an unlucky hour,  
 For some unfortunate mischief or other,  
 Still comes athwart them ! well I must in to them,  
 And feast them with new hopes ; 'twill be good sport  
 To hear how they dispute it *pro* and *con*.

*Marmyon's Holland's Leaguer.*

P R O M I S E.

Promising is the very air of the  
 Time ; it opens the eyes of expectation.  
 Performance is ever the duller for  
 His act ; and, but in the plainer and simpler  
 Kind of people, the deed is quite out of  
 Use. To promise, is most courtly, and fashionable ;  
 Performance is a kind of will or testament,  
 Which argues a great sickness in his judgment  
 That makes it.

*Shakespeare's Timon.*

Our promise must not prejudice our good :  
 And that it is no reason that the tongue  
 Tie the whole body to eternal wrong.

*Daniel's Arcadia.*

1. We think your promises spring-tides ; but we  
 Fear you'll ebb in your performance :
2. My deeds, and speeches, fir,  
 Are lines drawn from one center ; what I promise  
 'To do, I'll do.

*Dekker's Match me in London.*

Court

Court promises ! let wise men count them curst ;  
 For, while you live, he that scores best, pays worst.  
*Webster's White Devil.*

Supply your promises with deeds ;  
 You know that painted meat no hunger feeds.

*Ibid.*

Lords promises are mortal, and commonly  
 Die within half an hour they are spoken.

*Middleton's Mad World my Masters.*

Promises of princes must not be  
 By after-arts evaded. Who dares punish  
 The breach of oaths in subjects ; and yet slight  
 The faith he hath made them ?

*Habbington's Queen of Arragon.*

You cannot lose your virtue, sir, and then  
 I'm sure my courtesy will never fail :  
 To promise more, would make me seem too prodigal  
 Of what you can't in nobleness receive.

*Sir W. Davenant's Platonick Lovers.*

1. ————— 'Tis apparent,  
 Thou wilt not fail thy friend in great engagements,  
 Who art so punctual in a promis'd trifle.

2. The man that is not in th' enemy's pow'r,  
 Nor fetter'd by misfortune, and breaks promises,  
 Degrades himself ; he never can pretend  
 To honour more.

*Sir Robert Stapleton's Slighted Maid.*

P R O S P E R I T Y.

Prosperity's the very bond of love,  
 Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,  
 Affliction alters.

*Shakespear's Winter's Tale.*

Daily and hourly proof  
 Tell us, prosperity is at highest degree,  
 The fount and handle of calamity :  
 Like dust before a whirlwind those men fly,  
 That prostrate on the ground of fortune lie ;



And being great, like trees that broadest sprout,  
Their own top-heavy state grubs up their root.

*Chapman's First Part of Byron's Conspiracy.*

Things over-rank do never kindly bear,

As in the corn the flexure, when we see  
Fill but the straw, when it should feed the ear ;

Rotting that time in rip'ning it should be,  
And be'ng once down, itself can never rear :

With us well doth this simile agree  
Of the wise man, due to the great in all,  
By their own weight b'ing broken in their fall.

Self-loving man, what sooner doth abuse ;

And more than his prosperity doth wound ?  
Into the deep but fall how can he chuse

'That over-rides whereon his foot to ground ?  
Who sparingly prosperity doth use,

And to himself doth after ill propound ;  
Unto his height who happily doth climb,  
Sits above fortune, and controuleth time.

*Drayton in the Mirror for Magistrates.*

Lo, when prosperity too much prevails,

Above the judgment thus of vulgar minds ;  
As little barges burden'd with great sails,

They move in state, all swoln with fortune's winds !

*E. of Sterline's Alexandrian Tragedy.*

Prosperity doth bewitch men, seeming clear ;

But seas do laugh, shew white, when rocks are near.

*Webster's White Devil.*

————— Knaves will thrive,

When honest plainness knows not how to live.

*Shirley's Maid's Revenge.*

He that suffers

Prosperity to swell him 'bove a mean ;

Like those impressions in the air, that rise

From dunghill vapours, scatter'd by the wind,

Leaves nothing but an empty name behind.

*Nabbs's Hannibal and Scipio.*

Of

Of both our fortunes good and bad, we find  
 Prosperity more searching of the mind :  
 Felicity flies o'er the wall and fence,  
 While misery keeps in with patience.

*Herrick.*

More in prosperity is reason tost,  
 Than ships in storms, their helms and anchors lost :  
 Before fair gales not all our sails we bear,  
 But with side winds into safe harbours steer.  
 More ships in calms on a deceitful coast,  
 Or unseen rocks, than in high storms are lost.

*Denham.*

None violent empires long enjoy secure ;  
 They're mod'rate conditions that endure.  
 When fortune raiseth to the greatest height,  
 The happy man should most suppress his state ;  
 Expecting still a change of things to find,  
 And fearing, when the gods appear too kind.

*Sir Robert Howard.*

P R O V I D E N C E.

Thus doth th' all working providence retain,  
 And keep for good effects the seed of worth ;  
 And so doth point the stops of time thereby,  
 In periods of uncertain certainty.

*Daniel's Panegyrick to the King.*

So blind's the sharpest councils of the wise  
 This over-shadowing providence on high,  
 And dazzleth all their clearest-sighted eyes,  
 That they see not how nakedly they lie:  
 There where they little think the storm doth rise,  
 And over-casts their clear security :  
 When Man hath stopp'd all ways, save only that,  
 Which, as least doubted, ruin enters at.

*Daniel's Civil War.*

What man, not wondring, can by deeds behold  
 The providence of all commanding Jove,  
 Whose brazen edicts cannot be controul'd ;  
 Firm are the statutes of the states above :

That mortal whom a deity's favour shields,  
 No worldly force is able to confound;  
 He may securely walk through danger's fields;  
 Times and occasions are to serve him bound.

*E. of Sterline's Cræsus.*

O all preparing providence divine!  
 In thy large book what secrets are enroll'd?  
 What sundry helps doth thy great pow'r assign,  
 To prop the course which thou intend't to hold?  
 What mortal sense is able to define  
 Thy mysterys, thy counsels manyfold?  
 It is thy wisdom strangely that extends  
 Obscure proceedings to apparent ends.

*Drayton's Barons Wars.*

————— Wise princes  
 Fight not alone with forces; providence  
 Directs and tutors strength: else elephants  
 And barbed horses might as well prevail,  
 As the most subtil stratagems of war.

*John Ford's Perkin Warbeck.*

————— Wisdom and virtue be  
 The only destinies set for a man to follow.  
 The heav'nly pow'rs are to be reverenc'd,  
 Not search'd into; their mercies rather be  
 By humble prayers to be sought, than their  
 Hidden councils by curiosity.

*Baron's Mirza.*

Who is it, that will doubt  
 The care of heaven; or think th' immortal  
 Pow'rs are slow, cause they take the priviledge  
 To chuse their own time, when they will send their  
 Blessings down?

*Sir W. Davenant's Fair Favourite.*

P R U D E N C E.

She's a majestick ruler, and commands  
 Ev'n with the terror of her awful brow.  
 As in a throng, sedition being rais'd,  
 Th' ignoble multitude inflam'd with madness,

Firebrands

Firebrands and stones fly ; fury shews them weapons :  
 'Till spying some grave man, honour'd for wisdom,  
 They straight are silent, and erect their ears ;  
 Whilst he with his sage council doth assuage  
 Their minds disorder, and appease their rage :  
 So prudence, when rebellious appetites  
 Have rais'd temptations, with their batteries  
 Assaulting reason, then doth interpose,  
 And keep it safe. Th' attempts of sense are weak,  
 If their vain forces wisdom deign to break.

*Nabbs's Microcosmus.*

Prudence, thou virtue of the mind, by which  
 We do consult of all that's good or evil,  
 Conducting to felicity ; direct  
 My thoughts and actions by the rules of reason :  
 Teach me contempt of all inferior vanities ;  
 Pride, in a marble portal gilded o'er,  
*Affyrian* carpets, chairs of ivory,  
 The luxury of a stupendous house,  
 Garments perfum'd, gems valu'd not for use,  
 But needless ornament : a sumptuous table,  
 And all the baits of sense. A vulgar eye  
 Sees not the dangers which beneath them lie.

*Ibid.*

————— A wise man,  
 When he does found his happiness, forecasts  
 Mischiefs, that fate had never practis'd yet ;  
 Which if they happen, if they prove too true,  
 They meet, not overtake him ; and so find  
 A scorn, because a preparation.

*Gomersail's Lodovick Sforza.*

Look forward what's to come, and back what's past ;  
 Thy life will be with praise and prudence grac'd :  
 What loss or gain may follow, thou may'st guess ;  
 Thou then wilt be secure of the success.

*Denham.*

P U-



## P U N I S H M E N T.

Ye princes all, and rulers ev'ry one,  
 In punishment, beware of hatred's ire.  
 Before you scourge, take heed ; look well thereon :  
 In wrath's ill will, if malice kindle fire,  
 Your hearts will burn in such a hot desire,  
 That in those flames, the smoke shall dim your sight,  
 Ye shall forget to join your justice right.

You should not judge, till things be well discern'd ;  
 Your charge is still to maintain upright laws :  
 In conscience rules ye should be thoroughly learn'd,  
 Where clemency bids wrath and rashness pause ;  
 And further faith, strike not without a cause :  
 And when ye smite, do it for justice sake ;  
 Then in good part, each man your scourge will take.  
*Churchyard in the Mirror for Magistrates.*  
 Unpunish'd 'scape for heinous crime some one ;  
 But unaveng'd in mind or body, none.

*Mirror for Magistrates.*

All have not offended :  
 For those that were, it is not square to take  
 On those that are, revenge : crimes, like to lands,  
 Are not inherited.

*Shakespeare's Timon.*

Yet must we not put the strong law on him ;  
 He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,  
 Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes :  
 And where 'tis so, th' offender's scourge is weigh'd,  
 But never the offence.

*Shakespeare's Hamlet.*

Reck'ning it better, since his end is meant,  
 And must be wrought, at once to rid it clear,  
 And put it to the fortune of th' event,  
 Than by long doing to be long in fear :  
 When in such courses of high punishment,  
 The deed and the attempt like danger bear.

*Daniel's Civil War.*

Where

Where sits the offence,  
Let the fault's punishment be deriv'd from thence.

*Middleton's Game at Chesse.*

Sentence of death when it is mildly spoke,  
Half promises life ; but when your doom you mix  
With such rough threats, what is't but twice to kill ?

*Heywood's Royal King.*

He should not dare to kill, that dares not die ;  
'Tis needy mischief, and he's basely bent,  
That dares do ill, yet fears the punishment.

*W. Rowley's All's Lost by Lust.*

Nor custom, nor example, nor vast numbers  
Of such as do offend, make less the sin ;  
For each particular crime a strict account  
Will be exacted ; and that comfort which  
The damn'd pretend, follows in misery,  
Takes nothing from their torments : ev'ry one  
Must suffer in himself, the measure of  
His wickedness.

*Massinger's Picture.*

————— The land wants such  
As dare with rigour execute her laws ;  
Her fester'd members must be lanc'd and tented :  
He's a bad surgeon that for pity spares  
'The part corrupted, 'till the gangrene spread,  
And all the body perish : he that's merciful  
Unto the bad, is cruel to the good.  
'The pillory must cure the ear's disease ;  
'The stocks the foot's offences ; let the back  
Bear her own sin, and her rank blood purge forth  
By the phlebotomy of a whipping post :  
And yet the secret and purse-punishment  
Is held the wiser course ; because at once  
It helps the virtuous, and corrects the vicious.  
Let not the sword of justice sleep, and rust  
Within her velvet sheath ; preserve her edge,  
And keep it sharp with cutting ; use must whet her :  
Tame

'Tame mercy is the breast that suckles vice,  
Till *Hydra*-like she multiply her heads.

*Randolph's Muses Looking-glass.*

1. ———— Think not of pardon, fir.  
Rigour and mercy us'd in states uncertainly  
And in ill times, look not like th' effects  
Of virtue, but necessity : nor will  
They thank your goodness, but your fears ?——  
2. Revenge in princes should be still imperfect ;  
It is then handsomest, when the king comes to  
Reduce, not ruin——

1. Who puts but on the face of punishing,  
And only gently cuts, but prunes rebellion ;  
He makes that flourish, that he wou'd destroy.  
Who wou'd not be a rebel, when the hopes  
Are vast, the fears but small ?  
2. Why, I wou'd not ;  
Nor you, my lord, nor you, nor any here.  
Fear keeps low spirits only in, the brave  
Do get above it, when they do resolve.  
Such punishments in infancy of war  
Make men more desp'rate ; not the more yielding.  
The common people are a kind of flies ;  
They're caught with honey, not with wormwood, fir.  
Severity exasperates the stirr'd humour ;  
And states distempers turn into diseases.

*Suckling's Brennoralt.*

The laws are sinfully contriv'd. Justice  
Should weigh the present crime, not future  
Inference on deeds ; but now they cheapen  
Blood : 'tis spilt

To punish the example, not the guilt.

*Sir W. Davenant's Just Italian.*

Do not, if one but lightly thee offend,  
The punishment beyond the crime extend ;  
Or after warning the offence forget ;  
So God himself our failings did remit.

*Denham.*  
Who

Who would, unblamed, strike,  
Must what he seems to do, not seem to like.  
*Orgula, or the Fatal Error.*

---

## Q U A C K.

1. **P**ITY his ignorance !  
They are the only knowing men of *Europe* ;  
Great gen'ral scholars, excellent physicians,  
Most admir'd statesmen, profest favourites,  
And cabinet counsellors to the greatest princes !  
The only languag'd men of all the world !
2. And, I have heard, they are most lewd impostors ;  
Made all of terms and shreds ; no less belyers  
Of great mens favours, than their own vile med'cines ;  
Which they will utter upon monstrous oaths :  
Selling that drug for two-pence ere they part,  
Which they have valu'd at twelve crowns before.

*Johnson's Volpone.*

1. Good doctor *Alcon*, I am come to crave  
Your counsel to advise me for my health ;  
For I suppose, in troth, I am not well ;  
Methinks I should be sick, yet cannot tell :  
Something there is amiss that troubles me,  
For which I would take physick willingly.
2. Welcome, fair nymph ; come, let me try your pulse.  
I cannot blame you, t' hold yourself not well.  
Something amiss, quoth you ; here's all amiss !  
The whole fabrick of yourself distemp'ed is ;  
The *sistole* and *diastole* of your pulse  
Do shew your passions most *hysterical* :  
It seems you have not careful been  
T' observe the *prophylactick* regimen  
Of your own body ; so that we must now  
Descend unto the *therapheutical* ;  
That so we may prevent the *syndrome*  
Of symptoms, and may afterwards apply

Some



Some *analeptical alexipharmacum*,  
That may be proper for your malady :  
It seems, fair nymph, you dream much in the night.

1. Doctor, I do indeed.

2. I know you do ;

You're troubled much with thought.

1. I am indeed.

2. I know you are ;

You have great heaviness about your heart.

1. Now truly so I have.

2. I know you have ;

You wake oft in the night.

1. In troth I do.

2. All this I know you do ;

And this unless by physick you prevent,

Think whereto it may bring you in the end ;

And therefore you must first evacuate

All those *colaxical* hot humours which

Disturb your heart, and then refrigerate

Your blood by some *menalchian* cordials,

Which you must take, and you shall straight find ease,

And in the morning I will visit you.

*Daniel's Arcadia.*

————— Out you impostors,

Quacksalving-cheating mountebanks, ——— your skill

Is to make sound men sick, and sick men kill !

*Maffinger and Dekker's Virgin Martyr.*

### Q U A L I F I C A T I O N S.

Good parts in youth and manhood are the fame ;

They're the same picture in a smaller frame.

*Lleuellin.*

————— 'Tis strange to see

How gen'rally this gentleman doth take :

For my part, as I see not any thing

In him that I much mislike, so truly

Naught that I admire : he has some graceful

And becoming parts and qualities ; a

Handsome way in talk ; yet when I mark it

*Seriously.*

Seriously, methinks it is as curious  
Pictures, which although they make a pleasing  
Shew, yet, for the most part are drawn on coarse  
And ordinary matter. I needs must say,  
He has this happiness, that if he excel  
In aught, it is in things of that familiar  
Nature, that each place and company  
He comes in, afford him opportunity  
To shew it : and this certainly is the  
Only thing that makes him make a greater  
Blaze than some of far more worth ; whose eminence  
Lying in that which is more choice, cannot  
So frequently discover itself ; nor  
Is their value prostituted unto  
Every eye ; but they, as great bells, who  
Are not easily, nor on all slight occasions,  
Raised, yet being up, will far out-sound  
Any of these tinkling ting-tang blades.

*The Hectors.*

For as when some common metals will serve  
For good substantial use, yet if you strive  
To force them to more curious shapes, they only  
Such rude draughts will take, as will render them  
More deformed : so this gentleman, had  
His coarser soul but had the luck to have  
Acted in some downright way, to have manag'd  
Some plodding trade, he might by long experience  
Have understood himself within his sphere ;  
Nay, have had wit enough to have got a  
Good estate, and through the repute of that,  
Have been look'd upon by the world as wise :  
But this by his father's industry being  
Left to his hand ; the common course of the  
World, unhappily doth fling him upon  
Things fit only for more refined minds ;  
Which although he cannot master, yet some  
Odd grudges and imperfect stamps have

Trans-

Transformed him from what he was, nor can  
He be what he would.

*The Heifers.*

Q U A R R E L.

———— Beware  
Of entrance to a quarrel : But being in,  
Bear it, that the opposed may beware of thee.

*Shakespear's Hamlet.*

But yesterday, thou wast the common second  
Of all that only know thee ; thou hadst bills  
Set up on ev'ry post, to give thee notice  
Where any diff'rence was, and who were parties ;  
And as to save the charges of the law  
Poor men seek arbitrators, thou wert chosen  
By such as knew thee not, to compound quarrels :  
But thou wert so delighted with the sport,  
'That if there were no just cause, thou wouldst make one,  
Or be engag'd thyself : This goodly calling  
Thou hast follow'd five and twenty years, and study'd  
The criticisms of contentions, and art thou  
In so few hours transform'd ?

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Little French Lawyer.*

'There's a mischief greater than all these ;  
A base and fardid provocation,  
Us'd among gentlemen they cannot quarrel  
About a glass of wine, but out flies straight  
Son of a whore : dead mothers must be torn  
Out of their graves, or living, have their names  
Poison'd by a prodigious breath : It were  
A brave and noble law to make this tongue  
Be cut for't ; it would save much blood i'th' year,  
That might be spent more honourably.

*Shirley's Gamester.*

—— See the fate of traytors !  
How wonderfully heav'n does bring about  
Their punishment, that like to canibals,  
The one doth eat the other !

*Tatham's Distracted State.*

———— Surely

————— Surely one  
 Of the winds got him ; his cradle was a drum,  
 And he was nurs'd upon a belfry.  
 He hath more rage and noise than a winter-storm :  
 Only his virtue is, he will not out-last it.

*Sir W. Davenant's News from Plymouth.*

## Q U E E N.

A dow'r, my lords ! disgrace not so your king,  
 That he should be so abject, base and poor,  
 To chuse for wealth, and not for perfect love.  
*Henry* is able to enrich his queen ;  
 And not to seek a queen, to make him rich :  
 So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,  
 As market-men for oxen, sheep or horse :  
 But marriage is a matter of more worth,  
 Than to be dealt in by attorneyship :  
 Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,  
 Must be companion of his nuptial-bed.  
 And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,  
 It most of all these reasons bindeth us,  
 In our opinions she should be preferr'd :  
 For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,  
 An age of discord, and continual strife ?  
 Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,  
 And is a pattern of celestial peace.  
 Whom should we match with *Henry*, b'ing a king,  
 But *Marg'ret*, that is daughter to a king ?  
 Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,  
 Approves her fit for none, but for a king.  
 Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,  
 More than in woman commonly is seen,  
 Answer our hope in issue of a king :  
 For, *Henry*, son unto a conqueror,  
 Is likely to beget more conquerors,  
 If with a lady of so high resolve,  
 As is fair *Marg'ret*, he be link'd in love.

*Shakespeare's First Part of King Henry VI.*

When



When you are made my consort,  
 All the prerogatives of my high birth cancell'd,  
 I'll practice the obedience of a wife,  
 And freely pay it. *Queens themselves, if they*  
 Make choice of their inferiors, only aiming  
 To feed their sensual appetites, and to reign  
 Over their husbands, in some kind commit  
 Authoriz'd whoredom.

*Massinger's Maid of Honour.*

Q U E S T I O N S.

She now with jealous questions, utter'd fast,  
 Fills *Orgo's* ear, which there unmark'd are gone,  
 As throngs through guarded gates, when all make haste,  
 Not giving warders time t'examine one.

*Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

R A P E.

**Y**OUR brother did with vicious looseness,  
 Corrupt the chaste streams of my spotless virtues,  
 And left me soiled like a long-pluck'd rose,  
 Whose leaves dissever'd, have foregone their sweetness.

*Chapman's Revenge for Honour.*

Woman's forced use,  
 Like unripe fruits, no sooner got, but waste;  
 They have proportion, colour, but no taste.

*Marston's Sophonisba.*

If he, from heav'n that filch'd that living fire,  
 Condemn'd by *Jove* to endless torment be;  
 I greatly marvel how you still go free,  
 That far beyond *Prometheus* did aspire:  
 The fire he stole, although of heav'nly kind,  
 Which from above he craftily did take  
 Of lifeless clods, us living men to make,  
 He did bestow in temper of the mind:

But

But you broke into heav'n's immortal store,  
 Where virtue, honour, wit, and beauty lay;  
 Which taking thence, you have escap'd away,  
 Yet stand as free as e'er you did before:  
 Yet old *Prometheus* punish'd for his rape:  
 Thus poor thieves suffer, when the greater 'scape.

*Drayton's Ideas.*

———She longs to be ravish'd:  
 Some have no pleasure but in violence;  
 To be torn in pieces is their paradise:  
 'Tis ordinary in our country, sir, to ravish all;  
 They will not give a penny for their sport  
 Unless they be put to it, and terribly;  
 And then they swear they'll hang the man comes  
 near 'em,  
 And swear it on his lips too.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Maid in the Mill.*

1. How like a hill of snow she sits, and melts  
 Before the unchaste fire of others lust?  
 What heart can see her passion, and not break?
2. Take comfort, gentle madam, you know well  
 Ev'n actual sins committed without will,  
 Are neither sins nor shame, much more compell'd;  
 Your honour's no whit less, your chastity  
 No whit impair'd, for fair *Merione*  
 Is more a virgin yet than all her sex:  
 Alas 'tis done! why burn these tapers now?  
 Wicked and frantick creatures joy in night.  
 Imagine fair *Merione* had dream'd  
 She had been ravish'd, would she sit thus then  
 Excruciate? Fie, fie, how fond is this?  
 What reason for this surfeit of remorse?  
 How many that have done ill and proceed,  
 Women that take degrees in wantonness,  
 Commence, and rise in rudiments of lust,  
 That feel no scruple of this tenderness?
2. Wherefore sits

My



The souls of virtuous virgins ravish'd from me.  
 Do not add sin to sin, and at a price  
 That ruins me, and not enriches you,  
 Purchase damnation : Do not, do not do't ;  
 Sheath here your sword, and my departing soul  
 Like your good angel, shall sollicit heav'n  
 To dash out your offences ; let my flight  
 Be pure and spotless : Do not injure that,  
 Manhood would blush to think on : It is all  
 A maid's divinity : Wanting her life,  
 She's a fair coarse ; wanting her chastity,  
 A spotted soul of living infamy.

*Rawlins's Rebellion.*

Methinks I stand like *Tarquin*, in the night,  
 When he defil'd the chastity of *Rome*,  
 Doubtful of what to do ; and like a thief  
 I take each noise to be an officer.  
 She has a ravishing feature, and her mind  
 Is of a purer temper than her body :  
 Her virtues more than beauty ravish me,  
 And I commit ev'n with her piety,  
 A kind of incest with religion :  
 Though I do know it is a deed of death,  
 Condemn'd to torments in the other world,  
 Such tempting sweetness dwells in ev'ry limb,  
 That I must venture my essential parts,  
 For the fruition of a moment's lust ;  
 A pleasure dearly bought——

*Hemmings's Fatal Contract.*

1. Accuse tyrannick heav'n that made you bright,  
 Accuse those killing eyes ; not my weak sight :  
 I did a crime, without my own consent ;  
 And justice pardons, where there's no intent :  
 When love commands, who dares be innocent ?  
 Blame not the ship that falls foul on another ;  
 But blame the winds that blow it : Neighbourly streams  
 Keep in their destin'd bounds, till show'rs from heav'n  
 Constrain them to invade the friendly earth

Vo L. III.

E

With



With as unquestion'd power

As that which gives it from the highest cause :  
Celestial visions cancel written laws.

2. If man may act whate'er he's mov'd to do ;  
'The same man is both judge and party too :  
Bodies and souls are so in marriage ty'd,  
'Their distinct issues hardly are descry'd ;  
But well known body is the surer side.

Inspir'd thoughts may flow from heav'n or hell,  
But *Æthiop's* bastards will their fathers tell :  
Charge not the gods with thy infernal sins ;  
Murder and piety cannot pass for twins.

1. I urg'd their pow'r, but now defend their justice :  
Impartial heav'n, not robbing all the rest,  
Could not permit by one to be possess'd  
So great a joy too long :

But, if you call a crime, what heav'n commands,  
'Tho' clear'd above, yet I have lost my cause.

In vain the pris'ner pleads his innocence.

Who'd rather die, than anger his accuser.

*Fane's Sacrifice.*

Beauty I love, but I hate toilsome rapes ;

I love good wine, but would not tread the grapes.

*Crown's Caligula.*

R A S H N E S S.

—————To be too rash,

Without both care and will to shun the worst ;

It b'ing in pow'r to do well, and with chear,

Is stupid negligence, and worse than fear.

*Chapman's Revenge of Bussy D'ambois.*

—————Men by timidity

Are on more dang'rous resolutions cast,

Than by the wildness of temerity :

Virtue's defects nothing of her possess,

But rashness may ; for that is an excess.

*Aleyn's Poitiers.*

Rashness her heat but to first onsets brings ;

Then flugs, like wasps, when they have lost their stings.

*Ibid.*

—————Rashness, gentlemen,  
Gives the first onset fiercely ; then recoils,  
As wasps, when they have lost their stings.

*Glaphorne's Alkertus Wallenstein.*

## R E A S O N.

This spark of reason is not ours,  
But lent us from above :  
The gods do give and take the same,  
And make us loath and love.

*Brandon's Antony to Octavia.*

If the beam of our lives had not one scale  
Of reason to poize another of sensuality ;  
The blood and baseness of our natures would  
Conduct us to most prepos't'rous conclusions :  
But we have reason, to cool our raging  
Motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts.

*Shakespeare's Othello.*

————— Oh accursed reason !  
How many eyes hast thou to see thy shame,  
And yet how blind once to prevent defame.

*Marston's Courtezan.*

Hence do we out of words create us arts ;  
Of which the people notwithstanding be  
Masters, and without rules do them impart :  
Reason we make an art, yet none agree  
What this true reason is ; nor yet have pow'rs,  
To level others reason unto ours.

*Lord Brooke of Human Learning.*

Oh most imperfect light of human reason,  
Thou mak'st us so unhappy, to foresee  
What we can least prevent !

*Webster's Dutchess of Malfy.*

—————Accursed man  
Thou bought'st thy reason at too dear a rate ;  
For thou hast all thy actions bounded in  
With curious rules, when ev'ry beast is free.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's King and No King.*

There's nothing done, but there is reason for it,  
 If a man could find it ; For what's the reason  
 Your citizens wives continually wear hats,  
 But to shew the desire they always have  
 To be cover'd ? Or why do your sempsters  
 Spend their time in pricking, and your ladies  
 In poking of ruffs, but only to shew  
 They do as they would be done unto ? Or why  
 Does your inns-of-court man lie with his landress  
 In a long vacation, but because he  
 Hath no money to go abroad ? Or why do  
 Your old judges widows always marry  
 Young gentlemen, but to shew that they love  
 Execution better than judgment.

*Cupid's Whirligig.*

Man is not the prince of creatures,  
 But in reason ; fail that, he is worse  
 Than horse, or dog, or beast of wilderness.

*Field's Amends for Ladies.*

Those fond philosophers that magnify  
 Our humane nature, and did boast we had  
 Such a prerogative in our rational soul,  
 Convers'd but little with the world ; confin'd  
 To cells and unfrequented woods, they knew not  
 The fierce vexation of community ;  
 Else they had taught, our reason is our loss ;  
 And but a privilege that exceedeth sense,  
 By nearer apprehension, of what wounds,  
 To know ourselves most miserable.

*Shirley's Brothers.*

Where men have sev'ral faiths, to find the true,  
 We only can the aid of reason use ;  
 'Tis reason shews us which we should eschew,  
 When by comparison we learn to chuse.  
 But though we there on reason must rely,  
 Where men to sev'ral faiths their minds dispose ;  
 Yet after reason's choice, the schools are shy  
 To let it judge the very faith it chose.

*Howe'er*

Howe'er 'tis call'd to construe the records  
Of faith's dark charter, wrapt in sacred writ ;  
And is the only judge ev'n of those words,  
By which faith claims that reason should submit.

Since holy text bids faith to comprehend  
Such mysteries as nature may suspect,  
And faith must reason as her guide attend,  
Lest she mistake what scripture doth direct.

Since from the soul's far country, heav'n, God sent  
His law, an embassy to few reveal'd,  
Which did those good conditions represent  
Of our eternal peace, ere it was seal'd.

Since to remote ambassadors are giv'n  
Interpreters, when they with things confer ;  
Since to that law, God's embassy from heav'n,  
Our reason serves as an interpreter ;

Since justly clients pay that judge an awe,  
Who laws lost sense interprets and restores ;  
Yet judges are no more above the laws,  
Than truchmen are above ambassadors.

Since reason as a judge, the trial hath  
Of diff'ring faiths, by adverse pens perplex'd ;  
Why is not reason reckon'd above faith,  
Though not above her law, the sacred text ?

If reason have such worth, why should she still  
Attend below, whilst faith doth upward climb ?  
Yet common faith seems but unstudy'd will,  
And reason calls unstudy'd will a crime.

Slave reason, ev'n at home in prison lies ;  
And by religion, is so watch'd, and aw'd,  
That though the prison-windows, both her eyes  
Stand open, yet she scarce dares look abroad.



Faith thinks, that reason is her adverse spy ;  
 Yet reason is, through doubtful ways, her guide ;  
 But like a scout, brought in from th'enemy,  
 Must, when she guides her, bound and guarded ride.

Or if by faith, not as her judge disdain'd,  
 Nor, as her guide suspected, but is found  
 In ev'ry sentence just to the arraign'd,  
 And guides her right unguarded, and unbound.

Why then should such a judge be still deny'd  
 T'examine, since faith's claims still publick are,  
 Her secret pleas ? Or why should such a guide  
 Be hinder'd, where faith goes, to go as far ?

And, yet as one bred humbly, who would shew  
 His monarch's palace to a stranger, goes  
 But to the gates ; as if to let him know  
 Where so much greatness dwells, not what it does :

Whilst strait the stranger enters undeny'd,  
 As one whose breeding has much bolder been ;  
 So reason, though she were at first faith's guide  
 To heav'n, yet waits without, when faith goes in.

But though at court, bold strangers enter, where  
 The way is to their bashfull guide forbid ;  
 Yet he, when they come back, is apt to hear  
 And ask them, what the king then said, and did :

And so, though reason, which is faith's first guide  
 To God, is stopt where faith has entrance free,  
 As nature's stranger ; though 'tis then deny'd  
 To reason, as of nature's family ;

Yet strait, when from her vision and her trance  
 Faith does return, then reason quits that awe  
 Enjoin'd when priests impos'd our ignorance ;  
 And asks how much she of the Godhead saw ?  
*Sir W. Davenant's Philosopher to the Dying Christian.*

I see the errors that I would avoid,  
 And have my reason still, but not the use on't :  
 It hangs upon me like a wither'd limb  
 Bound up and numb'd by some disease's frost ;  
 The form the same, but all the use is lost,

Sir R. Howard's Great Favourite.

R E B E L L I O N.

1. There was a time, when all the body's members  
 Rebell'd against the belly ; thus accus'd it ; —  
 That only, like a gulf, it did remain  
 I'th' midit o'th' body, idle and unactive,  
 Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing  
 Like labour with the rest ; where th'other instruments  
 Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,  
 And mutually participate, did minister  
 Unto the appetite, and affection common  
 Of the whole body. The belly answer'd, —  
 (For, look you, I may make the belly smile,  
 As well as speak) it tauntingly reply'd  
 To th' discontented members, th' mutinous parts,  
 That envy'd his receipt ; even so most fitly,  
 As you malign our senators, for that  
 They are not such as you —

2. Your belly's answer — What !  
 The kingly crown'd *head*, the vigilant *eye*,  
 The counsellor *heart*, the armour soldier,  
 Our steed, the *leg* the *tongue* our trumpeter ;  
 With other muniments and petty helps  
 In this our fabrick, if that they  
 Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,  
 Who is the sink of the body,  
 The former agents, if they did complain,  
 What could the belly answer ?

1. Your most grave belly was deliberate,  
 Not rash, like his accusers ; and thus answer'd ;  
 True it is, my incorp'rate friends, quoth he,  
 That I receive the gen'ral food at first,  
 Which you do live upon ; and sit it is,

Because I am the store-house, and the shop  
 Of the whole body. But, if you do remember,  
 I send it through the rivers of your blood,  
 Ev'n to the court, the heart ; to th' seat o'th' brain ;  
 And, through the cranks and offices of man,  
 The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,  
 From me receive that natural competency,  
 Whereby they live. And though that all at once,  
 You, my good friends, this says the belly, mark me—  
 Though all at once cannot  
 See what I do deliver out to each,  
 Yet I can make my audit up, that all  
 From me do back receive the flow'r of all,  
 And leave me but the bran. What say you to't ?  
 2. It was an answer ; — how apply you this ?  
 1. The senators of *Rome* are this good belly,  
 And you the mutinous members ; for examine  
 Their counsels, and their cares ; digest things rightly,  
 Touching the weal o'th' common ; you shall find,  
 No publick benefit, which you receive,  
 But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,  
 And no way from yourselves. What do you think ?  
 You, the great toe of this assembly ! —  
 2. I the great toe ! Why, the great toe ?  
 1. For that, being one of the lowest, basest, poorest,  
 Of this most wise rebellion, thou goest foremost ;  
 Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,  
 Lead'st first, to win some 'vantage. —

*Shakespeare's Coriolanus.*

1. If we can make our peace  
 Upon such large terms and so absolute,  
 As our conditions shall insist upon ;  
 Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.  
 2. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,  
 That ev'ry flight and false-derived cause,  
 Yea, ev'ry idle, nice, and wanton reason,  
 Shall to the king taste of this action :  
 That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,

We

We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,  
That ev'n our corn shall seem as light as chaff,  
And good from bad find no partition.

1. No, no, my lord, note this; the king is weary  
Of dainty, and such picking grievances :  
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death,  
Revives two greater in the heirs of life :  
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,  
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,  
That may repeat and history his loss  
To new rememb'rance. For full well he knows,  
He cannot so precisely weed this land,  
As his misdoubts present occasion ;  
His foes are so inrooted with his friends,  
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,  
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend:  
So that this land, like an offensive wife,  
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,  
As he is striking, holds his infant up,  
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm  
That was uprear'd to execution.

2. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods  
On late offenders, that he now doth lack  
The very instruments of chastisement :  
So that his pow'r, like to a fangless lion,  
May offer, but not hold.

1. 'Tis very true :

And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,  
If we do now make our atonement well,  
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,  
Grow stronger for the breaking.

*Shakespeare's Second Part of King Henry IV.*

My lord, your son, had only but the corps,  
But shadows, and the shews of men to fight.  
For that same word, rebellion, did divide  
The action of their bodies from their souls ;  
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,  
As men drink portions, that their weapons only

E 5

Seem'd



Seem'd on our side : But for their spirits and souls,  
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,  
As fish are in a pond.

*Shakespeare's Second Part of King Henry IV.*

Want made them murmur ; for the people, who  
To get their bread do wrestle with their fate,  
Or those who in superfluous riot flow,  
Soonest rebel : Convulsions in a state,  
Like those, which nat'ral bodies do oppress ;  
Rise from repletion, or from emptiness,

*Aleyn's Henry VII.*

But well-weigh'd reason told him, that when law  
Either's renounc'd, or misapply'd by th'awe  
Of false nam'd patriots ; that when the right  
Of king and subject is suppress'd by might ;  
When all religion either is refus'd  
As mere pretence, or merely as that us'd ;  
When thus the fury of ambition swells,  
Who is not active, modestly rebels.

*Cartwright.*

This late commotion in your kingdom, sir,  
Is like a growing wen upon the face ;  
Which as we cannot look on but with trouble,  
So take't away we cannot but with danger.

*Suckling's Brennoralt.*

The vulgar in rebellion, are like  
Unknown lands ; those that first possess them, have them.

*Ibid.*

————— There is gain  
In mighty rebels. Flies and moths may buzz  
About our beard, and are not worth the notice ;  
Or if we crush them, they but foul our fingers :  
'Tis noble prey deserves a prince's stroak.

*Baron's Mirza.*

————— Sedition walks  
With claws bow'd in, and a close mouth, which only  
She keeps for opportunity of prey.

*Killegrew's Conspiracy.*  
I'll

I'll not such favour to rebellion shew,  
 To wear a crown the people do bestow ;  
 Who when their giddy violence is past,  
 Shall from the king th' ador'd, revolt at last ;  
 And then the throne they gain, they shall invade,  
 And scorn that idol which themselves have made.

*Crown's Charles VIII. of France.*

R E D R E S S.

When swelling floods have overflown the town,  
 Too late it is to save them that shall drown.

*G. Ferrers in the Mirror for Magistrates.*

1. Give me your hands all over, one by one.  
 2. And let us swear our resolution.  
 1. No, not an oath : if that the face of men,  
 'The suff'rance of our souls, the time's abuse —  
 If these be motives weak, break off betimes ;  
 And ev'ry man hence to his idle bed :  
 So, let high-fighted tyranny rage on,  
 Till each man drop by lott'ry. But if these,  
 As I am sure they do, bear fire enough  
 To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour  
 The melting spirits of women ; then countrymen,  
 What need we any spur, but our own cause,  
 To prick us to redress ? what other bond,  
 Than secret *Romans*, that have spoke the word,  
 And will not palter ? and what other oath,  
 Than honesty to honesty engag'd,  
 That this shall be, or we will fall for it ?  
 Swear priests and cowards, and men cautelous,  
 Old feeble carrions, and such suff'ring souls  
 That welcome wrongs : unto bad causes, swear  
 Such creatures as men doubt ; but do not stain  
 The even virtue of our enterprize,  
 Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits ;  
 To think, that or our cause, or our performance,  
 Did need an oath : when ev'ry drop of blood,  
 That ev'ry *Roman* bears, and nobly bears,  
 Is guilty of a several bastardy,

If he doth break the smallest particle  
Of any promise that hath past from him.

*Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar.*

The better, loathing courses so impure,  
Rather will like their wounds, than such a cure.

*Daniel's Civil War.*

After this shipwrack, I again must try  
Some happier voyage, hopeful still to make :  
'The plots that barren long we see did lie,  
Some fitting season plentifully take ;  
One fruitful harvest frankly doth restore,  
What many winters hindred had before.

*Drayton in the Mirror for Magistrates.*

The only way to salve a deep disease  
Is to give what may cure, not what may please ;  
Wherein delays prove worst : artists apply  
Receipts, before distempers grow too high.

*Lady Alimony.*

Are you here, sir ? does it become a king  
To look upon affliction, and not strait  
Redress it ? the poor physician is so nice  
In the honour of his science, that he ne'er  
Will visit dying men : as if he were  
Asham'd to look upon those inward wounds  
He hath not skill to cure.

*Sir W. Davenant's Fair Favourite.*

1. Sir, I am pre-engag'd, let that suffice.
2. The antidote's too late, to him who dies :  
Too late we take the taper from the fly,  
When he is burnt so, that he needs must die.

*Dover's Roman Generals.*

### R E F O R M A T I O N.

The king is full of grace and fair regard,  
And a true lover of the holy church.

2. The courses of his youth promis'd it not ;  
'The breath no sooner left his father's body,  
But that his wildness, mortify'd in him,  
Seem'd to die too ; yea, at that very moment,

*Confide-*

Consideration, like an angel, came,  
 And whipp'd th'offending *Adam* out of him ;  
 Leaving his body as a paradise,  
 T'invelope and contain celestial spirits.  
 Never was such a sudden scholar made :  
 Never came reformation in a flood  
 With such a heady current, scow'ring faults :  
 Nor ever *Hydra*-headed wilfulness  
 So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,  
 As in this king.

1. We're blessed in the change.

2. Hear him but reason in divinity,  
 And, all-admiring, with an inward wish  
 You would desire, the king were made a prelate :  
 Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,  
 You'd say, it hath been all in all his study ;  
 Lift his discourse of war, and you shall hear  
 A fearful battle render'd you in musick.  
 Turn him to any cause of policy,  
 The gordian knot of it he will unloose,  
 Familiar as his garter. When he speaks,  
 The air, a charter'd libertine, is still ;  
 And the mute wonder lurketh in mens ears,  
 To steal his sweet and honied sentences :  
 So that the act, and practick part of life,  
 Must be the mistress to this rhetoric.

Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it,  
 Since his addition was to courses vain ;  
 His companies unletter'd, rude and shallow ;  
 His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports ;  
 And never noted in him any study,  
 Any retirement, any sequestration,  
 From open haunts and popularity.

1. The straw-berry grows underneath the nettle,  
 And wholesome berries thrive, and ripen best,  
 Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality :  
 And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation  
 Under the veil of wildness ; which, no doubt,

Grew



Grew like the summer-grass, fastest by night,  
Unseen, yet crecive in his faculty.

2. It must be so ; for miracles are ceas'd :  
And therefore we must needs admit the means,  
How things are perfected.

*Shakespear's King Henry V.*

I know you all, and will awhile uphold  
The un-yok'd humour of your idleness,  
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,  
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds  
To smother up his beauty from the world  
That when he pleases again to be himself ;  
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,  
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists  
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.  
If all the year were playing holidays,  
The sport would be as tedious as to work ;  
But when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,  
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents :  
So when this loose behaviour I throw off,  
And pay the debt I never promised ;  
By how much better than my word I am,  
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes ;  
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,  
My reformation, glitt'ring o'er my fault,  
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,  
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.  
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill ;  
Redeeming time, when men think least I will.

*Shakespear's First Part of King Henry IV.*

Formless themselves, reforming do pretend ;  
As if confusion could disorder mend.

*Daniel's Civil War.*

For never headstrong reformation will  
Rest, till to th' extreme opposite it run,  
And over-run, the mean distrustful still,  
As b'ing too near of kin to that men shun :  
For good and bad, and all, must be one ill,  
When once there is another truth begun.

So

So hard it is an even hand to bear,  
In temp'ring with such maladies as these ;  
Lest that our forward passions lance too near,  
And make the cure prove worse than the disease :  
For with the worst, we will not spare the best,  
Because it grows with that which doth displease.

And faults are easier look'd in, than redress'd :  
Men running with such eager violence,  
At the first view of errors, fresh in quest ;  
As they, to rid an inconvenience,  
Stick not to raise a mischief in the stead,  
Which after mocks their weak improvidence ;  
And therefore do not make your own sides bleed,  
To prick at others.

*Daniel's Musophilus.*

Indeed a prince need not travel farther  
Than his own kingdom, if he apply himself  
Faithfully, worthy the glory of himself  
And expectation of others : and it  
Would appear far nobler industry in  
Him, to reform those fashions that are  
Already in his country ; than to bring  
New ones in, which have neither true form nor  
Fashion : To make his court an owl,  
City an ape, and the country a wolf,  
Preying upon the ridiculous pride  
Of either : And therefore I hold it a  
Safer stern upon this lucky advantage,  
Since my father is near his setting, and  
I upon the eastern hill to take my rise,  
To look into the heart and bowels of dukedom,  
And in disguise, mark all abuses ready  
For reformation or punishment.

So much have the complaints and suits of men,  
Seven, nay, seventeen years neglected, still  
Interpos'd by coin and great enemies,  
Prevail'd with pity, that I cannot otherwise

Think,

Think, but there are infectious dealings  
 In most offices, and foul mysteries  
 Throughout all professions : And therefore I  
 Nothing doubt, but to find travel enough  
 Within myself, and experience I fear  
 Too much : Nor will I be curious to fit  
 My body to the humblest form and bearing,  
 So the labour may be fruitful : For how  
 Can abuses that keep low, come to the  
 Right view of a prince, unless his looks lie  
 Level with them, which else will be longest  
 Hid from him, he shall be the last man sees them?  
 For oft between kings eyes, and subjects crimes,  
 Stands there a bar of bribes ; the under-office  
 Flatters him next above it ; he the next,  
 And so of most, or many : ev'ry abuse will chuse a  
 brother,  
 'Tis through the world, this hand will rub the other.

*Middleton's Phœnix.*

Who labours to reform, is fit to reign :  
 How can the king be safe that studi<sup>e</sup>s not  
 The profit of his people?

*Ibid.*

—————Wife experience  
 Gives us to know, that in th'lopping of trees,  
 The skillful hand prunes but the lower branches,  
 And leaves the top still growing, to extract  
 Sap from the root ; as meaning to reform,  
 Not to destroy.

*Tatham's Distracted State.*

# R E L I G I O N.

He wears his faith but as the fashion of  
 His hat, it ever changes with the next block.

*Shakespeare's Much ado about Nothing.*

Religion is a branch, first set and blest  
 By heav'n's high finger in the hearts of kings ;  
 Which whilome grew into a goodly tree,  
 Bright angels sat and sung upon the twigs,

And

And royal branches for the heads of kings  
 Were twist'd of them : But since squint-ey'd envy  
 And pale suspicion dash'd the heads of kingdoms  
 One 'gainst another, two abhorred twins  
 With two foul tails, stern war and liberty  
 Enter'd the world ; the tree that grew from heav'n  
 Is over-run with moss ; the chearful musick  
 That heretofore hath sounded out of it,  
 Begins to cease ; and as she casts her leaves,  
 By small degrees, the kingdoms of the earth  
 Decline and wither ; and look whensoever  
 That the pure sap in her, is dry'd up quite,  
 The lamp of all authority goes out,  
 And all the blaze of princes is extinct.  
 Thus as the poet sends a messenger  
 Out to the stage, to shew the sum of all  
 That follows after : So are kings revolts,  
 And playing both ways with religion,  
 Fore-runners of afflictions imminent ;  
 Which, like a chorus, subjects must lament.

*Chapman's Second Part of Byron's Conspiracy.*

Sacred religion ! mother of form and fear !

How gorgeously sometimes dost thou sit deck'd ?

What pompous vestures do we make thee wear ?

What stately piles we prodigal erect ?

How sweet perfum'd art thou, how shining clear ?

How solemnly observ'd ; with what respect ?

Another time all plain, all quite thread-bare ;

Thou must have all within, and nought without ;

Sit poorly without light, disrob'd : No care

Of outward grace t'amuse the poor devout ;

Pow'rless, unfollow'd : Scarcely men can spare

The necessary rites to set thee out.

*Daniel's Musophilus.*

He whom God chuseth, out of doubt doth well ;

What they that chuse their God do, who can tell ?

*Lord Brooke's Mustapha.*

Seek



Seek true religion : O where ! *Mirreus*,  
 Thinking her unhous'd here, and fled from us,  
 Seeks her at *Rome* ; there, because he doth know  
 That she was there a thousand years ago :  
 He loves the rags so, as we here obey  
 The state-cloth, where the prince fate yesterday.  
*Grants* to such brave loves will not be enthrall'd,  
 But loves her only, who at *Geneva* is call'd  
 Religion ; plain, simple, fullen, young,  
 Contemptuous, yet unhandsome : As among  
 Letch'rous humours, there is one that judges  
 No wenches wholesome, but coarse country drudges.  
*Grajus* stays still at home here ; and because  
 Some preachers, vile ambitious bawds, and laws  
 Still new, like fashions, bid him think that she  
 Which dwells with us, is only perfect ; he  
 Embraceth her, whom his godfather's will  
 Tenders to him, being tender ; as wards still  
 Take such wives as their guardians offer, or  
 Pay values. Careless *Phrygius* doth abhor  
 All, because all cannot be good ; as one,  
 Knowing some women whores, dares marry none.  
*Gracchus* loves all as one, and thinks that so,  
 As women do in divers countries go  
 In divers habits, yet are still one kind,  
 So doth, so is religion ; And this blind,  
 Nefs too much light breeds. But unmoved thou  
 Of force must one, and forc'd but one allow,  
 And the right ; ask thy father which is she,  
 Let him ask his. Though truth and falsehood be  
 Near twins, yet truth a little elder is :  
 Be busy to seek her ; believe me this,  
 He's not of none, nor worst, that seeks the best  
 T'adore, or scorn an image, or protest,  
 All may be bad.

Dr. Donne.

Divinity, wrested by some factious blood,  
 Draws swords, swells battles, and o'er throws all good.  
*Webster's White Devil.*

Religion is the fool's bridle, worn by policy,  
As horse wear trappings, to seem fair in shew;  
And make the world's eye doat on what we seem.

*Mason's Muleassies.*

————— Turn christian?  
If it be but for three qualities they have,  
I'll be none of their society; first,  
They suffer their wives to be their masters; secondly,  
They make men thieves for want of maintenance,  
And then hang them up for stealing: Lastly,  
They're mad four times a year, which they call terms;  
And then they're so purg'd by their physicians,  
Which they call lawyers, that some never are  
Their own men after.

*Dauborne's Christian turned Turk.*

'Twere happy for our holy faith to bleed;  
The blood of martyrs is the churches seed.

*Shirley's St. Patrick for Ireland.*

As men, for fear the stars should sleep and nod,  
And trip at night, have spheres supply'd,  
As if a star were duller than a clod,  
Which knows his way without a guide:  
Just so the other heav'n they also serve,  
Divinity's transcendent sky:  
Which with the edge of wit they cut and carve;  
Reason triumphs, and faith lies by.  
Could not that wisdom which first broach'd the wine,  
Have thicken'd it with definitions?  
And jagg'd his seamless coat, had that been fine,  
With curious questions and divisions?  
But all the doctrine which he taught and gave  
Was clear as heav'n, from whence it came:  
At least those beams of truth, which only save,  
Surpass in brightness any flame.  
*Love God, and love your neighbour; watch and pray;  
Do as you would be done unto:*  
O dark instructions, ev'n dark as day!  
Who can these gordian knots undo?

But

But he doth bid us take his blood for wine ;  
 Bid what he please ; yet I am sure,  
 To take and taste what he doth there design,  
 Is all that saves, and not obscure.

Then burn thy *Epicycles*, foolish man ;  
 Break all thy spheres, and save thy head :  
 Faith needs no staff of flesh, but stoutly can  
 To heav'n alone both go and lead.

*Herbert.*

Religion, ere impos'd, should first be taught ;  
 Not seem to dull obedience ready lay'd,  
 Then swallow'd straight with ease ; but long be sought :  
 And be by reason counsell'd, though not sway'd.

*Sir W. Davenant's Christian's Reply to the Philosopher.*

Philosophy doth seem to laugh upon  
 Our hopes ; and wise divinity belies  
 Our knowledge, with our faith : Jealous  
 Nature hath lock'd her secrets in a cabinet,  
 Which time ne'er saw : And he that in it pries,  
 Unto religion forfeits his bold eyes.

*Sir W. Davenant's Just Italian.*

True piety, without cessation, tost  
 By theories ; the practick part is lost :  
 And like a ball bandy'd 'twixt pride and wit,  
 Rather than yield, both sides the prize will quit :  
 Then whilst his foe the gladiator foils,  
 The atheist looking on, enjoys the spoils.

*Denham.*

Religion's veil'd in types from vulgar eyes ;  
 None e'er return'd to tell celestial joys :  
 If heav'n were left for ev'ry one to see,  
 Heav'n would be hell, with too much company.

*Fane's Love in the Dark.*

Zeal against policy maintains debate ;  
 Heav'n gets the better now, and now the state :  
 The learned do by turns the learn'd confute,  
 Yet all depart unalter'd by dispute.

*The*

The Priestly office cannot be deny'd;  
 It wears heav'n's liv'ry, and is made our guide:  
 But why should we be punish'd if we stray;  
 When all our guides dispute, which is the way?

E. Of Orrery's *Mustapha*.

1. You with religion still will be severe;  
 You would think much, should I as harsh appear  
 To your friend love. 2. would it not pity breed,  
 To see thee climbing mountains for a weed?  
 Chain'd like *Prometheus* rather to the brow  
 Of barren rocks, for ever clad in snow;  
 And there religion gnawing of thee still:  
 Who would not the devouring vulture kill?

1. How poor *Cymmerians* to the sun unknown,  
 Think ev'ry land all darkness, like their own!  
 2. How wretched lands with fables overflown,  
 From mountains of the moon, and springs unknown,  
 With mud of falshood rank their fertile earth,  
 Give nothing else but priests and prophets birth!

*Crown's Second Part of the Destruction of Jerusalem.*

R E P E N T A N C E.

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;  
 Words, without thoughts, never to Heaven go.

*Shakespear's Hamlet.*

Who by repentance is not satisfy'd,  
 Is nor of Heav'n, nor Earth; for these are pleas'd:  
 By penitence, th' eternal wrath's appeas'd.

*Shakespear's Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Up from the chaos of eternal night,  
 Once more I ascend,  
 And bide the cold damp of this piercing air;  
 To urge the justice, whose almighty word  
 Measures the bloody acts of impious men  
 With equal pittance; who in th' act it self  
 Includes th' infliction; which, like chain'd shot,  
 Batter together still: though, (as the thunder  
 Seems by mens duller hearing than their sight,  
 To break a great time after light'ning forth,

Yet



Yet both at one time tear the lab'ring cloud ;  
 So men think pennance of their ills is flow,  
 Though th' ill and pennance still together go.

*Chapman's Revenge of Bussey D'ambois.*

The drunkard, after all his lavish cups,  
 Is dry, and then is sober ; so at length,  
 When you awake from this lascivious dream,  
 Repentance then will follow, like the sting  
 Plac'd in the adder's tail.

*Webster's White Devil.*

Heaven and Angels  
 Take great delight in a converted sinner.  
 Why should you then a servant and professor,  
 Differ so much from them ? If ev'ry woman  
 That commits evil, should be therefore kept  
 Back in desires of goodness, how should virtue  
 Be known and honour'd ? From a man that's blind,  
 To take a burning taper, 'tis no wrong ;  
 He never misses it : But to take light  
 From one that sees, that's injury and spight.  
 Pray whether is religion better serv'd,  
 When lives that are licentious are made honest,  
 Or when they still run through a sinful Blood ?  
 'Tis nothing vertue's temples to deface ;  
 But build the ruins, there's a work of grace.

*Middleton's Women beware Women.*

Man should do nothing that he should repent ;  
 But if he have, and say that he is sorry ;  
 It is a worse fault, if he be not truly.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Honest Man's Fortune.*

This brittle glass of life, already broken  
 With misery, the long and quiet sleep  
 Of Death would be most welcome : Yet before  
 We end our pilgrimage, 'tis fit that we  
 Should leave corruption and foul sins behind us.  
 But with wash'd feet and hands, the heathens dar'd not  
 Enter their prophane Temples ; and for me  
 'To hope my passage to eternity

Can

Can be made easy, till I have shook off  
 The burthen of my sins in free confession,  
 Aided with sorrow, and repentance for them  
 Is against reason. 'Tis not laying by  
 My royal ornaments, or putting on  
 This garment of humility, and contrition,  
 The throwing dust, and ashes on my head,  
 Long fasts to tame my proud flesh, that can make  
 Atonement for my soul; that must be humbled;  
 All outward signs of penitence else are useless.

*Massinger's Emperor of the East.*

Sorrow for past ills, doth restore frail man  
 To his first innocence.

*Nabbs's Microcosmus.*

Hope with sorrow; greatest faults are small,  
 When that alone may make amends for all.

*Ibid.*

'Tis not, to cry God mercy, or to sit  
 And droop, or to confess that thou hast fail'd:  
 'Tis to bewail the sins thou didst commit;  
 And not commit those sins thou hast bewail'd.  
 He that bewails, and not forsakes them too;  
 Confesses rather what he means to do.

*Quarles.*

He for his sins hath paid with death and sorrow;  
 His credit's more that pays, than doth not borrow.

*Killegrew's Conspiracy.*

He that repents e're he commits a fault;  
 Doth like a thirsty sinner store his soul  
 With mercy, to absolve that sin himself,  
 Which he may afterwards more securely  
 Fall into.

*Sir W. Davenant's Cruel Brother.*

But penitence appears unnatural;  
 For we repent what nature did persuade:  
 And we lamenting man's continu'd fall,  
 Accuse what nature necessary made.

Since

Since the requir'd extreme of penitence

Seems so severe, this temple was design'd  
Solemn and strange without, to catch the sense;  
And dismal shew'd within, to awe the mind.

Of sad black marble, was the outward frame,  
(A mourning monument to distant sight):  
But by the largeness, when you near it came,  
It seem'd the palace of eternal night.

Black beauty (which black *Meroens* had prais'd  
Above their own) sadly adorn'd each part;  
In stone from *Nile's* hard quarrys, slowly rais'd,  
And slower polish'd by *Numidian* art.

Hither a loud bell's toll rather commands  
Than seems t'invite the persecuted ear;  
A summons nature hardly understands;  
For few, and slow are those who enter here:

Within a dismal majesty they find;  
All gloomy, great, all silent does appear,  
As Chaos was, e're th' elements were design'd;  
Man's evil fate seems hid and fashion'd here.

Here all the ornament is rev'rend black;  
Here the check'd sun his universal face  
Stops bashfully, and will no entrance make;  
As if he spy'd night naked through the glass.

Black curtains hide the glass; whilst from on high,  
A winking lamp, still threatens all the room;  
As if the lazy flame just now would die:  
Such will the sun's last light appear at doom.

This lamp was all, that here inform'd all eyes;  
And by reflex, did on a picture gain  
Some few false beams, that then from *Sodom* rise;  
Where pencils feign the Fire which Heav'n did rain.

This

This on another tablet did reflect,  
 Where twice was drawn the am'rous *Magdaline*;  
 Whilst beauty was her care, then her neglect,  
 And brightest through her tears she seem'd to shine.

Near her, seem'd crucify'd, that lucky thief  
 (In heav'n's dark lott'ry prosp'rous more than wife);  
 Who grop'd at last, by chance, for heav'n's relief,  
 And throngs undoes with hope, by one drawn prize.

In many figures by reflex were sent,  
 Through this black vault instructive to the mind,  
 That early, and this tardy penitent;  
 For with *Obsidian* stone 'twas chiefly lin'd.

The seats were made of *Ethiopian* wood;  
 The polish'd ebony, but thinly fill'd:  
 For none this place by nature understood;  
 And practice, when unpleasant, makes few skill'd.

Yet these, whom heav'n's mysterious choice fetch'd in,  
 Quickly attain devotion's utmost scope;  
 For having softly mourn'd away their sin,  
 'They grow so certain, as to need no hope.

At a low door they enter, but depart  
 Through a large gate, and to fair fields proceed:  
 Where *Astragon* makes nature last by art,  
 And such long summers shew, as ask no seed.

*Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

'Tis not too late yet, to recant all this;  
 And there is oft more glory in repenting  
 Us of some errors, than never to have err'd:  
 Because we find there are more folks have judgment  
 Than ingenuity,

*Fountain's Rewards of Virtue.*

A limb by being broke gets strength, they say,  
 If set with art; so broken vertue may.

*Crown's Married Bean.*



For seldom shall a ruler lose his life,  
 Before false rumours openly be spread :  
 Whereby this proverb is as true as rise,  
 That rulers rumours hunt about a head :

Frown fortune once, all good report is fled :  
 For present shew doth make the many blind,  
 And such as see dare not disclose their mind.

*Mirror for Magistrates.*

Reason with the fellow,  
 Before you punish him, where he heard this ;  
 Lest you should chance to whip your Information,  
 And beat the messenger, who bids beware  
 Of what is to be dreaded.

*Shakespeare's Coriolanus.*

Open your ears : For which of you will stop  
 The vent of hearing, when loud rumour speaks ?  
 I from the orient to the drooping west,  
 Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold  
 The acts commenced on this Ball of earth.  
 Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,  
 The which in ev'ry language I pronounce ;  
 Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.  
 I speak of peace, while covert enmity,  
 Under the smile of safety, wounds the world :  
 And who but rumour, who but only I,  
 Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence ;  
 Whilst the big year, swollen with some other griefs,  
 Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,  
 And no such matter ? Rumour is a pipe,  
 Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,  
 And, of so easy and so plain a stop,  
 That the blunt monster, with uncounted heads,  
 The still-discordant wav'ring multitude,  
 Can play upon it. But what need I thus  
 My well known body to anatomise  
 Among my household ? From rumour's tongues,  
 They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs.

*Shakespeare's Second Part of K. Henry IV.*

Is't not some vain report, born without cause,  
That envy or imagination draws  
From private ends, to breed a publick fear,  
'T' amuse the world with things that never were?

*Daniel's Philotas.*

They that intend  
To do, are like deep waters that run quietly;  
Leaving no face, of what they were, behind them.  
This rumour is too common, and too loud  
To carry truth.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Captain.*

I regard not, as a straw, the world:  
Fame from the tongues of men, doth injury  
Oftner than justice; and as conscience  
Only makes guilty persons, not report,  
(For shew we as clear as springs unto the world,  
If our own knowledge doth not make us so,  
'That is small satisfaction to our selves):  
So stand we ne'er so lep'rous to man's eye,  
It cannot hurt heart-known integrity.

*Nathaniel Field's Amends for Ladies.*

Wrong'd by flying rumours, which like birds  
Soaring at random, mute on any head.

*Crown's Ambitious Statesman.*

R E P R O O F.

Forbear sharp speeches to her. She's a Lady  
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,  
And strokes death to her.

*Shakespeare's Cymbeline.*

Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,  
And there I see such black and grained spots,  
As will not leave their tinct.

*Shakespeare's Hamlet.*

If any here chance to behold himself,  
Let him not dare to challenge me of wrong;  
For, if he shame to have his follies known,  
First he should shame to act them. My strict hand  
Was made to seize on vice; and, with a gripe,

Squeeze out the humour of such spongy natures,  
As lick up ev'ry idle vanity.

*Johnson's Every Man out of his Humour.*

You have heard

The fiction of the north-wind and the fun,  
Both working on a traveller, and contending  
Which had most pow'r to take his cloak from him :  
Which, when the wind attempted, he roar'd out  
Outragious blasts at him, to force it off,  
Then wrapt it closer on : When the calm fun  
(The wind once leaving) charg'd him with still beams,  
Quiet, and fervent, and therein was constant,  
Which made him cast off both his cloak and coat :  
Like whom should men do ; if ye wish your wives  
Should leave dislik'd things, seek it not with rage ;  
For that enrages : What ye give, ye have :  
But use calm warnings, and kind manly means ;  
And that in wives most prostitute, will win  
Not only sure amends, but make us wives,  
Better than those that ne'er led faulty lives.

*Chapman's Revenge of Bussey D'ambois.*

Prithee forgive me ;

I did but chide in jest ; the best loves use it  
Sometimes, it sets an edge upon affection.

When we invite our best friends to a feast,

'Tis not all sweet meats that we set before them ;

There's somewhat sharp and salt, both to whet appetite,  
And make them taste their wine well : So methinks

After a friendly, sharp, and savoury chiding,

A kiss tastes wond'rous well, and full o' th' grape.

*Middleton's Women beware Women,*

As from water

Cast on bitumen, so from these sharp checks

My flame encreaseth.

*Nabbs's Hannibal and Scipio.*

Do not with too severe

A harshness chide the error of his love ;

Lest like a chrystal stream, which, unoppo'd

Runs

Runs with a smooth brow gently in its course,  
Being stop'd o'th' sudden, his calm nature riot  
Into a wilful fury, and persist  
In his intended fancy?

*Glaphorne's Albertus Wallenstein.*

Reprove not in their wrath incensed men;  
Good council comes clean out of season then:  
But when his fury is appeas'd, and pass'd,  
He will conceive his fault, and mend at last.  
When he is cool, and calm, then utter it;  
No man gives physick in the midst o'th' fit.

*Randolph.*

I will not let thee sleep, nor eat, nor drink;  
But I will ring thee such a piece of chiding,  
Thou shalt confess the troubled sea more calm;  
That thunder with less violence cleaves the air:  
The ravens, screech-owls, and the mandrakes voice  
Shall be thy constant musick.

*Randolph's Jealous Lovers.*

'Tis not enough to strive against the act,  
Or not to do't; we must reprove the fact  
In others too: The sin being once made known:  
To us, if not reprov'd, becomes our own:  
We must dissuade the vice, we scorn to follow.

*Quarles.*

It is not just I should rebuke them for  
Their harmony of mind; that were to shew  
The rage, and envious malice of the devil;  
Who quarrels with the good, because they have  
That happiness, which he can ne'er enjoy.

*Sir W. Davenant's Law against Lovers.*

# R E P U T A T I O N.

The purest treasure mortal times afford,  
Is spotless reputation; that away,  
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

*Shakespeare's King Richard II.*

Good name in man and woman,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls;



Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 'tis something, nothing ;  
 'Twas mine, 'tis his ; and has been slave to thousands ;  
 But he that filches from me my good name,  
 Robs me of that, which not enriches him,  
 And makes me poor indeed.

*Shakespeare's Othello.*

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Reputation

'Thou awe of fools and great men ! thou that choak'st  
 Freest additions and mak'st mortals sweat  
 Blood and cold drops, in fear to loose, or hope  
 To gain thy never-certain, seldom-worthy gracings !

*Marston's Sophoniba.*

Upon a time, reputation, love, and death,  
 Would travel o'er the world ; and 'twas concluded,  
 That they should part, and take three sev'ral ways :  
 Death told them, they should find him in great battles,  
 Or cities plagu'd with plagues. Love gives them council,  
 'T'inquire for him 'mongst unambitious shepherds,  
 Where dowries were not talk'd of ; and sometimes  
 'Mongst quiet kindred, that had nothing left  
 By their dead parents. Stay, quoth reputation,  
 Do not forsake me ; for it is my nature,  
 If once I part from any man I meet,  
 I am never found again.

*Webster's Dutchess of Malfy.*

The ulc'rous reputation feels the poize  
 Of lightest wrongs ; as sores are vex'd with flies.

*Middleton's Women beware Women.*

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If entreaty fail,  
 The force of reputation shall prevail.

*Tourneur's Atheist's Tragedy.*

Thy credit wary keep, 'tis quickly gone ;  
 Being got by many actions, lost by one.

*Randolph.*

This I'm sure of, that each man nat'rally  
 Addicts himself to make a choice of some  
 Way gaining a repute with others ; in  
 Which, if he receive a check, there's nothing

Can

Can more undervalue him ; he being  
Suppos'd to chuse that, in which he most excell'd.

*The Hector.*

————— The reputation  
Of virtuous actions pass'd ; if not kept up  
By an access, and fresh supply of new ones,  
Is lost and soon forgotten ; and like palaces,  
For want of habitation and repair,  
Dissolve to heaps of ruin.

*Denham's Sophy.*

No crime so bold, but would be understood  
A real, or at least a seeming good :  
Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,  
And free from conscience, is a slave to fame.

*Denham.*

Do not neglect the candour of thy name ;  
Thou shouldst not stain thy cloaths, much less thy fame :  
Fine houses men will build, repair, and trim,  
And keep them neat without, and fair within :  
But little they regard, if by foul ways  
They blot their names, and slubber o'er their days :  
Such men in life are odious, and shall be  
In death a scandal to posterity.  
I'll tread a righteous path ; a good report  
Makes men live long, although their life is short.

*Watkins.*

#### R E S E R V A T I O N.

The hope and expectation of thy time  
Is ruin'd, and the soul of ev'ry man  
Prophetically does fore-think thy fall.  
Had I so lavish of my presence been,  
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,  
So stale and cheap to vulgar company ;  
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,  
Had still kept loyal to possession ;  
And left me in reputeless banishment,  
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.  
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,

But like a comet I was wonder'd at :  
 'That men would tell their children, this is he.  
 Others would say, where ? Which is *Bolingbroke* ?  
 And then I stole all courtesy from heav'n,  
 And dress'd myself in such humility,  
 That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,  
 Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,  
 Ev'n in the presence of the crowned king.  
 Thus did I keep my person fresh and new ;  
 My presence, like a robe pontifical,  
 Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at ; and so my state,  
 Seldom, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast,  
 And won, by rareness, such solemnity :  
 'The skipping king, he ambled up and down  
 With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,  
 Soon kindled, and soon burnt ; carded his state ;  
 Mingled his royalty with carping fools ;  
 Had his great name profaned with their scorns ;  
 And gave his countenance against his name,  
 To laugh at gybing boys, and stand the push  
 Of ev'ry beardless, vain comparative :  
 Grew a companion to the common streets,  
 Enseoff'd himself by popularity :  
 That, being daily swallow'd by mens eyes,  
 They surfeited with honey ; and began  
 To loath the taste of sweetness ; whereof a little  
 More than a little, is by much too much.  
 So when he had occasion to be seen,  
 He was, but, as the cuckow is in *June*,  
 Heard, not regarded ; seen, but with such eyes,  
 As, sick and blunted with community,  
 Afford no extraordinary gaze ;  
 Such as is bent on sun-like majesty,  
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes :  
 But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,  
 Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect,  
 As cloudy men use to their adversaries,  
 Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.

And

And in that very line, *Harry*, standst thou ;  
 For thou hast lost thy princely privilege  
 With vile participation. Not an eye,  
 But is a-weary of thy common sight,  
 Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more ;  
 Which now doth, what I would not have it do,  
 Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

*Shakespeare's First Part of King Henry IV.*

He march'd before report : Where what he meant,  
 Fame never knew herself, till it was done ;  
 His drifts and rumour seldom b'ing all one.

*Daniel on the Death of the E. of Devonshire.*

We deem those things our sight doth most frequent,  
 To be but mean, although most excellent :  
 For strangers still the streets are swept and strow'd ;  
 Few look on such as daily come abroad :  
 Things much restrain'd, do make us much desire them ;  
 And beauties seldom seen, make us admire them.

*Drayton's Edward IV. to Mrs. Shore.*

—————Why then, being master  
 Of such and so good parts, do you destroy them  
 With self-opinion ? or, like a rich miser,  
 Hoard up the treasures you possess, imparting  
 Nor to yourself nor others, the use of them ?  
 They are to you, but like enchanted viands,  
 On which you seem to feed, yet pine with hunger.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Custom of the Country.*

Your nat'ral greatness, never artful made,  
 Nor so retir'd as if you sought a shade ;  
 And by reserv'dness would misterious seem ;  
 As formal men retire to get esteem.  
 But you would so be visible and free,  
 As truth and valour still should publick be.  
 Those hate obscurity and would still be shown ;  
 They grow more lov'd, as they become more known.

*Sir W. Davenant on the Restauration.*

Some princes, that they may the rumour gain  
 Of minding bus'ness, mighty bus'ness feign ;



And are lock'd up, to have it then suppos'd  
 They are more thoughtful when they are inclos'd :  
 But they from concourse privately remove,  
 Only to shun what they pretend to love.  
 Pow'r which itself does so reserv'dly keep  
 As if the being seen would make it cheap,  
 Should use the proper seasons for retreat :  
 For though decrepid age may think it meet  
 To hide itale objects from the people's sight ;  
 Yet in a throne's new glory all delight :  
 All love young princes in their flourishing,  
 As all with joy, walk out to see the spring:

*Sir W. Davenant on the Restauration.*

### R E S O L U T I O N.

When resolution hath prepar'd the will ;  
 It wants no helps to further any ill.

*Mirror for Magistrates*

Let come what will, I mean to bear it out,  
 And either live with glorious victory,  
 Or die with fame, renown'd for chivalry :  
 He is not worthy of the honey-comb,  
 That shuns the hives because the bees have stings.  
 That likes me best that is not got with ease,  
 Which thousand dangers do accompany :  
 For nothing can dismay our regal mind,  
 Which aims at nothing but a golden crown,  
 The only upshot of mine enterprizes.  
 Were they enchanted in grim *Pluto's* court,  
 And kept for treasure 'mong his hellish crew,  
 I'd either quell the triple *Cerberus*,  
 And all the army of his hateful hags,  
 Or roll the stone with wretched *Sisyphus*.

*Skakeſpear's Locrine.*

Experience teacheth us,  
 That resolution's a ſole help at need :  
 And this, my lord, our honour teacheth us,  
 That we be bold in ev'ry enterprize :

Then

Then since there is no way, but fight or dye,  
Be resolute, my lord, for victory.

*Shakespear's Locrine.*

————— Why look you sad ?  
Be great in act, as you have been in thought :  
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust  
Govern the motion of a kingly eye :  
Be stirring as the time ; be fire with fire ;  
Threaten the threat'ner, and out-face the brow  
Of bragging horror : So shall inferior eyes,  
That borrow their behaviour from the great,  
Grow great by your example ; and put on  
The dauntless spirit of resolution.  
Away, and glister like the god of war,  
When he intendeth to become the field ;  
Shew boldness and aspiring confidence.  
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,  
And fright him there ? And make him tremble there ?  
Oh, let it not be said ! Forage, and run  
To meet displeasure farther from the doors ;  
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

*Shakespear's King John.*

————— Tell fools of fools,  
And those effeminate cowards that do dream  
Of those fantastick other worlds : There is  
Not such a thing in nature ; all the soul  
Of man is resolution ; which expires  
Never from valiant men, till their last breath ;  
And then with it, like to a flame extinguish'd,  
For want of matter, it does not dye, but  
Rather ceases to live.

*Chapman's Revenge for Honour.*

Thy resolution would steel a coward.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Little French Lawyer.*

Brave resolution ! I am proud to see  
So sweet a graft upon a worm-wood tree ;  
Whose juice is gall, but yet the fruit most rare :  
Who wrecks the tree, if that the fruit be fair ?

*Heywood's Fair Maid of the Exchange.*

She beheld the shepherd on his way,  
 Much like a bridegroom on his marriage-day ;  
 Increasing not his misery with fear :  
 Others for him, but he shed not a tear.  
 His knitting sinews did not tremble ought,  
 Nor to unusual palpitation brought  
 Was or his heart, or liver ; nor his eye,  
 Nor tongue, nor colour shew'd a dread to dye.  
 His resolution keeping with his spirit,  
 Both worthy him that did them both inherit,  
 Held in subjection ev'ry thought of fear,  
 Scorning so base an executioner.

*Brown's Pastorals.*

My resolution, grounded on his service,  
 Ties more than formal contracts.

*Habbington's Queen of Arragon.*

—————His resolution's like

A skillful horseman, and reason is the stirrup ;  
 Which though a sudden shock may make it loose,  
 Yet does it meet it handsomely again.

*Suckling's Aglaura.*

—————Intice the trusty fun  
 From his ecliptick line, he shall obey  
 Your beck, and wander from his sphere, ere I  
 From my resolves.

*Baron's Mirza.*

My resolution's firm, for all my shakings ;  
 They are but starts which sometimes nature makes ;  
 As wolves kept tame may, now and then,  
 Provok'd by appetite, or some displeasure,  
 Start into actions like their usual wildness,  
 Before they were reduc'd to an obedience :  
 So 'tis with me ; though I have brought my nature  
 To a tameness and submission ;  
 Yet, at the unwelcome prospect that it takes  
 Of my intended dissolution,  
 It starts within me ; and would fain break  
 Those severe fetters, virtue and reason ties them up with.

*Sir R. Howard's Surprizal.*

But if your resolutions be like mine,  
 We will yet give our sorrows a brave end.  
 Justice is for us, so may fortune be :  
 I'm a bright proof of her inconstancy.  
 But if no god will lend us any aid,  
 Let us be gods, and fortune to ourselves.

*Crown's Darius.*

R E T I R E M E N T.

The wisdom, madam, of your private life,  
 Where, with this wile you liv'd a widow'd wife,  
 And the right ways you take unto the right,  
 To conquer rumour, triumph over spight ;  
 Not only shunning, by your act, to do  
 Ought that is ill, but the suspicion too :  
 Is of so brave example, as he were  
 No friend to virtue could be silent here.

*Johnson's Underwoods.*

A man of sp'rit beyond the reach of fear,  
 Who, discontent with his neglected worth,  
 Neglects the light, and loves obscure abodes :  
 But he is young and haughty, apt to take  
 Fire at advancement ; to bear state, and flourish ;  
 In his rise therefore shall my bounties shine :  
 None loaths the world so much, nor loves to scoff it ;  
 But gold and grace will make him surfeit of it.

*Chapman's Buffey D'ambois.*

Who would believe thy metal could let sloth  
 Rust and consume it ? If *Themistocles*  
 Had liv'd obscure thus in th' *Athenian* state,  
*Xerxes* had made both him and it his slaves.  
 If brave *Camillus* had lurk'd so in *Rome*,  
 He had not been five times dictator there,  
 Nor four times triumph'd. If *Epaminondas*,  
 Who liv'd twice twenty years obscur'd in *Thebes*,  
 Had liv'd so still, he had been still un-nam'd ;  
 And paid his country nor himself their right :  
 But putting forth his strength, he rescu'd both

From



From imminent ruin ; and like burnish'd steel,  
After long use he shin'd.

*Chapman's Buffey D'ambois.*

That, by their subaltern ministers  
May be perform'd as well, and with more grace ;  
For, to command it to be done, infers  
More glory than to do. It doth embase  
Th'opinion of a pow'r t'invulgar so  
That sacred presence, which should never go,  
Never be seen, but e'en as gods, below  
Like to our *Persian* king in glorious shew ;  
And who, as stars affixed to their sphere,  
May not descend, to be, from what they are.

*Daniel's Philotas.*

Court honours, and your shadows of true joy,  
That shine like stars, but till a greater light  
Drown your weak lustre ; I abjure your sight ;  
Ev'n from my meditations, and my thoughts  
I banish your inticing vanities ;  
And closely kept within my study walls,  
As from a cave of rest, henceforth I'll see  
And smile, but never taste your misery.

*Goffe's Raging Turk.*

1. How like you this fair solitary life ?  
2. As shipwrack'd men the shore, or pris'ners liberty.  
I never thought a pleasure good in life to be,  
Until I found it here.

1. This your content doth bring into my mind  
Those days that *Cavus* liv'd upon the plain,  
Unhappy courtier, yet a happy swain.  
Methinks I now do hear his well-tun'd pipe  
That drew the cov'tous ear of list'ning shepherds.  
To hear him chant his passed misery.

*Dauborne's Poor Man's Comfort.*

Thy father's poverty has made thee happy ;  
For, though 'tis true, this solitary life  
Suits not with youth and beauty, O my child !  
Yet 'tis the sweetest guardian to protect

Chaste

Chaste names from court-aspersions : There a lady  
 Tender and delicate in years and graces,  
 That doats upon the charms of ease and pleasure,  
 Is shipwrack'd on the shore ; for 'tis much safer  
 To trust the ocean in a leaking ship,  
 Than follow greatness in the wanton rites  
 Of luxury and sloth.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Laws of Candy.*

Was man e'er blest'd with that excess of joy  
 Equal to ours, to us that feel no want  
 Of high court favours, life's licentiousness :  
 Kings have their cares, and in their highest state,  
 Want of free pleasures crowns us fortunate.

*Richard's Messallina.*

I'd rather like the violet grow  
 Unmark'd i'th' shaded vale,  
 Than on the hill those terrors know  
 Are breath'd forth by an angry gale :  
 There is more pomp above, more sweet below.

*Habington's Castara.*

Yours is a virtue of inferior rate ;  
 Here in the dark a pattern, where 'tis barr'd  
 From all your sex that should her imitate,  
 And of that pomp which should her foes reward :

Retir'd, as weak monasticks fly from care ;  
 Or devout cowards steal to forts, their cells,  
 From pleasures, which the world's chief dangers are ;  
 Her's 'passes yours, as valour fear excels.

*Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

O happiness of sweet retir'd content !  
 To be at once secure and innocent.

*Denham.*

Though he in all the people's eyes seem'd great,  
 Yet greater he appear'd in his retreat.

*Ibid.*

Let us to private shades,  
 For darkness and dishonour best agree.

*Crown's Regulus.*

How mis'erable a thing is a great man !  
 Take noisy vexing greatness they that please,  
 Give me obscure, and safe, and silent ease:  
 Acquaintance and commerce let me have none,  
 With any pow'rful thing, but time alone :  
 My rest let time be fearful to offend,  
 And creep by me, as by a slumb'ring friend :  
 Till with ease glutted, to my grave I steal,  
 As men to sleep, after a plenteous meal.

*Crown's Thestes.*

R E V E N G E.

To be reveng'd of a woman, were a  
 Thing than love itself more womanish.

*Lilly's Endimion.*

Now I might do it pat, now he is praying ;  
 And now I'll do't, — and so he goes to heav'n. —  
 And so am I reveng'd ? That would be scann'd ;  
 A villain kills my father, and for that,  
 I, his sole son, do this same villain send  
 To heav'n. — O this is hire and salary, not revenge.  
 He took my father grossly, full of bread,  
 With all his crimes broad-blown, as flush as *May*;  
 And how his audit stands, who knows, save heav'n ?  
 But in our circumstance and course of thought,  
 'Tis heavy with him. Am I then reveng'd,  
 To take him in the purging of his soul,  
 When he is fit and season'd for his passage ?  
 Up sword, and know thou a more horrid bent ;  
 When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage,  
 Or in th' incestuous pleasure of his bed ;  
 At gaming, swearing, or about some act  
 That has no relish of salvation in't :  
 Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heav'n ;  
 And that his soul may be as damn'd and black  
 As hell, whereto it goes.

*Shakespear's Hamlet.*

Horror hath her degrees : There is excess  
 In all revenge, that may be done with less.

*Lord Brooke's Alaham.*

Revenge falls heavy, that is rais'd by love.

*Marston's Insatiate Countess.*

——— Oh mine's revenge !  
And who on that does dream,  
Must be a tyrant ever in extreme.

*Ibid.*

Who strikes a lion, must be sure strike home ;  
Lest aiming at his life, he lose his own.

*Dauborne's Poor Man's Comfort.*

The fairest action of our humane life,  
Is scorning to revenge an injury ;  
For who forgives without a further strife,  
His adversary's heart to him doth tie :  
And 'tis a firmer conquest truly said,  
To win the heart, than overthrow the head.  
If we a worthy enemy do find,

To yield to worth, it must be nobly done :  
But if of baser metal be his mind,

In base revenge there is no honour won.  
Who would a worthy courage overthrow ?  
And who would wrestle with a worthless foe ?

We say our hearts are great, and cannot yield ;  
Because they cannot yield, it proves them poor :  
Great hearts are task'd beyond their pow'r ; but seld  
The weakest lion will the loudest roar.

Truth's school for certain doth this same allow,  
High heartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn ;

To scorn to owe a duty over long :  
To scorn to be for benefits forborn ;  
To scorn to lie, to scorn to do a wrong :

To scorn to bear an injury in mind ;  
To scorn a free-born heart slave-like to bind.

But if for wrongs we needs revenge must have,  
Then be our vengeance of the noblest kind :  
Do we his body from our fury save,  
And let our hate prevail against his mind ?

Wla



What can 'gainst him a greater vengeance be,  
Than make his foe more worthy far than he?

*Lady Carew's Mariam.*

All arm'd with malice, either less or more,  
To strike at him, who struck at all before.

*Drayton's Barons Wars.*

The boist'rous ocean when no winds oppose,  
Grows calm ; revenge is lost, when 't hath no foes.

*Goffe's Couragious Turk.*

The best revenge is to reform our crimes ;  
Then time crowns sorrows, sorrows sweeten times.

*Middleton and Rowley's Spanish Gipsy.*

---

————— In this  
You satisfy your anger, and revenge :  
Suppose this, it will not  
Repair your loss ; and there was never yet  
But shame, and scandal in a victory,  
When rebels unto reason, passions fought it.  
Then for revenge, by great souls it was ever  
Contemn'd, though offer'd, entertain'd by none  
But cowards, base, and abject spirits ; strangers  
To moral honesty, and never yet  
Acquainted with religion.

*Massinger's City Madam.*

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————— How just foever  
Our reasons are to remedy our wrongs,  
We're yet to leave them to their will and pow'r,  
'That to that purpose have authority.

*Massinger and Field's Fatal Dowry.*

Wise men secure their fates ; and execute  
Invisibly, like that most subtil flame  
That burns the heart ; yet leaves no path, or touch  
Upon the skin to follow or suspect it.

*Shirley's Traitor*

A true *Italian* spirit is a ball  
Of wild-fire, hurting most, when it seems spent :  
Great ships on small rocks beating oft, are rent.

*Sam. Rowley's Noble Spanish Soldier.*

————— Revenge

Revenge is able,  
Out of a flinty cowardice to strike  
The fire of valour.

*Nabbs's Hannibal and Scipio.*

I et craft with courtesy a while confer ;  
Revenge proves its own executioner.

*John Ford's Broken Heart.*

Rise from thy scorching den, thou soul of mischief !  
My blood boils hotter than the poison'd flesh  
Of *Hercules* cloath'd in the *Centaur's* shirt :  
Swell me revenge, till I become a hill  
High as *Olympus* cloud-dividing top ;  
That I might fall, and crush them into air.

*Rawlins's Rebellion.*

Man's disposition is for to requite  
An injury, before a benefit :  
Thanksgiving is a burden, and a pain ;  
Revenge is pleasing to us, as our gain.

*Herrick.*

Revenge, impatient *Hubert* proudly fought,  
Revenge, which ev'n when just, the wise deride ;  
For on past wrongs we spend our time and thought,  
Which scarce against the future can provide.

*Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

Revenge, weak womens valour, and in men,  
The ruffian's cowardice, keep from thy breast :  
The factious palace is the serpent's den,  
Whom cowards there, with secret slaughter feast.

Revenge, is but a braver name for fear ;  
'Tis *Indian's* furious fear, when they are fed  
With valiant foes ; whose hearts their teeth must tear,  
Before they boldly dare believe them dead.

*Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert*

'Twas a poor, a low revenge, unworthy  
My virtues, or my injuries ; and  
As now my fame, so then my infamy,  
Would blot out his ; and I, instead of his empire,  
Shall

Shall only be the heir of all his curses.  
 No: I'll be still myself, and carry with me  
 My innocence to th'other world; and leave  
 My fame to this: 'Twill be a brave revenge,  
 To raise my mind to a constancy so high,  
 That may look down upon his threats; my patience  
 Shall mock his fury: Nor shall he be so happy  
 To make me mis'rable: And my suff'rings shall  
 Erect a prouder trophy to my name,  
 Than all my prosp'rous actions. Every pilot  
 Can steer the ship in calms; but he performs  
 The skillful part, can manage it in storms.

*Denham's Sophy.*

There are affronts so great,  
 And height'ned by such odious circumstances,  
 As do release us from the usual forms  
 Of generous revenge; and sets us free  
 To take it on any advantage,

*Tuke's Adventures of Five Hours.*

Who merits my revenge and hate, must prove  
 As brave and great, as he who gains my love.

*Crown's Juliana.*

And what's so desp'rate as an angry slave;  
 When, by adventuring, he revenge may have?

*Crown's Charles VIII. of France.*

R E W A R D.

If either vice or virtue we aband;  
 We either are rewarded as we serve,  
 Or else are plagued, as our deeds deserve.

*Mirror for Magistrates.*

—————Thou'rt so far before,  
 That swiftest wing of recompence is slow,  
 To overtake thee. Would thou'dst less deserv'd,  
 That the proportion both of thanks and payment  
 Might have been mine: Only I've left to say,  
 More is thy due, than more than all can pay.

*Shakespeare's Macbeth.*

'Tis

'Tis well, if some men will do well for price ;  
So few are virtuous, when reward's away.

*Johnson's Catiline.*

They follow virtue, for reward, to day ;  
To morrow vice, if she give better pay :  
And are so good, or bad, just at a price,  
As nothing else discerns the virtue or the vice.

*Johnson's Epigrams.*

For such great merit do upbraid, and call  
For great reward, or think the great too small.

And kings love not to beholden ought ;  
Which makes their chiefeft friends oft speed the worst :  
For those, by whom their fortunes have been wrought,  
Put them in mind of what they were at first ;  
Whose doubtful faith, if once in question brought,  
'Tis thought they will offend, because they durst ;  
And taken in a fault, are never spar'd :  
B'ing easier to revenge, than to reward.

*Daniel's Civil War.*

————— Honour pays  
Double, where kings neglect ; and he is valiant  
Truly, that dares forget to be rewarded.

*Shirley's Young Admiral.*

They are a present worth acceptance ;  
The piety came with them more than doubles  
Their value : If vice blush not at rewards,  
There is no shame for virtue to receive them.

*Shirley's Example.*

————— He bestows rich largesse on his men,  
T'enflame their minds ; that if they did not love  
Virtue for her own self, rewards should then  
Win their loves to her, and their dullness move.  
Reward is the great pillar of a state,  
Which doth support as strongly as her fate.



A gen'rous spirit is not drawn, but led  
 To stake a life, and hazard it in war :  
 Soldiers their blood will liberally shed,  
 Where free rewards and lib'ral guerdons are.  
*Aurelian* takes this council : To bestow  
 Gold on his men, and iron on his foe.

*Aleyn's Poitiers.*

Nor is it safe for subjects since,  
 Too much to oblige their prince,  
 With mighty service, that exceed  
 The power of his noblest meed :  
 For whom he cannot well reward,  
 He'll find occasion to discard,

*Baron's Mirza.*

1. He who his country serves, with justice may  
 Challenge, nay force rewards ; if none will pay.  
 It is a grief distracts a gen'rous mind,  
 When more to chance than merit is assign'd.  
 Merits more great than *Cæsar*, who can plead ?  
 What he hath done for *Rome* respect should breed.

2. Who ever fav'd a town by his defence,  
 And did expect the town for recompence ?  
 What though great *Cæsar* hath in battle stood,  
 For to maintain *Rome's* int'rest with his blood ?  
 'Tis but a debt that's due : Let that suffice ;  
 Must she herself, become her champion's prize ?

1. But if such acts meet envy for return,  
 It kindles passion, and it makes us burn :  
 When senators repay such deeds with spight,  
 As our own carvers, we ourselves requite ;  
 And then our publick power we reduce  
 To private ends, and to peculiar use.

*Dover's Roman Generals.*

R U I N.

————Fate will have thee pursue  
 Deeds, after which, no mischief can be new,

The

The ruin of thy country. — Thou wert built  
For such a work, and born for no less guilt.

*Johnson's Catiline.*

It is decreed. Nor shall thy fate, O Rome,  
Resist my vow. Tho' hills were set on hills,  
And seas met seas to guard thee ; I would through :  
I'd plough up rocks, steep as the Alps, in dust ;  
And lave the *Tyrrhene* waters into clouds,  
But I would reach thy head, thy head, proud city !

*Ibid.*

1. Repulse upon repulse ? An inmate consul ?  
That I could reach the axle, where the pins are,  
Which bolt this frame ; that I might pull 'em out,  
And pluck all into chaos with myself.

2. What are we wishing now ?

1. Yes, my *Cethegus*,

Who would not fall with all the world about him ?

2. Not I, that would stand on it, when it falls ;

And force new nature out to make another.

These wishings taste of woman, not of *Roman*.

Let us seek other arms.

1. What should we do ?

2. Do, and not wish ; something that wishes take not :  
So sudden, as the gods shall not prevent,  
Nor scarce have time to fear.

It likes me better, that you are not consul.

I would not go through open doors, but break them ;

Swim to my ends through blood ; or build a bridge

Of carcasses ; make on upon the heads

Of men, struck down like piles ; to reach the lives

Of those remain and stand. Then isn't a prey,

When danger stops, and ruin makes the way.

*Ibid.*

Such are the judgments of the heav'nly pow'rs,

We others ruins work, and others ours.

*Daniel's Philotas.*

I do love these ancient ruins :

We never tread upon them, but we set

Our

Our foot upon some rev'rend history ;  
 And questionless, here in this open court,  
 Which now lies naked to the injuries  
 Of stormy weather, some lie interr'd  
 Lov'd the church so well, and gave so largely to't,  
 They thought it should have canopy'd their bones  
 Till doomsday : But all things have their end ;  
 Churches and cities, which have diseases like to men,  
 Must have like death that we have.

*Webster's Dutchess of Malfy.*

————— She but shews thee  
 The easy path to ruin, whose broad entrance  
 Painted with falsest pleasures, ends in a point  
 Of all the ends that attend on misery  
 Contracted into one.

*Nabbs's Microcosmus.*

————— Destruction  
 O'ertakes as often those that fly, as those that  
 Boldly meet it.

*Denham's Sophy.*

All things decay with time ; the forest sees  
 The growth and downfal of her aged trees :  
 That timber tall, which threescore lustres stood  
 The proud dictator of the state-like wood ;  
 I mean the sov'reign of all plants, the oak,  
 Droops, dies, and falls without the cleaver's stroke.

*Herrick.*

S A F E T Y.

**N**OUGH'T's had, all's spent,  
 Where our desire is got without content :  
 'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,  
 Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

*Shakespeare's Macbeth.*

But

But when men think they most in safety stand ;  
 Their greatest peril often is at hand.

*Drayton's Barons Wars.*

——— This rule is certain ;  
 He that pursues his safety from the school  
 Of state, must learn to be madman, or fool.

*John Ford's Lovers Melancholy.*

Their safeties had no counterpoise at all :  
 Like scales, this cannot rise, unless that fall.

*Aleyn's Henry VII.*

Your ruin yet appears not, and you think  
 Because it lurks, you are safe :  
 He that will be truly secure, must found  
 A peace on the destruction of all things  
 That can impeach it.

*Killegrew's Conspiracy.*

1. ——— In that calm harbour,  
 All thoughts have been secur'd from storm.
2. Thou may'st be much deceiv'd : The ship-wrack past,  
 The calmest waters may conceal the fate,  
 As well as the insulting waves.

*Sir R. Howard's Blind Lady.*

What though the sea be calm ? trust to the shore ;  
 Ships have been drown'd, where late they danc'd before.

*Herrick.*

Too happy were men, if they understood :  
 There is no safety, but in being good.

*Fountain's Rewards of Virtue.*

# S A T I R E.

In satires, each man, though untouch'd, complains  
 As he were hurt ; and hates such biting strains.

*Johnson's Poetaster.*

Yet satires, since the most of mankind be  
 Their unavoided subject, fewest see :  
 For none e'er took that pleasure in sin's sense ;  
 But, when they heard it tax'd, took more offence.

*Johnson on Dr. Donne's Death.*



I'm one whose whip of steel can with a lash,  
 Imprint the characters of shame so deep,  
 Ey'n in the brazen forehead of proud sin,  
 That not eternity shall wear it out.  
 When I but frown'd in my *Lucilius'* brow,  
 Each conscious cheek grew red ; and a cold trembling  
 Freez'd the chill'd soul ; while ev'ry guilty breast  
 Stood fearful of dissection, as afraid  
 To be anat'miz'd by that skillful hand,  
 And have each artery, nerve, and vein of sin  
 By it laid open to the publick scorn.  
 I have untruss'd the proudest ; greatest tyrants  
 Have quak'd below my pow'rful whip, half dead  
 With expectation of the smarting jerk ;  
 Whose wound no salve can cure. Each blow doth leave  
 A lasting scar, that with a poison eats  
 Into the marrow of their fame, and lives ;  
 Th' eternal ulcer to their memories.

*Randolph's Muscs Looking-Glass.*

So dost thou aim thy darts, which ev'n when  
 They kill the poisons, do but wake the men.  
 Thy thunders thus but purge ; and we endure  
 Thy lancings better than another's cure :  
 And justly too ; for th' age grows more unsound  
 From the fools balsam, than the wiseman's wound.

*Cartwright.*

Thy star was judgment only and right sense ;  
 Thyself being to thyself an influence :  
 Stout beauty is thy grace ; stern pleasures do  
 Present delights, but mingle horrors too :  
 Thy muse doth thus, like *Jove's* fierce girl appear,  
 With a fair hand, but grasping of a spear.

*Ibid.*

### S E C R E C Y, S E C R E T S.

My anticipation shall prevent your  
 Discovery ; and your secrecy to  
 The king and queen moult no feather.

*Shakespeare's Hamlet.*  
 Why

Why have I blabb'd ? Who shall be true to us,  
When we are so unsecret to ourselves ?

*Shakespeare's Troilus and Cressida.*

'Tis no sin love's fruits to steal ;  
But the sweet thefts to reveal :  
To be taken, to be seen ;  
These have crimes accounted been.

*Johnson's Volpone.*

A secret in his mouth,  
Is like a wild bird put into a cage ;  
Whose door no sooner opens, but 'tis out.

*Johnson's Case is alter'd.*

————— The open merry man  
Moves like a sprightly river ; and yet can  
Keep secret in his channels what he breeds,  
'Bove all your standing waters choak'd with weeds.  
They look at best like cream-bowls, and you soon  
Shall find their depth ; they're founded with a spoon.  
They may say grace, and for love's chaplains pass ;  
But the grave lover ever was an ass ;  
Is fix'd upon one leg, and dares not come  
Out with the other, for he's still at home :  
Like the dull weary'd crane, that, come on land,  
Doth while he keeps his watch, betray his stand ;  
Where he that knows, will, like a lap-wing fly,  
Far from the nest, and so himself belie  
To others ; as he will deserve the trust  
Due to that one that doth believe him just.

*Johnson's Underwoods.*

————— Our grave counsellor  
Well knows that great affairs will not be forg'd  
But upon anvils that are lin'd with wool.  
We must ascend to our intention's top,  
Like clouds, that be not seen, till they be up

*Chapman's Second Part of Byron's Conspiracy*

Intents ill carry'd are, that men may know ;  
When things are done, let rumour freely go.

*Lord Brooke's Alaham.*

One should look well to whom his mind he leaves ;  
 In dang'rous times, when tales by walls are told,  
 Men make themselves unnecessar'ly slaves  
 Of those, to whom their secrets they unfold.

E. of *Sterline's Julius Cæsar*.

1. Canst thou conceal a secret ?
2. Yes, as long as it is a secret ; but  
 When two know it, how can it be a secret ?  
 And indeed with what justice can you  
 Expect secrecy in me, that cannot  
 Be private to yourself ?

*Marston's Fawn.*

———— It is an equal fault,  
 To tell one's secrets unto all, or none.

*Webster's Dutchess of Malfy.*

I'll conceal this secret from the world,  
 As warily as those that deal in poison,  
 Keep poison from their children.

*Ibid.*

Be well advis'd ; and think what danger 'tis  
 To receive a prince's secrets : They that do,  
 Had need have their breasts hoop'd with adamant,  
 To contain them : I pray thee yet be satisfy'd,  
 Examine thine own frailty, 'tis more easy  
 To tie knots than to unloose them : 'Tis a secret,  
 That, like a ling'ring poison, may chance lie  
 Spread in thy veins, and kill thee seven years hence.

*Ibid.*

Deep policy in us, makes fools of such :  
 Then must a slave die, when he knows too much.

*Tourneur's Revenger's Tragedy.*

For he that prates his secrets, his heart  
 Stands on the outside.

*Ibid.*

Secret ! I ne'er had that disease o' th' mother,  
 I praise my father : Why are men made close,  
 But to keep thoughts in best ? I grant you this ;  
 Tell but some women a secret over-night,

Your

Your doctor may find it in the urinal  
In the morning.

*Tourneur's Revenger's Tragedy.*

He that knows great men's secrets, and proves slight ;  
'That man ne'er lives to see his beard turn white.

*Ibid.*

But if all court secrets come to light, what  
Will become of the Farthingales think you  
That cover them ? No, since ladies wear whale-bones,  
Many have been swallow'd, and so may this.

*W. Smith's Hector of Germany.*

—— He deserves small trust,  
Who is not privy counsellor to himself.

*John Ford's Broken Heart.*

Henry so cover'd this advertisement,  
'That none perceiv'd he saw, what he did see :  
Like to the optick virtue in the eyes,  
Unseen itself, yet all things else describes.

*Aleyn's Henry VII.*

Remember that a prince's secrets  
Are balm, conceal'd : But poison, if discover'd.

*Massinger's Duke of Milan.*

For 'prentices though they are bound to keep  
Their masters secrets, are not all privy  
To their mistresses ; that's a meer journeyman's  
Office.

*Richard Brome's Mad Couple well match'd.*

Know, a broken oath is no such burthen  
As a great secret is ; besides the tickling  
A woman has to in and out with it. Oh,  
The tongue's itch is intolerable !

*Richard Brome's Love-sick Court.*

Who trust those secrets, whereon honour rests,  
To custody in mercenary breasts,  
Do slave nobility : And though they pay  
A daily ransom, ne'er redeem't away.

*Ibid.*



Safe in thy breast close lock up thy intents ;  
For he that knows thy purpose, best prevents.

*Randolph.*

I am ruin'd in her confession ;  
The man that trusts woman with a privacy,  
And hopes for silence, he may as well expect it  
At the fall of a bridge : A secret with them,  
Is like a viper ; it will make way though  
It eat through the bowels of them. 'Tis so, that all  
Women thirst man's overthrow ; that is a  
Principle, as demonstrative as truth ;  
'Tis the only end they were made for : And  
When they have insinuated themselves  
Into our councils, and gain'd the pow'r  
Of our life, the fire is more merciful ;  
It burns within them, till it gets forth.

*Marmion's Antiquary.*

Guilty of folly I am, to trust a woman,  
To keep for me, what for herself she cannot ;  
A secret : That open sex ! whose souls are  
So loose they cannot keep them in their breasts,  
But they will swim upon their lips.

*Baron's Mirza.*

————— Thou hittest  
So just upon my thoughts, thy tongue is tipt  
Like nature's miracle, that draws the steel  
With unresisted violence : I cannot keep  
A secret to myself, but thy prevailing  
Rhetorick ravishes and leaves my breast  
Like to an empty casket, that once was blest  
With keeping of a jewel, I durst not trust  
The air with, 'twas so precious.

*Rawlins's Rebellion.*

Harken ye men that e'er shall love like me ;  
I'll give you council *gratis* : If you be  
Possess'd of what you like, let your fair friend  
Lodge in your bosom : But no secrets send

To

To seek their lodging in a female breast;  
 For so much is abated of your rest.  
 The steed that comes to understand his strength,  
 Grows wild, and casts his manager at length :  
 And that tame lover who unlocks his heart  
 Unto his mistress, teaches her an art  
 To plague himself ; shews her the secret way,  
 How she may tyrannize another day.

*Bishop King.*

The plot, wherewith I labour, can admit  
 No council, but a necessary faith  
 In the bold actor ; whose subsistence binds him  
 To resolution and to secrecy :  
 All friendly trust is folly ; ev'ry man  
 Hath one, to whom he will commit as much  
 As is to him committed : Our designs  
 When once they creep from our own private breasts,  
 Do in a moment through the city fly ;  
 Who tells his secret, sells his liberty.

*Freeman's Imperiale.*

As winds, whose violence out-does all art,  
 Act all unseen ; so we as secretly  
 These branches of that cedar *Gondibert*,  
 Must force till his deep root in rising dye.

If we make noise, whilst our deep workings last,  
 Such rumour through thick towns unheeded flies,  
 As winds through woods ; and we, our great work past,  
 Like winds will silence tongues, and 'scape from eyes.

*Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

Search not to find what lies too deeply hid ;  
 Nor to know things, whose knowledge is forbid.

*Denham.*

————— But if  
 This secrecy be a gallant's highest quality,  
 To please the females, curb'd by fear and honour ;  
 May not these priests be held secure offenders,  
 Whom fear of death obliges to be silent ?

Or, were there no such law, why, then  
 They're fav'rites of necessity, not choice,  
 Or prudence: Like to chief ministers of state,  
 Who dive so far into their masters secrets,  
 'Tis dang'rous to refuse to shew them more.

*Fane's Love in the Dark.*

I'm ruin'd, 'cause I know all their designs:  
 For now court-secrets are like fairies revels,  
 Or witches conventicles; men are spoil'd  
 With sudden blasts that either tell, or see them.

*Crown's Ambitious Statesman.*

S E N S E S.

But why do I the soul and sense divide,  
 When sense is but a pow'r, which she extends;  
 Which b'ing in divers parts diversify'd,  
 The divers forms of objects apprehends?  
 This pow'r spreads outward, but the root doth grow  
 In th' inward soul, which only doth perceive;  
 For th' eyes and ears no more their objects know,  
 Than glasses know what faces they receive.  
 For if we chance to fix our thoughts elsewhere,  
 Though our eyes open be, we cannot see:  
 And if one pow'r did not both see and hear,  
 Our sights and sounds would always double be.

*Sir John Davies.*

This pow'r's sense, which from abroad doth bring  
 The colour taste, and touch, and scent, and sound,  
 The quantity and shape of ev'ry thing  
 Within earth's centre, or heav'n's circle found.  
 This pow'r, in parts made fit, fit objects takes;  
 Yet not the things, but forms of things receives:  
 As when a seal in wax impression makes,  
 The print therein, but not itself it leaves.  
 And though things sensible be numberless;  
 But only five the senses organs be;  
 And in those five, all things their forms express,  
 Which we can touch, taste, feel, or hear, or see.

*Ibid.*

How does our palace now resemble great *Mahomet's*  
 Paradise ! How does it float in pleasures !  
 Let small-brain'd book-worms talk of speculations  
 And empty notions floating in their understanding;  
 We by our practice only will embrace  
 The knowledge of our senses ; which they  
 Attribute falsely unto beasts alone : But we  
 Having experienc'd its transcendent excellence,  
 And bath'd us in the pleasing streams  
 Which flow from that sweet fountain of our sense ;  
 Either deny, that brutes are capable of that  
 Not to be parallel'd felicity ; or if they are,  
 They know not how to prize that excellent jewel :  
 And here lies  
 Th' essential diff'rence 'twixt them and us,  
 In this my new philosophy ; that men by often  
 Wearing and making use of it, rightly know  
 How to prize it ; but brutes,  
 Although that happiness be in their possession,  
 Are ignorant of the value :  
 Men know how t' improve the knowlege o' their sense,  
 By bringing and reducing it to practice :  
 What the sense represents as lovely to them,  
 They presently embrace that object.

*Unfortunate Usurper.*

### S E R V A N T, S E R V I C E.

Ev'ry good servant does not all commands ;  
 No bond, but to do just ones.

*Shakespear's Cymbeline.*

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal  
 I serv'd my king ; he would not in mine age  
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

*Shakespear's King Henry VIII.*

————— 'Tis mad idolatry,  
 To make the service greater than the God ;  
 And the will dotes, that is inclinable  
 To what infectionly itself affects,



Without some image of th' affected merit.

*Shakespeare's Troilus and Cressida.*

Better to leave undone, than by our deed

Acquire too high a fame, when he, we serve's away.

*Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra.*

———— 'Tis the curse of service,

Preferment goes by letter and affection,

And not by old gradation ; where each second

Stood heir to the first.

*Shakespeare's Othello.*

I follow him to serve my turn upon him.

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters

Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark

Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,

That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,

Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,

For nought, but provender ; and when he's old, cashier'd :

Whip me such honest knaves——others there are,

Who, trimm'd in form and visages of duty,

Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves ;

And, throwing but shews of service on their lords,

Well thrive by them ; and when they've lin'd their coats,

Do themselves homage : These folks have some soul,

And such a one do I profess myself.

*Ibid.*

There be some sports are painful, but their labour

Delight in them sets off : Some kinds of baseness

Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters

Point to rich ends. This my mean task

Would be as heavy to me, as 'tis odious : But

The mistress which I serve, quickens what's dead,

And makes my labours, pleasures.

*Shakespeare's Tempest.*

'That such a slave as this should wear a sword,

Who wears no honesty ; such smiling rogues as these,

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain,

Too

Too intricate t' unloose : Sooth ev'ry passion,  
That in the nature of their lords rebels ;  
Bring oil to fire ; snow to their colder moods ;  
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcion beaks  
With ev'ry gale and vary of their masters ;  
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.

*Shakespear's King Lear.*

Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise,  
For, by oppressing and betraying me,  
Thou might'st have sooner got another service :  
For many so arrive at second masters,  
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,  
For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,  
Is not thy kindness subtle ; covetous,  
An us'ring kindness, as rich men deal gifts,  
Expecting in return twenty for one ?

2. No, my most worthy master ; in whose breast  
Doubt and suspect, alas are plac'd too late ;  
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast ;  
Suspect still comes, where an estate is least.

*Shakespear's Timon.*

Their services are, clock-like, to be set,  
Backward and forward, at their lord's command.

*Johnson's Case is alter'd.*

The *Turk*, in this divine discipline, is  
Admirable, exceeding all the potentates  
Of the earth ; still waited on by mutes ; and all  
His commands so executed : Yea ev'n in the war,  
As I have heard, and in his marches, most  
Of his charges and directions giv'n by  
Signs and with silence : An exquisite art !  
And I'm heartily asham'd and angry  
Oftentimes, that the princes of *Christendom*,  
Should suffer a barbarian to transcend  
Them in so high a point of felicity.

*Johnson's Silent Woman.*

O more than happy ten times were that king,  
 Who were unhappy but a little space,  
 So that it did not utter ruin bring,  
 But made him prove a profitable thing !

Who of his train did best deserve his grace,  
 Then could, and would of these the best embrace ;  
 Such vultures fled as follow but for prey,

That faithful servants might possess their place :  
 All gallant minds it must with anguish sting,  
 Whilst wanting means, their virtue to display ;

'This is the grief which bursts a generous heart,  
 When favour comes by chance, not by desert.

*E. of Sterline's Darius.*

Then men are men, when they are all their own ;  
 Not when, by others badges, but made known.

*E. of Sterline's Julius Cæsar.*

————— Oh fear a servant's tongue !

Like such as only for their gain do serve,

Within the vast capacity of place ;

I know no vileness so most truly base :

Their lord's, their gain : And he that most will give,

With him they will not die, but they will live :

Traytors and these are one : Such slaves once trust,

Whet swords to make thine own blood lick the dust.

*Marston's Sophonisba.*

————— 1. I'll double thy reward.

2, You are like to speed then :

For I confess what you will soon believe,

We serve them best, that are most apt to give.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Custom of the Country.*

————— 1. Is all our train

Shrunk to this poor remainder ? 2. These are poor men,

Which have got little in your service, vow

To take your fortune : But your wiser buntings,

Now they are fledg'd, are gone.

1. They have done wisely :

This puts me in mind of death ; physicians, thus

With their hands full of money, use to give o'er

Their

Their patients. 2. Right, the fashion of the world !  
 From decay'd fortunes, ev'ry flatt'rer shrinks ;  
 Men cease to build, when the foundation sinks,

*Webster's Dutchess of Malfy.*

————— O the inconstant  
 And rotten ground of service ! You may see,  
 'Tis ev'n like him, that in a winter's night  
 Takes a long slumber o'er a dying fire,  
 As loath to part from't : Yet parts thence more cold,  
 Than when he first fate down.

*Ibid.*

The crocodile which lives in the river  
*Nilus*, hath a worm breeds i'th' teeth of it,  
 Which puts it to extreme anguish : A little  
 Bird, no bigger than a wren, is barber  
 Surgeon to this crocodile ; flies into  
 The jaws of it, picks out the worm, and brings  
 Present remedy. The fish, glad of  
 Ease, but ingrateful to her that did it ;  
 That the bird may not talk largely of her  
 Abroad for non-payment, closeth her chaps,  
 Intending to swallow her, and so put  
 Her to perpetual silence : But nature,  
 Loathing such ingratitude, hath arm'd this  
 Bird with a quill, or prick on the head-top,  
 Which wounds the crocodile i'the mouth, forceth  
 Open her bloody prison, and away  
 Flies the pretty tooth-picker from her cruel patient.  
 2. Your application is, I have not rewarded  
 The service you have done me.

*Webster's White Devil.*

————— As in virtuous actions,  
 The undertaker finds a full reward,  
 Although conferr'd upon unthankful men :  
 So, any service done to so much sweetness,  
 However dangerous, and subject to  
 An ill construction, in your favour finds  
 A wish'd, and glorious end.

*Massinger's Duke of Milan.*



————— Shall I then  
 For a foolish whipping leave to honour him  
 That holds the wheel of fortune ? No, that favours  
 Too much of th' ancient freedom : Since great men  
 Receive disgraces, and give thanks, poor knaves  
 Must have nor spleen, nor anger. Though I love  
 My limbs as well as any man, if you had now  
 A humour to kick me lame into an office,  
 Where I might fit in state and undo others,  
 Should not I be bound to kiss the foot that did it ?  
 Though it seem strange, there have been such things  
 seen  
 In the memory of man.

*Massinger's Duke of Milan.*

——— Equal nature fashion'd us  
 All in one mould : The bear serves not the bear ;  
 Nor the wolf, the wolf : 'Twas odds of strength in  
 tyrants,  
 That pluck'd the first link from the golden chain  
 With which that thing of things bound in the world.  
 Why then, since we are taught by their examples,  
 To love our liberty, if not command ;  
 Should the strong serve the weak, the fair, deform'd  
 ones ?  
 Or such as know the cause of things, pay tribute  
 To ignorant fools ? All's but the outward gloss  
 And politick form, that does distinguish us ?

*Massinger's Bondman.*

————— Happy those times,  
 When lords were stil'd *fathers* of families,  
 And not imperious *masters* ! when they number'd  
 Their *servants* almost equal with their *sons*,  
 Or one degree beneath them ! When their labours  
 Were cherish'd, and rewarded, and a *period*  
 Set to their suff'rings ! when they did not press  
 Their duties or their wills beyond the *pow'r*  
 And *strength* of their performance ! all things order'd  
 With such decorum, as wise law-makers,

From

From each well-govern'd private house deriv'd  
 The perfect model of a commonwealth !  
*Humanity* then lodg'd in the hearts of *men*,  
 And thankful masters carefully provided  
 For creatures wanting reason : The noble horse  
 That in his fiery youth from his wide nostrils  
 Neigh'd courage to his rider, and brake through  
 Groves of oppos'd pikes, bearing his lord  
 Safe to triumphant victory ; old or wounded,  
 Was set at liberty, and freed from service :  
 Th' *Athenian* mules that from the quarry drew  
 Marble, hew'd for the temples of the gods,  
 The great work ended, were dismiss'd, and fed  
 At the publick cost : Nay, faithful dogs have found  
 Their sepulchers ; but *man* to *man* more cruel,  
 Appoints no end to th' suff'rings of his slave.  
 Since pride stept in and riot, and overturn'd  
 This goodly frame of concord ; teaching masters  
 To glory in the abuse of such, as are  
 Brought under their command ; who, grown unuseful,  
 Are less esteem'd than beasts : This *you have practis'd* ;  
*Practic'd on us*, with rigour ; This hath forc'd us  
 To *shake* our heavy yokes off ; and if redress  
 Of these just grievances be not granted us,  
 We'll right *ourselves*, and by strong hand defend  
 What we are now possess'd of.

*Massinger's Bondman.*

By her example warn'd, let all great women  
 Hereafter throw pride and contempt on such  
 As truly serve them ; since a retribution  
 In lawful courtesies, is now stil'd lust ;  
 And to be thankful to a servant's merits,  
 Is grown a vice, not virtue.

*Massinger's Emperor of the East.*

————— 'Tis reported  
 There is a drink of forgetfulness, which once tasted,  
 Few masters think of their servants ; who, grown old,  
Are

Are turn'd off like lame hounds and hunting horses,  
To starve up on the commons.

*Massinger's Bashful Lover.*

I am not of that harsh and morose temper  
As some great men are tax'd with ; who imagine  
They part from the respect due to their honours,  
If they use not such as follow them,  
Without distinction of their births, like slaves.  
I am not so condition'd : I can make  
A fitting difference between my foot-boy,  
And a gentleman, by want compell'd to serve me.

*Massinger's New Way to pay Old Debts.*

————— From the king  
To the beggar, by gradation, all are servants ;  
And you must grant the slavery is less  
To study to please one, than many.  
Well then, and first to you sir ; you complain  
You serve one lord ; but your lord serves a thousand,  
Besides his passions, that are his worst masters :  
You must humour him, and he is bound to sooth  
Ev'ry grim sir above him, if he frown :  
For the least neglect, you fear to lose your place ;  
But if, and with all slavish observation,  
From the minion's self, to the groom of his close-stool,  
He hourly seeks not favour, he is sure  
To be eas'd of his office, though he bought it :  
Nay more, that high disposer of all such  
That are subordinate to him, serves, and fears  
The fury of the many-headed monster,  
The giddy multitude ; and as a horse  
Is still a horse, for all his golden trappings ;  
So your men of purchas'd titles, at their best, are  
But serving-men in rich liveries.

*Massinger's Unnatural Combat.*

————— If you punish  
My hasty application of your favours,  
You gave me the encouragement to be guilty :

It is a tyranny to cherish servants,  
And punish their disobedience.

*Shirley's Honoria and Mammon.*

My birth is noble, though the pop'lar blast  
Of vanity, as giddy as thy youth,  
Hath rear'd thy name up to bestride a cloud,  
Or progress in the chariot of the sun :  
I am no clod of trade, to lackey pride ;  
Nor like your slave of expectation wait  
The bawdy hinges of your doors, or whistle  
For mystical conveyance to your bed-sports.

*John Ford's Broken Heart.*

When servant's servant's slaves, once relish licence  
Of good opinion from a noble nature,  
They take upon them boldness to abuse  
Such int'rest, and lord it o'er their fellows ;  
As if they were exempt from that condition,

*John Ford's Fancies chaste and noble.*

How cheaply do we see some service bought ?  
True : But it is of fools, whose ware is nought.

*Aleyn's Crescey.*

Men that are born to serve, must seek to please.

*Richard Brome's New Academy.*

'Tis liberty to serve one lord : But he  
Who many serves, serves base servility.

*Herrick.*

————— When I may reveal  
Myself your servant, I'll not do't in breath,  
But with the adventure of my life or death.

*Suckling's Sad One.*

He us'd *Cleander*, as the lame  
Do their supporting crutches ; that's no longer  
Than as they need them ; when that they are able  
To walk alone, they cast them from them.

*Tatham's Distracted State.*

Expect not more from servants than is just ;  
Reward them well, if they observe their trust,

Nor



Nor them with cruelty, or pride invade ;  
 Since God and nature them our brothers made :  
 If his offence be great, let that suffice ;  
 If light, forgive ; for no man's always wise,

Denham.

Service beyond the gratitude of kings ;  
 Like crimes, misfortune on the subject brings.

*Crown's First Part of the Destruction of Jerusalem.*

S I G H T.

First, the two eyes, which have the seeing pow'r,  
 Stand as one watchman, spy or centinel,  
 B'ing plac'd aloft, within the head's high tow'r ;  
 And though both see, yet both but one thing tell.

These mirrors take into their little space,  
 The forms of moon and sun and ev'ry star,  
 Of ev'ry body, and of ev'ry place,  
 Which with the world's wide arms embraced are :

Yet their best object, and their noblest use,  
 Hereafter in another world will be,  
 When God in them shall heav'nly light infuse,  
 That face to face they may their maker see.

Here are they guides, which do the body lead,  
 Which else would stumble in eternal night ;  
 Here in this world they do much knowledge read,  
 And are the casements which admit most light :

They are her farthest reaching instrument,  
 Yet they no beams unto their objects send ;  
 But all their rays are from their objects sent,  
 And in the eyes with pointed angels end.

If th' objects be far off, the rays do meet  
 In a sharp point, and so things seem but small ;  
 If they be near, their rays do spread and fleet,  
 And make broad points, that things seem great  
 withal.

Lastly,

Lastly, nine things to fight requir'd are,

The pow'r to see, the light, the visible thing,  
Being not too small, too thin, too nigh, too far,  
Clear space and time, the form distinct to bring.

Thus see we how the soul doth use the eyes,

As instruments of her quick pow'r of sight ;  
Hence doth th' arts optick, and fair painting rise ;  
Painting which doth all gentle minds delight.

Sir John Davies.

## S I L E N C E.

————— Silence shall digest

What folly hath swallow'd, and wisdom wean  
What fancy hath mourned.

*Lilly's Sappho and Phao.*

Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome :  
And in the modesty of fearful duty  
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue  
Of sawcy and audacious eloquence.

*Shakespeare's Midsummer-night's Dream.*

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy :

I were but little happy, if I could say how much.

*Shakespeare's Much ado about Nothing.*

————— Mean while, all rest

Seal'd up, and silent, as when rigid frosts  
Have bound up brooks and rivers, forc'd wild beasts  
Unto their caves, and birds into the woods,  
Clowns to their houses ; and the country sleeps :  
That when the sudden thaw comes, we may break  
Upon them like a deluge ; bearing down  
Half *Rome* before us ; and invade the rest  
With cries and noise, able to wake the urns  
Of those are dead, and make their ashes fear.  
The horrors that do strike the world, should come  
Loud, and unlook'd for ; till they strike, be dumb.

*Johnson's Catiline.*

Silence in woman, is like speech in man ;  
Deny't who can.

Nox

Nor is't a tale,  
 That female vice should be a virtue male,  
 Or masculine vice a female virtue be :  
 You shall it see,  
 Prov'd with increase ;  
 I know to speak, and she to hold her peace.

*Johnson's Silent Woman.*

Oh silence, thou dost swallow pleasure right !  
 Words take away some sense from our delight.

*Marston's Sophonisba.*

You know my wishes, ever yours did meet :  
 If I be silent, 'tis no more but fear,  
 That I should say too little when I speak.

*Lady Carew's Mariam.*

By utt'ring what thou know'st, less glory's got,  
 Than by concealing, what thou knowest not.

*Brown's Pastorals.*

Silence hath rhetorick ; and veils are best  
 'To portrait that, which cannot be express'd.

*Aleyn's Crescey.*

1. ————— In his looks  
 He carries guilt, whose horror breeds this strange  
 And obstinate silence ; shame and his conscience  
 Will not permit him to deny it.

2. 'Tis, alas,  
 His modest, bashful nature, and pure innocence,  
 That makes him silent : Think you that bright rose  
 That buds within his cheeks, was planted there  
 By guilt or shame ? No, he has always been  
 So unacquainted with all arts of sin,  
 That but to be suspected, strikes him dumb,  
 With wonder and amazement.

*Randolph's Amyntas.*

This is a motion still, and soft ;  
 So free from nose or cry,  
 That *Jove* himself, who hears each thought,  
 Knows not when we pass by.

*Killegrew's Conspiracy.*  
 Chang'd

Chang'd to as great a silence,  
 Such when a tempest ceases, is the calm  
 That follows, no noise is heard ; as if the  
 Wind with blasts were breathless grown, and the seas  
 Sat down, and after so much toil requir'd ease.

*Killegrew's Conspiracy.*

S I N.

Who is in sinfulness so bold,  
 His vices fare like weeds ; they sprout so fast  
 They kill the corpse, as weeds the corn, at last.

*Mirror for Magistrates.*

Our misdeeds procure us still,  
 To seek our good amongst much ill.

*Brandon's Octavia.*

————— From love of grace,  
 Lay not that flatt'ring unction to your soul,  
 That not your trespass, but my madness speaks ;  
 It will but skin and film the ulc'rous place ;  
 Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,  
 Infects unseen ; confess yourself to heav'n ;  
 Repent what's past, avoid what is to come ;  
 And do not spread the compost on the weeds  
 To make them ranker.

*Shakespeare's Hamlet.*

————— Foul deeds will rise,  
 Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

*Shakespeare's Hamlet.*

He that for love of goodness hateth ill,  
 Is more crown-worthy still,  
 Than he, which for sin's penalty forbears ;  
 His heart sins, tho' he fears.

*Johnson's Epigrams.*

For, sin's so sweet,  
 As minds ill bent  
 Rarely repent ;  
 Until they meet  
 Their punishment.

*Johnson's Underwoods,*  
 Alas,



Alas, that in the wane of our affections  
 We should supply it with a full dissembling !  
 In which, each youngest maid is grown a mother ;  
 Frailty is fruitful, one sin gets another.  
 Our loves like sparkles are, that brightest shine  
 When they go out ; most vice shews most divine.

*Chapman's Buffey D'ambois.*

Before, I was secure 'gainst death and hell ;  
 But now am subject to the heartless fear  
 Of ev'ry shadow, and of ev'ry breath,  
 And would change firmness with an aspen leaf :  
 So confident a spotless conscience is ;  
 So weak a guilty. O the dangerous siege  
 Sin lays about us ! And the tyranny  
 He exercises when he hath expugn'd,  
 Like to the horror of a winter's thunder,  
 Mix'd with a gushing storm ; that suffers nothing  
 To stir abroad on earth, but their own rages,  
 Is sin, when it hath gather'd head above us :  
 No roof, no shelter can secure us so,  
 But he will drown our cheeks in fear or woe.

*Ibid.*

What tho' our sins go brave and better clad ?  
 They are, as those in rags, as base, as bad.

*Daniel's Oflavia to Antonius.*

Bear witness yet ye good, and evil spirits,  
 Who in the air invisibly do dwell,  
 That these strange paths I walk of ugliness,  
 Are forc'd by threat'ning gulphs of treachery,  
 Nourish'd by states, and times injurious :  
 Nor is it sin, which men for safety chuse ;  
 Nor hath it shame, which men are forc'd to use.

*Lord Brooke's Alaham.*

God, that to pass, will have his justice come,  
 Makes sin the thief, the hangman, and the doom.

*Lord Brooke's Inquisition on Fame and Honour.*

Pleasure and youth like smiling evilswooe us,  
 To taste new follies ; tasted, they undo us.

*Middleton and Rowley's Spanish Gipsy.*

What monstrous days are these ?  
 Not only to be vicious most men study,  
 But in it to be ugly ; strive t' exceed,  
 Each other in the most deformed deed.

*Middleton's Phœnix.*

Are you so bitter ? 'Tis but want of use ;  
 Her tender modesty is sea-sick a little,  
 Being not accustom'd to the breaking billow  
 Of woman's wav'ring faith, blown up with temptations.  
 'Tis but a qualm of honour ; 'twill away,  
 A little bitter for the time, but lasts not.  
 Sin tastes at the first draught like wormwood water,  
 But drank again, 'tis nectar ever after.

*Middleton's Women beware Women.*

Maids and their honours are like poor beginners ;  
 Were not sin rich, there would be fewer sinners.

*Tourneur's Revenger's Tragedy.*

————— All men have sins,  
 Though in their sev'ral kinds, all end in this ;  
 So they get gold, they care not whose it is :  
 Begging the court, use bears the city out,  
 Lawyers their quirks, thus goes the world about.  
 So that our villanies have but diff'rent shapes,  
 Th' effects all one, and poor men are but apes  
 To imitate their betters : This is the diff'rence,  
 All great mens sins must still be humoured,  
 And poor mens vices largely punished.  
 The privilege that great men have in evil,  
 Is this, they go unpunish'd to the devil.

*Barry's Ram-Alley.*

'Tis fearful building upon any sin ;  
 One mischief enter'd, brings another in :  
 The second pulls a third, the third draws more,  
 And they for all the rest set ope the door :  
 Till custom take away the judging sense,  
 That to offend we think it no offence.  
 Wherefore, my lord, kill mischief while 'tis small ;  
 So by degrees, you may destroy it all.

*Smith's Hector of Germany.*

'Tis a bold cowardice, when men shall dare  
To act the sin, and the suspicion fear.

*Aleyn's Henry VII.*

Another's sin, sometimes procures our shame :  
It stains our body, or at least our name.

*Quarles.*

Three fatal sisters wait upon each sin ;  
First, fear and shame without, then guilt within.

*Herrick.*

What a strange glass they've shew'd me now myself in?  
Our sins, like to our shadows  
When our day is in it's glory, scarce appear'd :  
Towards our evening how great and monstrous  
They are ? —————

*Suckling's Aglaura.*

Tell me why heav'n first did suffer sin ?

Letting seed grow which it had never sown ?

Why, when the soul's first fever did begin,

Was it not cur'd, which now a plague is grown ?

Why did not heav'n's prevention sin restrain ?

Or is not pow'r's permission a consent ?

Which is in kings as much as to ordain ;

And ills ordain'd are free from punishment.

And since no crime could be ere laws were fram'd ;

Laws dearly taught us how to know offence :

Had laws not been, we never had been blam'd ;

For not to know we sin, is innocence.

Sin's childhood was not starv'd, but rather more

Than finely fed ; so sweet were pleasures made

That nourish it : For sweet is lust of pow'r,

And sweeter beauty, which hath pow'r betray'd.

Sin, which at fullest growth is childish still,

Would but for pleasure's company decay ;

As sickly children thrive that have their will,

But quickly languish being kept from play.

Since

Since only pleasure breeds sin's appetite,  
 Which still by pleasant objects is infus'd ;  
 Since 'tis provok'd to what it doth commit,  
 And ills provok'd may plead to be excus'd ;  
 Why should our sins, which not a moment last,  
 (For, to eternity compar'd, extent  
 Of life, is, ere we name it, stopt and past)  
 Receive a doom of endless punishment ?  
 If souls to hell's vast prison never come  
 Committed for their crimes, but destin'd be,  
 Like bondmen born, whose prison is their home,  
 And long ere they were bound could not be free ;  
 Then hard is destiny's dark law, whose text  
 We are forbid to read, yet must obey ;  
 And reason with her useless eyes is vext,  
 Which strive to guide her where they see no way.

*Sir W. Davenant's Philosopher to the Dying Christian.*  
 Who would be wicked ? When the very crime  
 Conceiv'd, torments our souls ; and at the time  
 When 'tis deliver'd, like an engine broke,  
 Destroys us with the force of our own stroke.

*Stapylton's Step-Mother.*

————— I perceive  
 In flesh or spirit we are sinners all,  
 But spiritual sins I think most dangerous :  
 Sins of the spirit will to age endure ;  
 But a flesh-wound, time seldom fails to cure.

*Crown's Married Beau.*

————— That sin  
 Becomes a virtue, that chastises sin.

*Crown's Thieves.*

S I N C E R I T Y.

Men should be what they seem :  
 Or, those that be not, would they might seem none.

*Shakespear's Othello.*

I cannot hide what I am : I must be  
 Sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's



Jefts ; eat when I have stomach, and wait for  
No man's leisure ; sleep when I am drowsy,  
And tend on no man's business ; laugh when I  
Am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

*Shakespeare's Much ado about Nothing*

His nature is too noble for the world :  
He would not flatter *Neptune* for his trident,  
Or *Jove* for's power to thunder : His heart's his mouth :  
What his breast forges that his tongue must vent ;  
And, being angry, does forget that ever  
He heard the name of death.

*Shakespeare's Coriolanus.*

While others fish with craft for great opinion,  
I, with great truth, catch mere simplicity.  
While some, with cunning, gild their copper crowns,  
With truth and plainness, I do wear mine bare.  
Fear not my truth ; the moral of my wit  
Is plain and true ; there's all the reach of it.

*Shakespeare's Troilus and Cressida.*

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles ;  
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate ;  
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart ;  
His heart as far from fraud, as heav'n from earth.

*Shakespeare's Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

What is it troublesome to be lov'd ?  
How is it then, *Charinus*, to be loath'd !  
If I had done like *Chloris*, scorn'd your suit,  
And spurn'd your passion in disdainful sort,  
I had been woo'd, and sought, and highly priz'd ;  
But having n'oother art to win thy love,  
Save by discov'ring mine, I am despis'd ;  
As if you would not have the thing you sought,  
Unless you knew it were not to be got :  
And now because I lie here at thy feet,  
The humble booty of thy conqu'ring eyes,  
And lay my heart all open in thy sight,  
And tell thee I am thine, and tell thee right ;  
And do not fute my looks, nor cloath my words

In

In other colours than my thoughts do wear,  
 But do thee right in all, thou scornest me  
 As if thou didst not love sincerity.  
 Never did crystal more apparently  
 Present the colour it contain'd within,  
 Than have these eyes, these tears, this tongue of mine  
 Bewray'd my heart, and told how much I'm thine.

*Daniel's Arcadia.*

What hearts do think, the tongues were made to shew.

*E. of Sterline's Cræsus.*

Bashfulness seize you——we pronounce  
 Boldly robbery, murder, treason; which  
 Deeds must needs be far more loathsome  
 Than an act which is so natural, just,  
 And necessary, as that of procreation:  
 You shall have an hypocritical, vestal  
 Virgin speak that, with close teeth publicly,  
 Which she will receive with open mouth  
 Privately. For my own part, I consider  
 Nature without apparel; without disguising  
 Of custom or complement; I give thoughts  
 Words, and words truth, and truth boldness. She whose  
 Honest freeness makes it her virtue, to  
 Speak what she thinks, will make it her necessity  
 To think what is good.

*Marston's Courtezan.*

I cannot cloath my thoughts, and just defence  
 In such an abject phrase, but 'twill appear  
 Equal, if not above my low condition.  
 I need no bombast language, stol'n from such,  
 As make nobility from prodigious terms  
 The hearers understand not; I bring with me  
 No wealth to boast of; neither can I number  
 Uncertain fortune's favours, with my merits:  
 I dare not force affection, or presume  
 To censure her discretion, that looks on me  
 As a weak man, and not her fancy's idol.

*Massinger's Bondman.*

Her words are trusty heralds to her mind.

*John Ford's Love's Sacrifice.*

Wealth shall not now be made the price of blood,

Nor to be rich be reck'ned an offence ;

Though it be valu'd less than to be good,

And merit be preferr'd to innocence :

Men shall not most be priz'd who most appear,

Nor known for what they have, but what they are.

*Sir Thomas Higgons on the Restoration.*

Men that are hearty and sincere, come late

With promises, and early with their deeds.

*Sir W. Davenant's Platonick Lovers.*

————— Innocence below, enjoys

Security, and quiet sleeps ; murder's not heard of,

Treachery is a stranger there ; they enjoy

Their friends and loves, without ravishment ;

They are all equal, ev'ry one's a prince,

And rules himself : They speak not with their eyes,

Or brows, but with the tongue, and that too dwells

In the heart.

*Sicily and Naples.*

God weighs the heart ; whom we can never move

By outward actions, without inward love.

*Watkins.*

### S I N G L E L I F E.

Wrong not thy fair youth, nor the world deprive

Of these rare parts which nature hath thee lent,

'Twere pity thou by niggardice should'st thrive,

Whose wealth by waxing craveth to be spent ;

For which, thou of the wisest shall be shent :

Like to some rich churl hoarding up his self,

Both to wrong others, and to starve himself.

*Drayton's Legend of Matilda.*

————— A wife ! Oh fetters

To man's blest'd liberty ! All this world's a prison,

Heav'n the high wall about it, sin the gaoler ;

But th' iron shackles weighing down our heels,

Are only women ; those light angels turn us

To

To fleshly devils. I the sex admire,  
But never will sit near their wanton fire.

*Dekker's Wonder of a Kingdom.*

O fie upon this single life ! forego it.  
We read how *Daphne*, for her peevish flight  
Became a fruitless bay-tree : *Syrinx* turn'd  
To the pale empty reed : *Anaxarete*  
Was frozen into marble : Whereas those  
Which marry'd, or prov'd kind unto their friends,  
Were by a gracious influence, transhap'd  
Into the olive, pomgranet, mulberry ;  
Became flow'rs, precious stones, or eminent stars.

*Webster's Dutchess of Malfy.*

Say a man never marry, nor have children ;  
What takes that from him ? Only the bare name  
Of being a father, or the weak delight  
To see the little wanton ride a cock-horse  
Upon a painted stick, or hear him chatter  
Like a taught starling.

*Ibid.*

Like a free wanton jennet in the meadows,  
I look about, and neigh ; take hedge and ditch,  
Feed in my neighbours pastures, pick my choice  
Of all their fair maned mares ; but marry'd once,  
A man is stak'd, or pounded, and cannot  
Graze beyond his own hedge.

*Massinger and Field's Fatal Dowry.*

————— A batchelor

May thrive by observation on a little ;  
A single life's no burthen : but to draw  
In yokes is chargeable, and will require  
A double maintenance.

*John Ford's Fancys chaste and noble.*

Some more, like you, might pow'rfully confute  
Th' opposers of priests marriage, by the fruit :  
And, since 'tis known for all their strait vow'd life,  
They like the sex in any stile but wife ;

H 3

'Cause



Her words are trusty heralds to her mind.

*John Ford's Love's Sacrifice.*

Wealth shall not now be made the price of blood,

Nor to be rich be reck'ned an offence ;

Though it be valu'd less than to be good,

And merit be preferr'd to innocence :

Men shall not most be priz'd who most appear,

Nor known for what they have, but what they are.

*Sir Thomas Higgon's on the Restoration.*

Men that are hearty and sincere, come late

With promises, and early with their deeds.

*Sir W. Davenant's Platonick Lovers.*

————— Innocence below, enjoys

Security, and quiet sleeps ; murder's not heard of,

Treachery is a stranger there ; they enjoy

Their friends and loves, without ravishment ;

They are all equal, ev'ry one's a prince,

And rules himself : 'They speak not with their eyes,

Or brows, but with the tongue, and that too dwells

In the heart.

*Sicily and Naples.*

God weighs the heart ; whom we can never move

By outward actions, without inward love.

*Watkins.*

### S I N G L E L I F E.

Wrong not thy fair youth, nor the world deprive

Of these rare parts which nature hath thee lent,

'Twere pity thou by niggardice should'st thrive,

Whose wealth by waxing craveth to be spent ;

For which, thou of the wisest shall be shent :

Like to some rich churl hoarding up his pelf,

Both to wrong others, and to starve himself.

*Drayton's Legend of Matilda.*

————— A wife ! Oh fetters

To man's bless'd liberty ! All this world's a prison,

Heav'n the high wall about it, sin the gaoler ;

But th' iron shackles weighing down our heels,

Are only women ; those light angels turn us

To

To fleshly devils. I the sex admire,  
But never will sit near their wanton fire.

*Dekker's Wonder of a Kingdom.*

O fie upon this single life ! forego it.  
We read how *Daphne*, for her peevish flight  
Became a fruitless bay-tree : *Syrinx* turn'd  
To the pale empty reed : *Anaxarete*  
Was frozen into marble : Whereas those  
Which marry'd, or prov'd kind unto their friends,  
Were by a gracious influence, transhap'd  
Into the olive, pomgranet, mulberry ;  
Became flow'rs, precious stones, or eminent stars.

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And, since 'tis known for all their strait vow'd life,  
They like the sex in any stile but wife ;

H 3

'Cause

150 S M E S O R

'Cause then to change their cloister for that state  
Which keeps men chaste by vows legitimate :  
Nor shame to father their relations,  
Or, under nephews names, disguise their sons.

Bishop King.

S M E L L.

Next, in the nostrils doth she use the smell,  
As God the breath of life in them did give ;  
So makes he now this pow'r in them to dwell,  
To judge all airs, whereby we breath and live.  
This sense is also mistress of an art,  
Which to soft people sweet perfumes doth sell ;  
Though this dear art doth little good impart,  
Since they smell best, that do of nothing smell :  
And yet good scents do purify the brain,  
Awake the fancy, and the wits refine :  
Hence old devotion, incense did ordain,  
To make mens sp'rits more apt for thoughts divine.

Sir John Davies.

————— For thy smell,  
*Sabæa*, shall be translated where thou goest,  
And strew thy path with spices. Panthers skins  
Shall be thy couch, and amber pave the floor  
Where thy foot treads. This breath's perfume enough  
To create a *Phoenix*.

*Nabbi's Microcosmus.*

S O R R O W.

—— Great grief will not be told,  
And can more easily be thought than said.  
Right so, quoth he, but he, that never would,  
Could never : Will to might gives greatest aid.  
But grief, quoth she, does greater grow display'd ;  
If then it finds not help, it breeds despair.  
Despair breeds not, quoth he, where faith is stay'd.  
No faith so fast, quoth she, but flesh does 'pair.  
Flesh may empair, quoth he, but reason can repair.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*  
He

He oft finds med'cine, who his grief imparts ;  
But double griefs afflict concealing hearts.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

— She bad him tellen plain

The further process of her hidden grief :

The lesser pangs can bear, who hath endur'd the chief.

*Ibid.*

My heart is as an anvil unto sorrow,  
Which beats upon it like the *Cyclops* hammers,  
And with the noise turns up my giddy brain,  
And makes me frantick.

*Marloe's Edward II.*

Our pleasures, posting guests, make but small stay,  
And never once look back when they are gone :  
Where griefs bide long, and leave such scores to pay,  
As make us bankrupt ere we think thereon.

*Brandon's Octavia.*

One fire burns out another's burning ;  
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish ;  
Turn giddy, and be help'd by backward turning ;  
One desp'rate grief cure with another's languish :  
Take thou some new infection to the eye,  
And the rank poison of the old will dye.

*Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet.*

1. My *Dionysia*, shall we rest us here,  
And by relating tales of others griefs,  
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own ?
2. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it ;  
For who digs hills because they do aspire,  
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.  
O my distress'd lord, ev'n such our griefs are !  
Here they're but felt, and seen, with mischiefs eyes,  
But like to groves, being topt, they higher rise.

*Shakespeare's Pericles.*

— — — For my particular grief  
Is of so flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,

H 4

That



That it ingluts and swallows other sorrows,  
And yet is still itself.

*Shakespear's Othello.*

He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears  
But the free comfort which from thence he hears ;  
But he bears both the sentence, and the sorrow,  
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.

*Ibid.*

Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,  
But chearly seek how to redress their harms.  
What though the mast be now blown over-board,  
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,  
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood ?  
Yet lives our pilot still. Is't meet that he  
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,  
With tear-full eyes add water to the sea ;  
And give more strength to that which hath too much ?  
While in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,  
Which industry and courage might have sav'd ?

*Shakespear's Third Part of King Henry VI.*

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast ;  
Which thou wilt propagate, to have them prest  
With more of thine : this love, that thou hast shewn,  
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

*Shakespear's Romeo and Juliet.*

Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,  
By thinking on the frosty *Caucasus* ?  
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,  
By bare imagination of a feast ?  
Or wallow naked in *December's* snow,  
By thinking on fantastick summer's heat ?  
Oh, no ! the apprehension of the good,  
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse ;  
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more  
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

*Shakespear's King-Richard II.*

1. You yield too much unto your griefs, and fate,  
Which never hurts, but when we say it hurts us.
2. O peace, *Tibullus*, your philosophy Lends

Lends you too rough a hand to search my wounds.  
 Speak they of griefs, that know to sigh and grieve;  
 The free and unconstrained spirit feels  
 No weight of my oppression.

*Johnson's Poetaster.*

Griefs that sound so loud, prove always light;  
 True sorrow evermore keeps out of sight.

*Chapman's Widow's Tears.*

It is some ease our sorrows to reveal,  
 If they to whom we shall impart our woes,  
 Seem but to feel a part of what we feel,  
 And meet us with a sigh but at the close.

*Daniel's Cleopatra.*

What news brings't thou, can *Egypt* yet yield more  
 Of sorrow than it hath? What can it add  
 To the already overflowing store  
 Of sad affliction, matter yet more sad?  
 Is there behind yet something of distress  
 Unseen, unknown? Tell if that greater misery  
 There be, that we wail not that which is less.  
 Tell us what so it be, and tell at first;  
 For sorrow ever longs to hear her worst.

*Ibid.*

Amaz'd he stands, nor voice nor body stirs;  
 Words had no passage, tears no issue found;  
 For sorrow shut up words, wrath kept in tears;  
 Confus'd effects each other do confound:  
 Oppress'd with grief, his passions had no bound.  
 Striving to tell his woes, words would not come;  
 For light cares speak, when mighty griefs are dumb.

*Daniel's Rosamund.*

My-coming but increas'd grief's starving store;  
 For 'till that passion of itself expire,  
 All kind of comfort but augments it more:  
 Like drops of oil thrown on a mighty fire.

*E. of Sterline's Cræsus.*

Shall sorrow, through the waves of woes to sail,  
 Have still your tears for seas, your sighs for winds ?  
 To misery what do base 'plaints avail ?

A course more high becomes heroick minds :

None are o'ercome, save only those who yield.  
 From froward fortune though some blows be born,  
 Let virtue serve adversity for shield :

No greater grief to grief, than th' enemy's scorn.

E. of Sterline's *Julius Caesar*.

————— I drink  
 So deep of grief, that he must only think,  
 Not dare to speak, that would express my woe :  
 Small rivers murmur, deep gulfs silent flow.

*Marston's Sophonisba.*

————— Long time he toss'd his thoughts ;  
 And as you see a snow-ball being rowl'd  
 At first a handful, yet long bowl'd about,  
 It sensibly acquires a mighty globe :  
 So his cold grief through agitation grows,  
 And more he thinks, the more of grief he knows.

*Ibid.*

Language, thou art too narrow, and too weak  
 To ease us now ; great sorrows cannot speak.  
 If we could sigh our accents, and weep words,  
 Grief wears and lessens, that tears breath affords :  
 Sad hearts, the less they seem, the more they are ;  
 So guiltiest men stand mute at the bar :  
 Not that they know not, feel not their estate,  
 But extreme sense hath made them desperate.

*Dr. Donne.*

As doth the yearly augur of the spring,  
 In depth of woe, thus I my sorrows sing ;  
 My tunes with sighs yet ever mix'd among,  
 A doleful burthen to a heavy song :  
 Words issue forth, to find my grief some way ;  
 Tears overtake them, and do bid them slay :

*Thus*

Thus whilst one strives to keep the other back,  
Both once too forward, soon are both too slack.

*Drayton's Queen Isabel to Richard II.*

Things of small moment we can scarcely hold,  
But griefs that touch the heart, are hardly told.

*Drayton's Barons Wars.*

——— Oh, be of comfort !

Make patience a noble fortitude,  
And think not how unkindly we are us'd :  
Man, like to cassia, is prov'd best being bruise'd.  
My heart's turn'd to a heavy lump of lead,  
With which I found my danger.

*Webster's Dutchess of Malfy.*

I suffer now for what hath former been :  
Sorrow is held the eldest son of sin.

*Ibid.*

Past sorrows, let us mod'rately lament them ;  
For those to come, seek wisely to prevent them.

*Ibid.*

Unkindness do thy office ; poor heart break :  
Those are the killing griefs which dare not speak.

*Webster's White Devil.*

Be of comfort ! and your heavy sorrow  
Part equally among us ; storms divided,  
Abate their force, and with less rage are guided.

*Heywood's Woman kill'd with Kindness.*

——— Woe will break ;  
'Tis not the greatest grief, that most do speak.

*Goffe's Orestes.*

Great sorrows have no leisure to complain :  
Least ills vent forth, great griefs within remain,

*Goffe's Raging Turk.*

There's no way to make sorrow light  
But in the noble bearing ; be content ;  
Blows giv'n from heav'n are our due punishment :  
All shipwrecks are not drownings ; you see buildings  
Made fairer from their ruins.

*Will. Rowley's New Wonder.*



He doubles grief, that comments on a woe.

*Return from Parnassus.*

'Times have their changes, sorrow makes men wise ;  
The sun himself must set as well as rise.

*John Ford's Perkin Warbeck.*

Souls sunk in sorrows, never are without them ;  
They change fresh airs, but bear their griefs about them.

*John Ford's Broken Heart.*

Sorrow doth hate  
To have a mate ;  
True grief is still alone.

*Brown's Pastorals.*

Oh do not hide thy sorrows, shew them brief ;  
He oft finds aid that doth disclose his grief.  
If thou would'st it continue, thou dost wrong ;  
No man can sorrow very much, and long.

————— But had he been here  
He had been flint had he not spent a tear.  
For still that man the perfecter is known,  
Who others sorrows feels, more than his own.

*Ibid.*

What I have lost, kind shepherds, all you know ;  
And to recount it were to dwell in woe ;  
'To shew my passion in a fun'ral song,  
And with my sorrow draw your sighs along ;  
Words, then well plac'd might challenge somewhat due,  
And not the cause alone, win tears from you.  
This to prevent, I set orations by ;  
For passion seldom loves formality.  
What profits it a pris'ner at the bar,  
To have his judgment spoken regular ?  
Or in the prison hear it often read,  
When he at first knew what was forfeited ?  
Our griefs in others tears, like plates in water,  
Seem more in quantity. To be relator  
Of my mishaps speaks weakness, and that I  
Have in myself no pow'r of remedy.

*Ibid.*

1. Pray

1. Pray do not conceal  
What's your disturbance. By communicating,  
You'll lessen something of the suffering,  
In making me partaker.

2. I shall add to't.

We shall be like two neighbour-buildings, when  
A flame proceeding from the one hath seiz'd  
The other's roof, it makes the burning greater.  
Friend, let me suffer, be thou free.

*Nabbs's Unfortunate Mother.*

————— Be advis'd how you  
Express your trouble ! Grief while it is dumb  
Doth fret within : But when we give our thoughts  
Articulate sound, we must distinguish hearers.

*Shirley's Love's Cruelty.*

My griefs shall lead me this way,  
And my love a happy harbour find ;  
These tears the ocean, and my sighs the wind.

*Sharp's Noble Stranger.*

————— He, sad heart, being robb'd  
Of all his comfort, having lost the beauty  
Which gave him life and motion, seeing *Claius*  
Enjoy those lips, whose cherries were the food  
That nurs'd his soul, spent all his time in sorrow,  
In melancholy sighs and discontents :  
Look'd like a wither'd tree o'ergrown with moss ;  
His eyes were ever dropping ificles.

*Randolph's Amyntas.*

————— There is no joy,  
But either past, or fleeting ; and poor man  
Grows up but to the experience of grief ;  
And then is truly past minority,  
When he is past all happiness.

*Gomerfall's Lodowick Sforza.*

To vex, when mischiefs are quite past and gone,  
Is the next way to bring more mischiefs on.

*Neville's Poor Scholar.*

To grieve at this, were in these senseless times  
To become monstrous ; and to feel no grief,  
Were to be senseless with the times themselves.

*Jones's Adrastæ.*

I need no muse to give my passion vent ;  
He brews his tears, that studies to lament.

*Cleveland.*

—————The remedy to woe,  
Is to leave what of force we must forego.

*Merry Devil of Edmonton.*

I must confess, when I did part from you,  
I cou'd not force an artificial dew  
Upon my cheeks ; nor with a gilded phrase  
Express how many hundred sev'ral ways  
My heart was tortur'd ; nor with arms across,  
In discontented garbs set forth my loss :  
Such loud expressions many times do come  
From lightest hearts ; great griefs are always dumb :  
The shallow rivers roar, the deep are still.  
Numbers of painted words may shew much skill,  
But little anguish ; and a cloudy face  
Is oft put on, to serve both time and place :  
The blazing wood may to the eye seem great,  
But 'tis the fire rak'd up, that has the heat,  
And keeps it long : True sorrow's like to wine,  
That which is good, does never need a sign.

*Suckling.*

Like the camelion's colours that decay  
But seemingly to give new colours way ;  
So our false griefs, had not themselves outworn,  
But step'd aside, to vary in return.

*Sir William Davenant's Journey into Worcestershire.*

—————All we gain  
By grief, is but the licence to complain.

*Sir William Davenant's Elegy on B. Haselrick.*

How beautiful is sorrow, when tis dress'd  
By virgin innocence ? it makes  
Felicity in others seem deform'd.

*Sir William Davenant's Love and Honour.*

Yet both your griefs I'll chide, as ignorance;  
 Call you unthankful : for your great griefs shew  
 That heav'n has never us'd you to mischance,  
 Yet rudely you repine to feel it now.

If your contextures be so weak and nice,  
 Weep that this stormy world you ever knew :  
 You are not in those calms of paradise,  
 Where slender flow'rs as safe as cedars grew.

*Sir William Davenant's Gondibert.*

Grief's conflict, gave these hairs their silver shine ;  
 Torn ensigns which victorious age adorn :  
 Youth is a dress too garish and too fine,  
 To be in foul tempestuous weather worn.

Grief's want of use, does dang'rous weakness make ;  
 But we by use of burdens are made strong :  
 And in our practis'd age, can calmly take  
 Those sorrows, which like fevers, vex the young.

*Ibid.*

Consider sorrows, how they are aright :  
 Grief, if't be great, 'tis short ; if long, 'tis light.

*Herrick.*

For still imparted councils do encrease ;  
 And grief divided to a friend, grows less.

*Sir Robert Howard's Blind Lady.*

Why shouldst thou grieve ?——

Grief seldom join'd with blooming youth is seen ;  
 Can sorrow be, where knowledge scarce has been ?

*Sir Robert Howard's Indian Queen.*

The sharpest drugs are of the healthiest operation :  
 Oft from a cloudy morn, ensues a glorious day.

*Gilbert Swinboe's Unhappy Fair Irene.*

For grief conceal'd, like hidden fire, consumes ;  
 Which, flaming out, would call in help to quench it.

*Denham's Sophy.*

To vent my sorrows yields me no relief ;  
 He grieves but little, that can tell his grief.

*Thomas Ford.*

Believe



Believe that sorrow truest is, which lies  
Deep in the breast, not floating in the eyes.

*Bishop King.*

Sorrows speak loud without a tongue ;  
And my perplexed thoughts forbear  
To breath your selves in any ear :  
'Tis scarce a true or manly grief  
Which gads abroad to find relief.

*Ibid.*

Know henceforth that grief's vital part  
Consists in nature, not in art :  
And verses that are studied,  
Mourn for themselves, not for the dead.

*Bishop Corbet.*

That grief does far all other griefs transcend,  
Which greater grows, when trusted to a friend :  
Friendship in noble hearts would never reign,  
If friendship's duty should be friendship's pain.

*E. of Orrery's Henry V.*

Grief speaks there loudest, where the mourner's dumb.  
*Orgula.*

Grief's like a river which does silent creep,  
And makes but little noise, if it be deep.

*Dover's Roman Generals.*

You hunt our griefs, as they were hard to find,  
And study arts how to perplex yourself.

*Crown's Regulus.*

1. Can human sorrows be delights to the gods ?
2. Our sorrows are not, but our troubles may ;  
A great man vanquishing his destiny,  
Is a great spectacle worthy of the gods.

*Crown's Darius.*

S O U- L.

For how may we to other things attain,  
When none of us his own soul understands ?  
For which the devil mocks our curious brain,  
When, *know thy self*, his oracles commands.

*For*

For why should we the busy soul believe,  
 When boldly she concludes of that and this ;  
 When of herself she can no judgment give,  
 Nor how, nor whence, nor where, nor what she is ?  
 All things without, which round about we see,  
 We seek to know, and have therewith to do :  
 But that whereby we reason, live and be  
 Within ourselves, we strangers are thereto.  
 We seek to know the moving of each sphere,  
 And the strange cause o' th' ebbs and floods of Nile ;  
 But of that clock, which in our breasts we bear,  
 The subtle motions we forget the while.  
 We that acquaint ourselves with ev'ry zone,  
 And pass the tropicks, and behold each pole ;  
 When we come home, are to ourselves unknown,  
 And unacquainted still with our own soul.

*Sir John Davies.*

As is the fable of the lady fair,  
 Which for her lust was turn'd into a cow ;  
 When thirsty, to a stream she did repair,  
 And saw herself transform'd she knew not how ;  
 At first she startles, then she stands amaz'd ;  
 At last with terror she from thence doth fly,  
 And loaths the wat'ry glass wherein she gaz'd,  
 And shuns it still, altho' for thirst she die :  
 Ev'n so man's soul, which did God's image bear,  
 And was at first fair, good, and spotless pure ;  
 Since with her sins, her beauties blotted were,  
 Doth of all sights, her own sight least endure.  
 For ev'n at first reflection she espies  
 Such strange chimeras, and such monsters there,  
 Such toys, such anticks, and such vanities,  
 As she retires, and shrinks for shame and fear.

*Ibid.*

One

One thinks the soul is air ; another, fire ;  
 Another, blood diffus'd about the heart ;  
 Another saith, the elements conspire,  
 And to her essence each doth give a part.  
 Musicians think, our souls are harmonies ;  
 Physicians hold, that they complexions be ;  
 Epicures make them swarms of atomies,  
 Which do by chance into our bodies flee.

Some think one gen'ral soul fills ev'ry brain,  
 As the bright sun sheds light in ev'ry star ;  
 And others think the name of soul is vain,  
 And that we only well mix'd bodies are.

In judgment of her substance thus they vary,  
 And vary thus in judgment of her seat ;  
 For some her chair up to the brain doth carry,  
 Some sink it down into the stomach's heat.

Some place it in the root of life, the heart ;  
 Some in the liver, fountain of the veins :  
 Some say, she's all in all, and all in ev'ry part ;  
 Some say, she's not contain'd, but all contains.

Thus these great clerks their little wisdom shew,  
 While with their doctrines they at hazard play ;  
 Tossing their light opinions to and fro,  
 To mock the lewd, as learn'd in this as they.

*Sir John Davies.*

To judge herself, she must herself transcend,  
 As greater circles comprehend the less :  
 But she wants pow'r, her own pow'rs to extend,  
 As fetter'd men cannot their strength express.

*Ibid.*

The workman on his stuff his skill doth shew,  
 And yet the stuff gives not the man his skill :  
 Kings their affairs do by their servants know,  
 But order them by their own royal will :

So,

So, though this cunning mistress, and this queen,  
 Doth, as her instruments, the senses use,  
 To know all things that are felt, heard, or seen ;  
 Yet she herself doth only judge and chuse :

Ev'n as a prudent emperor, that reigns  
 By sov'reign title, over sundry lands,  
 Borrows in mean affairs, his subjects pains,  
 Sees by their eyes, and writeth by their hands ;  
 But things of weight and consequence indeed,  
 Himself doth in his chamber them debate ;  
 Where all his counsellors he doth exceed,  
 As far in judgment, as he doth in state.

*Sir John Davies.*

Doubtless in man there is a nature found,  
 Beside the senses, and above them far ;  
 Though most men b'ing in sensual pleasures drown'd,  
 It seems their souls but in their senses are.

If we had nought but sense, then only they  
 Should have sound minds, which have their senses sound ;  
 But wisdom grows, when senses do decay,  
 And folly most in quickest sense is found.

If we had nought but sense, each living wight  
 Which we call brute, would be more sharp than we ;  
 As having senses apprehensive might,  
 In a more clear and excellent degree.

*Ibid.*

If she were but the body's quality,  
 Then would she be with it sick, maim'd and blind ;  
 But we perceive, where these privations be,  
 An healthy, perfect and sharp-sighted mind.

*Ibid.*

No body can at once two forms admit,  
 Except the one the other do deface ;  
 But in the soul ten thousand forms do sit,  
 And none intrudes into her neighbour's place.

*Ibid.*

But



But how shall we this union well express ?

Nought ties the soul, her subtilty is such ;  
She moves the body, which she doth possess,  
Yet no part toucheth, but by virtue's touch.

Then dwells she not therein as in a tent,

Nor as a pilot in his ship doth sit ;  
Nor as the spider in his web is pent ;  
Nor as the wax retains the print in it ;

Nor as a vessel water doth contain ;  
Nor as one liquor in another shed ;  
Nor as the heat doth in the fire remain ;  
Nor as a voice throughout the air is spread :

But as the fair and chearful morning light,  
Doth here and there her silver beams impart,  
And in an instant doth herself unite  
To the transparent air, in all, and ev'ry part :  
Still resting whole, when blows the air divide ;  
Abiding pure, when th' air is most corrupted ;  
Throughout the air her beams dispersing wide,  
And when the air is toss'd, not interrupted :

So doth the piercing soul the body fill,  
B'ing all in all, and all in part diffus'd,  
Indivisible, incorruptible still ;  
Not forc'd, encounter'd, troubled, or confus'd.

And as the sun above, the light doth bring,  
Though we behold it in the air below ;  
So from th' eternal light the soul doth spring,  
Though in the body she her pow'rs do shew.

*Sir John Davies.*

But high perfection to the soul it brings  
T' encounter things most excellent and high ;  
For when she views the best and greatest things,  
They do not hurt, but rather clear the eye.

*Ibid.*

Our

Our bodies, ev'ry footstep that they make,  
 March towards death, until at last they dye :  
 Whether we work, or play, or sleep, or wake,  
 Our life doth pass, and with time's wings doth fly :

But to the soul, time doth perfection give,  
 And adds fresh lustre to her beauty still,  
 And makes her in eternal youth to live ;  
 Like her which nectar to the gods doth fill.

The more she lives, the more she feeds on truth ;  
 The more she feeds, her strength doth more increase ;  
 And what is strength but an effect of youth,  
 Which if time nurse, how can it ever cease ?

*Sir John Davies.*

As a cunning prince that useth spies,  
 If they return no news, doth nothing know ;  
 But if they make advertisement of lies,  
 The prince's councils all awry do go :

Ev'n so the soul to such a body knit,  
 Whose inward senses undisposed be ;  
 And to receive the forms of things unfit,  
 Where nothing is brought in, can nothing see.

*Ibid.*

Yet say these men, if all her organs die,  
 Then hath the soul no pow'r her pow'rs to use :  
 So, in a sort, her pow'rs extinct do lie,  
 When unto act she cannot them reduce.

And if her pow'rs be dead, then what is she ?  
 For since from ev'ry thing some pow'rs do spring,  
 And from those pow'rs, some acts proceeding be ;  
 Then kill both act and pow'r, and kill the thing.

Doubtless the body's death, when once it dies,  
 The instruments of sense and life doth kill ;  
 So that she cannot use those faculties,  
 Although their root rest in her substance still.

*But,*

But as, the body living, wit and will  
Can judge and chuse, without the body's aid ;  
Though on such objects they are working still,  
As through the body's organs are convey'd :

So, when the body serves her turn no more,  
And all her senses are extinct and gone ;  
She can discourse of what she learn'd before,  
In heav'nly contemplations, all alone :

So, if one man well on the lute doth play,  
And in good horsemanship, have learning skill ;  
Though both his lute and horse we take away,  
Doth he not keep his former learning still ?

He keeps it, doubtless, and can use it too ;  
And doth both th' other skills in pow'r retain ;  
And can of both the proper actions do,  
If with his lute or horse he meet again :

So though the instruments, by which we live,  
And view the world, the body's death do kill ;  
Yet with the body they shall all survive,  
And all their wonted offices fulfil.

But how, till then, shall she herself employ ?  
Her spies are dead, which brought home news before :  
What she hath got, and keeps, she may enjoy ;  
But she hath means to understand no more.

Then what do these poor souls, which nothing get ?  
Or what do those which get, and cannot keep ?  
Like buckets bottomless, which all out-let ;  
Those souls, for want of exercise, must sleep.

See how man's soul against itself doth strive !  
Why should we not have other means to know ?  
As children, while within the womb they live,  
Feed by the navel : Here they feed not so.

These

These children, if they had some use of sense,  
And should by chance their mother's talking hear,  
"That in short time they shall come forth from thence,"  
Would fear their birth, more than our death we fear:

They would cry out, "if we this place shall leave,

"Then shall we break our tender navel-strings:

"How shall we then our nourishment receive,

"Since our sweet food no other conduit brings?"

And if a man should to these babes reply,

"That into this fair world they shall be brought,

"Where they shall view the earth, the sea, the sky,

"The glorious sun, and all that God hath wrought:

"That there ten thousand dainties they shall meet,

"Which by their mouths they shall with pleasure take;

"Which shall be cordial too, as well as sweet;

"And of their little limbs, tall bodies make:"

This world they'd think a fable; ev'n as we

Do think the story of the golden age:

Or as some sensual spirits 'mongst us be,

Which hold the world to come, a feigned stage:

Yet shall these infants after find all true,

'Tho' nothing then thereof they could conceive:

As soon as they are born, the world they view,

And with their mouths, the nurser's milk receive:

So when the soul is born, for death is nought

But the soul's birth, and so we should it call,

Ten thousand things she sees beyond her thought;

And in an unknown manner, knows them all.

Then doth she see by spectacles no more,

She hears not by report of double spies;

Herself in instants doth all things explore,

For each thing's present, and before her lies.

Sir John Davies.

Think



Think of her worth, and think that God did mean  
 This worthy mind should worthy things embrace :  
 Blot not her beauties with thy thoughts unclean,  
 Nor her dishonour with thy passion base.

Sir *John Davies.*

That our souls, in reason, are immortal,  
 Their natural and proper objects prove ;  
 Which immortality and knowledge are.  
 For to that object, ever is referr'd  
 The nature of the soul ; in which the acts  
 Of her high faculties are still employ'd :  
 And that true object must her pow'rs obtain,  
 To which they are in nature's aim directed.  
 Since 'twere absurd, to have her see an object,  
 Which possibly she never can aspire.

*Chapman's Cæsar and Pompey.*

I was a scholar : Seven useful springs  
 Did I deflow'r in quotations,  
 Of cross'd opinions 'bout the soul of man ;  
 The more I learn'd, the more I learn'd to doubt ;  
 Knowledge and wit, faith's foes, turn faith about.  
 Nay, mark ; *Delight*, my spaniel, slept ; whilst I paus'd  
 leaves,

Toss'd o'er the dunces, por'd on the old print  
 Of titled words ; and still my spaniel slept.  
 Whilst I wasted lamp-oil, bated my flesh,  
 Shrunk up my veins ; and still my spaniel slept.——  
 And still I held converse with *Zabarell*,  
*Aquinas*, *Scotus*, and the musty saw  
 Of antick *Donate* ; still my spaniel slept.——  
 Still on went I, first, *an sit anima* ?  
 Then, and it were mortal ? O hold, hold,——  
 At that, they are at brain-buffets, sell by the ears  
 Amain, pell-mell together ; still my spaniel slept.——  
 Then, whether 'twere corporeal, local, fix'd,  
*Ex traduce* ? but, whether't had free-will  
 Or no ?——the philosophers ?  
 Stood banding factions, all so strongly propt,

I stagger'd ; knew not which was firmer part,  
 But thought, quoted, read, observ'd, and pryed,  
 Stuff'd noting-books, and still my spaniel slept.—  
 At length he wak'd, and yawn'd ; and by yon sky,  
 For aught I know, he knew as much as I.

*Marston's What you will.*

Let man's soul be a sphere ; and then in this  
 Th' intelligence that moves, devotion is :  
 And as the other spheres, by being grown  
 Subject to foreign motion, lose their own ;  
 And being by others hurry'd ev'ry day,  
 Scarce in a year their nat'ral form obey :  
 Pleasure or business so our souls admit  
 For their first mover, and are whirl'd by it.

*Dr. Donne.*

For bodies shall from death redeemed be,  
 Souls but preserv'd, born naturally free ;  
 As men t' our prisons now, souls t' us are sent,  
 Which learn vice there, and come in innocent.

*Ibid.*

Who is there sure he hath a soul, unless  
 It see, and judge, and follow worthiness,  
 And by deeds praise it ? He who doth not this,  
 May lodge an inmate soul, but 'tis not his.

*Ibid.*

The soul her liking eas'ly can espy  
 By sympathy, to her by heav'n assign'd  
 Through her clear windows, the well-seeing eye ;  
 Which doth convey the image to the mind,  
 Without advisement ; and can apprehend,  
 That, whose true cause man's knowledge doth transcend.

*Drayton's Pierce Garveston.*

That learned father which so firmly proves  
 The soul of man immortal and divine,  
 And doth the sev'ral offices define ;  
*Anima*, Gives her that name, as she the body moves ;

*Amor*, Then is the love embracing charity ;  
*Animus*, Moving a will in us, it is the mind,  
*Mens*, Retaining knowledge, still the same in kind ;  
*Memoria*, An intellectual, it is memory ;  
*Ratio*, in judging, reason only is her name :  
*Sensus*, in speedy apprehension it is sense ;  
*Conscientia*, in right or wrong they call her conscience ;  
*Spiritus*, the spirit, when it to God-ward doth enflame :  
 'These of the soul the sev'ral functions be.

*Drayton's Ideas.*

———— Didst thou never see  
 A lark in a cage ? Such is the soul in  
 The body : This world is like her little  
 Turf of grass, and the heav'n o'er our heads, like  
 Her looking-glass ; only gives us a mis'able  
 Knowledge of the small compass of our prison.

*Webster's Dutcheß of Malfy.*

1. That souls immortal are, I eas'ly grant :  
 'Their future state distinguish'd, joy, or pain,  
 According to the merits of this life.  
 But then I rather think, being free from prison,  
 And bodily contagion, they subsist  
 In places fit for immaterial spirits :  
 Are not transfus'd from men to beasts, from beasts  
 To men again : Wheel'd round about by change.  
 2. And were it not more cruel, to turn out  
 Poor naked souls, stripp'd of warm flesh ; like landlords,  
 Bidding them wander ? Than forsooth imagine  
 Some unknown cave or coast, or where all the myriads  
 Of souls deceas'd are slipt, and thrust together.  
 Nay, reason rather says, as at one moment,  
 Some dye, and some are born ; so may their ghosts  
 Without more cost, serve the succeeding age :  
 For sure they don't wear, to be cast aside,  
 But enter strait, less, or more noble bodies,  
 According to desert of former deeds ;  
 The valiant into lions ; coward minds

Into

Into weak hares ; th' ambitious into eagles  
Soaring aloft ; but the perverse and peevish  
Are next indenizon'd into wrinkled apes :  
Each vice and virtue wearing sev'ral shapes.

1. So, you debase the Gods most lively image,  
The human soul, and rank it with mere brutes,  
Whose life of reason void, end with their sense.

*True Trojans.*

Every soul's alike, a musical instrument,  
The faculties in all men equal strings,  
Well, or ill handled, and those sweet or harsh.

*Massinger's Very Woman.*

Philosophers who have so anxious been,  
Inquiring where the soul doth chief reside,  
Within the heart or brain ? If they had seen  
How weapons were by all the soldiers ply'd,  
The question then had been no longer scann'd ;  
They had defin'd the seat t'ave been the hand.

*Aleyn's Henry VII.*

How formless is the form of man, the soul !  
How various still, how diff'rent from itself !  
How falsely call'd queen of this little world !  
When she's a slave, and subject not alone,  
Unto the body's temp'ature, but all  
The storms of fortune.

*May's Cleopatra.*

Man's soul immortal is ; whilst here they live,  
The purest minds for perfect knowledge strive ;  
Which is the knowledge of that glorious God,  
From whom all life proceeds : In this abode  
Of flesh, the soul can never reach so high ;  
So reason tells us : If the soul then dye,  
When from the body's bonds she takes her flight,  
Her unfulfill'd desire is frustrate quite,  
And so bestow'd in vain ? It follows then,  
The best desires unto the best of men,  
The great creator did in vain dispense ;  
Or else the soul must live when gone from hence :



And if it live after the body fall,  
 What reason proves that it should dye at all ?  
 Since, not compounded as the body is,  
 And mix'd of ever-fighting contraries,  
 But one pure substance, like itself ; and may  
 By reason's rules, subsist alone for aye.  
 And though we yield, that God, who did create,  
 Can, if he please, again annihilate  
 The soul ; and nothing in that sense can be,  
 Indissoluble, save the deity ;  
 Yet souls, which in their nature do agree  
 So near with that, shall ne'er dissolved be,  
 Till they at last their wished end attain,  
 And so immortal by themselves remain.  
 True grounds, quoth he, divine philosopher :  
 Else what were virtue, or true knowledge here  
 But waking dreams ? Why more than beasts, should we  
 Oblige ourselves to laws of piety,  
 Or curb our lusts ? O why should virtue be  
 Judg'd, by the wisest, true felicity,  
 Before wealth, honour, pleasure ? Virtue here  
 Does not, alas, so beautiful appear,  
 But poor, and wretched rather ! Nor is she  
 (Unless, which in this life we do not see,  
 Some fairer substance or true form she have)  
 Ought but an empty name, or fortune's slave.  
 I'll try, since most assur'd that souls do live,  
 What laws to us the other world will give :  
 For sure the gods, 'mongst souls departed hence,  
 'Twixt good and bad will put a difference.  
 Those happy souls, that while they lived here,  
 By pure and perfect contemplation were  
 Abstracted from the body, that with true  
 Desires did oft the heav'nly beauties view,  
 Shall thither go, when they from hence are fled  
 To have their joys and knowledge perfected :  
 Within the heav'ns shall they for ever be,  
 Since here with heav'n they made affinity.

But

But those dark souls which drowned in the flesh,  
 Did never dream of future happiness ;  
 That, while they lived here, believ'd, or lov'd  
 Nothing but what the bodies taste approv'd ;  
 When they depart from hence, shall fear the sight  
 Of heav'n, nor dare t' approach that glorious light ;  
 But wander still in dismal darkness, near  
 Their bodies, whom alone they loved here.  
 Those sad, and ghastly visions, which to fight  
 Of frightened people do appear by night,  
 About the tombs and graves, where dead men lie,  
 Are such dark souls condemn'd t' accompany  
 Their bodies there ; which souls, because they be  
 Gross and corporeal, men do therefore see.

*May's Continuation of Lucan.*

Ill purchas'd life, indeed ; whose ransom craves  
 A sadder price, than price of bloodshed saves.  
 Go, learn, bad woman, what it is, how foul,  
 By gaining of a life to save a soul ?  
 The price of one soul doth exceed as far  
 A life here, as the sun in light a star.  
 Here though we live some threescore years or more ;  
 Yet we must die at last, and quit the score  
 We owe to nature : But the soul once dying,  
 Dies ever, ever ; no repurifying ;  
 No earnest sighs or groans, no intercession,  
 No cares, no penance, no too late confession  
 Can move the ear of justice, if it doom  
 A soul past cure to an infernal tomb.

*The Queen, or, The Excellency of her Sex.*

——— 'Tis true, that the souls  
 Of all men are alike ; of the same substance.  
 By the same maker into all infus'd ;  
 But yet the sev'ral matters which they work on,  
 How different they are, I need not tell you :  
 And as these outward organs give our souls  
 Or more, or less room, as they are contriv'd  
 To shew their lustre ; so again comes fortune,

And darkens them to whom the gods have giv'n  
A soul divine, and body capable  
Of that divinity and excellence.

*Rutter's Shepherd's Holiday.*

Though life, since finite, has no ill excuse

For being but in finite objects learn'd ;

Ye sure the soul was made for little use,

Unless it be in infinites concern'd.

*Sir W. Davenant's Philosopher to the Christian.*

Our souls but like unhappy strangers come

From heav'n, their country, to this world's bad coast ;

They land, then strait are backward bound for home,

And many are in storms of passion lost !

They long with danger sail through life's vext seas,

In bodies, as in vessels full of leaks ;

Walking in veins, their narrow galleries,

Shorter than walks of seamen on their decks.

*Ibid.*

Man's soul in a perpetual motion flows,

And to no outward cause that motion owes ;

And therefore that no end can overtake,

Because our minds cannot themselves forsake.

And since the matter of our soul is pure,

And simple, which no mixture can endure

Of parts, which not among themselves agree,

Therefore it never can divided be :

And nature shews, without philosophy,

What cannot be divided, cannot die.

*Denham.*

That soul, which gave me life, was seen by none ;

Yet by the actions it design'd, was known :

And though its flight no mortal eye shall see,

Yet know, for ever it the same shall be.

That soul, which can immortal glory give,

To her own virtues must for ever live.

*Ibid.*

Sure

Sure some mens souls are given 'em for plagues,  
 My soul to me, is all the plagues of *Egypt*.  
 My thoughts are frogs, and flies, and lice, and locusts.  
*Crown's Ambitious Statesman.*

## S P R I N G.

Whence is it that the air so sudden clears,  
 And all things in a moment turn so mild ?  
 Whose breath or beams, have got proud earth with child,  
 Of all the treasure that great nature's worth,  
 And makes her ev'ry minute to bring forth ?  
 How comes it winter is so quite forc'd hence,  
 And lock'd up under ground ? That ev'ry sense  
 Hath sev'ral objects ? Trees have got their heads,  
 The fields their coats ? That now the shining meads  
 Do boast the paunse, lily, and the rose :  
 And ev'ry flow'r doth laugh as *Zephyr* blows ?  
 The seas are now more even than the land :  
 The rivers run as smoothed by his hand ;  
 Only their heads are crisped by his stroke.  
 How plays the yearling, with his brow scarce broke,  
 Now in the open grass ? And frisking lambs  
 Make wanton salts about their dry-suck'd dams,  
 Who to repair their bags do rob the fields.  
 How is't each bough a sev'ral musick yields ?  
 The lusty throstle, early nightingale,  
 Accord in tune, tho' vary in their tale :  
 The chirping swallow call'd forth by the sun,  
 And crested lark doth his division run :  
 The yellow bees the air with murmur fill,  
 The finches carol, and the turtles bill.

*Johnson's Masques.*

The wanton spring lies dallying with the earth,  
 And pours fresh blood in her decayed veins.  
 Look how the new-sapp'd branches are in child  
 With tender infants ! How the sun draws out,  
 And shapes their moisture into thousand forms.



Of sprouting buds ! All things that shew or breath,  
Are now instaur'd !

*Marston's What you will.*

Now had the sun rode through his winter stage,  
And lighted at the lusty ram : The earth  
With herbs, as *Æson*, did renew her age,  
And was impregnate with a num'rous birth :  
*Flora* to ope her wardrobe did begin,  
As 'twere to deck her at her lying in.

The constellation of the winged steed  
Rising with *Sol*, attempereth the air  
To the radical humour ; and doth breed  
Blood in the sprouting veins, and sp'rits repair ;  
Soldiers in spring double their service can ;  
A man in winter is but half a man.

The speckled snake when he hath new put on  
His annual coat, with seeming triple tongue,  
Calls for the fight ; and basked in the sun,  
Is able or to give, or pay a wrong :  
But when th' earth lies like one great ball of snow,  
Alas, poor snake, what mischief can it do !

*Aleyn's Poitiers.*

Now that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost  
Her snow white robes, and now no more the frost  
Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream  
Upon the silver lake, or crystal stream ;  
But the warm sun thaws the benumbed earth,  
And makes it tender ; gives a sacred birth  
To the dead swallow ; wakes in hollow tree  
The drowsy cuckow, and the humble bee :  
Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring  
In triumph to the world, the youthful spring.  
The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,  
Welcome the coming of the long'd for May.  
Now all things smile.

*Carew.*

The

The ox which lately did for shelter fly  
 Into the stall, doth now securely lie  
 In open fields ; and love no more is made  
 By the fire side, but in the cooler shade.

*Carew.*

What a verdent weed the spring arrays  
 Fresh *Tellus* in ! how *Flora* decks the fields  
 With all her tapestry ! And the choristers  
 Of ev'ry grove chaunt carols ! Mirth is come  
 To visit mortals. Ev'ry thing is blith,  
 Jocund and jovial.

*Randolph's Jealous Lovers.*

S T A T E S M E N.

There can no king imagine aught so bad,  
 But shall find some that will perform it glad :  
 For sickness seldom doth so swiftly breed,  
 As humours ill do grow the grief to feed.

*G. Ferrers in the Mirror for Magistrates.*

When wilful princes carelessly despise  
 To hear th' oppressed people's heavy cries,  
 Nor will correct their polling thieves ; then God  
 Doth make those thieves, the reckless princes rod.

*Mirror for Magistrates.*

At what a divers price, do divers men  
 Act the same things ! another might have had  
 Perhaps the hurdle, or at least the ax,  
 For what I have this coronet, robes, and wax.  
 There is a fate, that flies with tow'ring spirits  
 Home to the mark, and never checks at conscience.  
 Poor plodding priests, and preaching fryars may make  
 Their hollow pulpits, and the empty isles  
 Of churches ring with that round word : but we  
 That draw the subtle and more piercing air,  
 In that sublimed region of a court,  
 Know all is good, we make so ; and go on,  
 Secur'd by the prosperity of our crimes.

*Johnson's Mortimer.*

— Forbear, you things,  
That stand upon the pinnacles of state,  
To boast your slipp'ry height ; when you do fall,  
You dash yourselves in pieces, ne'er to rise :  
And he that lends you pity, is not wise.

*Johnson's Sejanus.*

I will not ask, why *Cæsar* bids do this :  
But joy, that he bids me. It is the bliss  
Of courts, to be employ'd ; no matter how ;  
A prince's power makes all his actions virtue.  
We, whom he works by, are dumb instruments,  
To do, but not enquire : his great intents  
Are to be serv'd, not search'd : Yet, as that bow  
Is most in hand, whose owner best doth know  
T' affect his aims ; so let that statesman's hope  
Most use, most price, can hit his prince's scope.  
Nor must he look at what, or whom to strike,  
But loose at all ; each mark must be alike :  
Were it to plot against the same, the life  
Of one, with whom I twinn'd : remove a wife  
From my warm side, as lov'd as is the air ;  
Practice away each parent ; draw mine heir  
In compass, though but one ; work all my kin  
To swift perdition ; leave no untrain'd engine,  
For friendship, or for innocence ; nay, make  
The gods all guilty : I would undertake  
This, being impos'd me, both with gain and ease :  
The way to rise, is to obey and please.  
He that will thrive in state, he must neglect  
The trodden paths that truth and right respect ;  
And prove new, wilder ways : for virtue there,  
Is not that narrow thing, she is elsewhere ;  
Mens fortune there, is virtue ; reason their will ;  
Their licence, law ; and their observance skill.  
Occasion is their foil ; conscience their stain ;  
Profit their lustre, and what else is vair.  
If then it be the lust of *Cæsar's* pow'r  
T' have rais'd *Sejanus* up, and in an hour

O'erturn

O'erturn him, tumbling down from height of all ;  
 We are his ready engine, and his fall  
 May be our rise : it is no uncouth thing,  
 To see fresh buildings from old ruins spring.

*Johnson's Sejanus.*

He must be the organ we must work by now ;  
 Though none less apt for trust : need doth allow  
 What choice would not. I have heard, that aconite  
 B'ing timely taken, hath a healing might  
 Against the scorpion's stroke ; the proof we'll give :  
 That while too poisons wrestle we may live.  
 He hath a sp'rit too working to be us'd  
 But to th' encounter of his like : excus'd  
 Are wiser sov'reigns then, that raise one ill  
 Against another, and both safely kill.

*Ibid.*

—————As a city dame  
 Brought by her jealous husband, to the court,  
 Some elder courtiers entertaining him,  
 While others snatch a favour from his wife ;  
 One starts from this door, from that nook another  
 With gifts and junkets, and with printed phrase  
 Steal her employments ; shifting place by place  
 Still as her husband comes : so duke *Byron*  
 Was woo'd, and worship'd in the arch-duke's court :  
 And as the assistance that your majesty  
 Join'd in commission with him, or myself,  
 Or any other doubted eye appear'd,  
 He ever vanish'd : and as such a dame  
 As we compar'd with him before, being won  
 To break faith to her husband, lose her fame,  
 Stain both their progenies, and coming fresh  
 From underneath the burden of her shame,  
 Visits her husband with as chaste a brow,  
 As temperate, and confirm'd behaviour,  
 As she came quitted from confession :  
 So from his 'scapes, would he present a presence,  
 The practice of his state-adultery



And guilt, that should a graceful bosom strike,  
Drown'd in the set lake of a hopeless cheek.

*Chapman's First Part of Byron's Conspiracy.*

Thus must we do, who are enthral'd to kings;  
Whether they will, just or unlawful things.

*Daniel's Philotas.*

For they who speak but privately to kings,  
Do seldom speak the best and fittest things.

*Ibid.*

But this is still the fate of those that are

By nature or their fortunes eminent;

Who either carry'd in conceit too far,

Do work their own or others discontent,

Or else are deemed fit to be suppress'd:

Not for they are, but that they may be ill.

Since states have ever had far more unrest

By sp'rits of worth, than men of meaner skill;

And find, that those do always better prove,

Wh'are equal to employment, not above.

For self-opinion would be seen more wise,

Than present councils, customs, orders, laws:

And to the end to have them otherwise,

The commonwealth into combustion draws,

As if ordain'd t' embroil the world with wit,

As well as grossness, to dishonour it.

*Ibid.*

See how these great men cloath their private hate

In those fair colours of the publick good!

And to effect their ends, pretend the state;

As if the state by their affections stood:

And arm'd with pow'r and princes jealousies,

Will put the least conceit of discontent

Into the greatest rank of treacheries;

That no one action shall seem innocent:

Yea, valour, honour, bounty shall be made

As accessaries unto ends unjust:

And e'en the service of the state must lade

The needful't undertakings with distrust.

*Ibid.*

Who sees not, that sees aught, woe worth the while,

The easy way, that greatness hath to fall !

Environ'd with deceit, hemm'd in with guile ;

Sooth'd up in flatt'ry, fawned on of all ;

Within his own, living as in exile ;

Hears but with others ears, or not at all ;

And ev'n is made a prey unto a few,

Who lock up grace, that would to other shew.

And who, as let in lease, do farm the crown,

And 'joy the use of majesty and might ;

Whilst we hold but the shadow of our own,

Pleas'd with vain shews, and dally'd with delight :

They, as huge unproportion'd mountains grown,

Between our land and us, shadowing our light,

Bereave the rest of joy, and us of love ;

And keep down all, to keep themselves above.

Which wounds, with grief, poor unrespected zeal,

When grace holds no proportion in the parts ;

When distribution in the common-weal

Of charge and honour, due to great deserts,

Is stopt ; when others greedy hands must deal

The benefit that majesty imparts ;

What good we meant, comes gleaned home but light ;

Whilst we are robb'd of praise, they of their right.

*Daniel's Civil War.*

Nor is it so much princes weaknesses,

As the corruption of their ministers,

Whereby the commonwealth receives distress ?

For they attending their particulars,

Make imperfections their advantages,

To be themselves both kings and counsellors :

And sure this commonwealth can never take

Hurt by weak kings, but such as we do make.

*Ibid.*

And it is just, that they who make a prey

Of princes favours, in the end again

Be made a prey to princes ; and repay

The spoils of misery with greater gain :

And guilt, that should a graceful bosom strike,  
Drown'd in the set lake of a hopeless cheek.

*Chapman's First Part of Byron's Conspiracy.*

Thus must we do, who are enthral'd to kings;  
Whether they will, just or unlawful things.

*Daniel's Philotas.*

For they who speak but privately to kings,  
Do seldom speak the best and fittest things.

*Ibid.*

But this is still the fate of those that are

By nature or their fortunes eminent;

Who either carry'd in conceit too far,

Do work their own or others discontent,

Or else are deemed fit to be suppress'd:

Not for they are, but that they may be ill.

Since states have ever had far more unrest

By sp'rits of worth, than men of meaner skill;

And find, that those do always better prove,

Wh'are equal to employment, not above.

For self-opinion would be seen more wise,

Than present councils, customs, orders, laws:

And to the end to have them otherwise,

The commonwealth into combustion draws,

As if ordain'd t' embroil the world with wit,

As well as grossness, to dishonour it.

*Ibid.*

See how these great men cloath their private hate

In those fair colours of the publick good!

And to effect their ends, pretend the state;

As if the state by their affections stood:

And arm'd with pow'r and princes jealousies,

Will put the least conceit of discontent

Into the greatest rank of treacheries;

That no one action shall seem innocent:

Yea, valour, honour, bounty shall be made

As accessaries unto ends unjust:

And e'en the service of the state must lade

The needful't undertakings with distrust.

*Ibid.*

Who sees not, that sees aught, woe worth the while,

The easy way, that greatness hath to fall !

Environ'd with deceit, hemm'd in with guile ;

Sooth'd up in flatt'ry, fawned on of all ;

Within his own, living as in exile ;

Hears but with others ears, or not at all ;

And ev'n is made a prey unto a few,

Who lock up grace, that would to other shew.

And who, as let in lease, do farm the crown,

And 'joy the use of majesty and might ;

Whilst we hold but the shadow of our own,

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Whose sacrifices ever do allay  
 The wrath of men conceiv'd in their disdain :  
 For that their hatred persecuteth still  
 More than ill princes, those that make them ill.

*Daniel's Panegyrick to the King.*

But on the stage of state when one must stand  
 A publick actor plac'd in all mens sight ;  
 And swaying pow'r with an imperious hand  
 Doth hold the balance both of wrong and right :  
 Then, he for ev'ry action that is his,  
 The censure of a thousand tongues must have ;  
 Not only damn'd for doing things amiss,  
 But for not doing all, that all men crave.

*E. of Sterline's Alexandrean Tragedy.*

But where the better rules the greater part,  
 And reason only is the prince's art ;  
 There as in margents of great volum'd books,  
 The little notes, whereon the reader looks,  
 Oft aid his over-pressed memory  
 Unto the author's sense, where he would be :  
 So do true counsellours assist good kings,  
 And help their greatness on, with little things.

*Lord Brooke's Mufapha.*

For they must flatter good and evil too,  
 That under princes all alone will do.

*Lord Brooke's Alaham.*

Why thus should statesmen do,  
 That cleave thro' knots of craggy policies,  
 Use men like wedges, one strike out another ;  
 Till by degrees, the tough and knurly trunk  
 Be riv'd in funder ?

*Marston's Second Part of Antonio and Mellida.*

————— What if I got him !  
 He's but a shallow old fellow ; and to build  
 On the greatest, wisest statesman, in a design  
 Of this high daring, is most dangerous :

We

We see the tops of tall trees, not their heart ;  
To find that sound or rotten, there's the art.

*Dekker's Match me in London.*

Then daily begg'd I great monopolies,  
Taking the lands belonging to the crown ;  
Transporting all the best commodities  
Useful to *England*, needed of her own :  
And basely sold all offices, till then  
The due reward of well deserving men.

And being inconsiderately proud,  
Held all things vile that suited not my vein ;  
Nothing might pass, but that which I allow'd ;  
A great opinion to my wit to gain :  
Giving vile terms and nick names of disgrace,  
To men of great birth, and of greater place.

*Drayton's Pierce Gaveston.*

Our honest actions, and the light that breaks  
Like morning from our service, chaste and blushing,  
Is that that pulls a prince back ; then he sees,  
And not till then, truly repents his errors,  
When subjects crystal souls are glasses to him.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Valentinian.*

I now perceive the great thieves eat the less,  
And the huge leviathans of villany  
Sup up the merits, nay the men and all  
'That do them service, and spout them out again  
Into the air, as thin and unregarded  
As drops of water that are lost i'th' ocean.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's False One.*

An honest statesman to a prince,  
Is like a cedar planted by a spring ;  
The spring baths the tree's root, the grateful tree  
Rewards it with the shadow.

*Webster's Dutchess of Malfy.*

The tricks of state-moles that work under princes,  
Are at the best, but like the viper's young ;  
That howsoe'er prodigious and hurtful  
Too many open and secure passengers ;

Yet

Yet do they never live, without the death  
Of him, that first gave motion to their breath.

*Mason's Muleasses.*

A state villain must be like the wind,  
That flies unseen ; yet lifts an ocean  
Into a mountain's height, that on the sands  
Whole navys may be split in their descent.

*Ibid.*

——— We, like inferior lights  
Take life from your reflection ; for like stars  
Unto the sun, are counsellors to kings :  
He feeds their orbs with fire, and their shine  
Contend to make his glory more divine.

*Day's Humour out of Breath.*

Hard things are compass'd oft by easy means ;  
And judgment, being a gift deriv'd from heav'n,  
Though sometimes lodg'd i'th' hearts of worldly men  
That ne'er consider from whom they receive it,  
Forfakes such as abuse the giver of it :  
Which is the reason, that the politick,  
And cunning statesman, that believes he fathoms  
The councils of all kingdoms on the earth,  
Is by simplicity over-reach'd.

*Massinger's new Way to pay old Debts.*

This bile of state wears purple tiffue,  
Is high fed, proud, so is his lordship's horse ;  
And bears as rich caparisons. I know,  
This elephant carries on his back not only  
Tow'rs, castles, but the pond'rous republick ;  
And never stoops for't : with his strong breath'd trunk  
Snuffs others titles, lordships, offices,  
Wealth, bribes, and lives, under his ray'nous jaws.

*Massinger and Field's Fatal Dowry.*

You have not as good patriots shou'd do, study'd  
The publick good, but your particular ends ;  
Factious among yourselves ; preferring such  
To offices and honours, as ne'er read  
The elements of saving policy ;

But deeply skill'd in all the principles  
 That usher to destruction :  
 Your senate-house which us'd not to admit  
 A man, however popular, to stand  
 At the helm of government, whose youth was not  
 Made glorious by action ; whose experience  
 Crown'd with gray hairs, gave warrant to her counsels  
 Hand, and receiv'd with rev'rence ; is now fill'd  
 With green heads that determine of the state  
 Over their cups, or when their fated lusts  
 Afford them leisure ; or supply'd by those  
 Who rising from base arts and sordid thrift,  
 Are eminent for wealth, not for their wisdom :  
 Which is the reason, that to hold a place  
 In council, which was once esteem'd an honour,  
 And a reward for virtue, hath quite lost  
 Lustre, and reputation, and is made  
 A mercenary purchase.

*Massinger's Bondman.*

---

There is  
 A statesman, that can side with e'ery faction,  
 And yet most subtly can untwist himself,  
 When he hath wrought the business up to danger :  
 He lives within a labyrinth, some think  
 He deals with the devil, and he looks like one,  
 With a more holyday face.

*Shirley's Court Secret.*

Oh he that's active in a state, has more  
 Chain'd to him by the pow'r and strength of office,  
 Than genuine respect ; and 'tis not worth  
 Or person, but the fortunes of a statesman  
 That sometimes men adore.

*Shirley's Royal Master.*

Statesmen, like virgins, first should give denial ;  
 Experience and opportunity make the trial.

*Shirley's Bird in a Cage.*

Let dull patricians boast their airy titles,  
 And count me base, whilst I commend their lives,  
 And



And for the furtherance of my high intents,  
Make noblest men my hated instruments.

*May's Agrippina.*

Wife counsellors shine nearest to the king,  
Upon this lower orb ; as in the sky,  
*Sol* constantly is nearest *Mercury*.

*Aleyn's Henry VII.*

————— The fox refus'd  
To have the flies remov'd, which suck'd him first ;  
He knew that fresh ones would torment him worst.

*Ibid.*

And as the lower orbs are wheel'd about,  
Wrapt by the motions of the orbs above ;  
So were inferior agents soon found out,  
Which mov'd and turn'd, when he began to move :  
For 'tis observ'd, that princes sooner get  
Men for their humour, than their honour fit.

*Ibid.*

Men sweat at helm, as much as at the oar.

*Randolph's Muscs Looking-glass.*

Three tedious winters have I waited here,  
Like patient chymists blowing still the coals,  
And still expecting, when the blessed hour  
Wou'd come, shou'd make me master of  
The court elixir pow'r ; for that turns all.

*Suckling's Aglaura.*

He has inverted all the rule of state,  
Confounded policy ;  
There is some reason why a subject  
Should suffer for the errors of his prince ;  
But why a prince shou'd bear  
The faults of's ministers, none, none at all.

*Suckling's Goblins.*

I am a rogue if I do not think  
I was design'd for the helm of state :  
I am so full of nimble stratagems,  
'That I should have order'd affairs, and  
Carry'd it against the stream of a faction,

*With*

With as much ease, as a skipper  
Wou'd laver against the wind.

*Suckling's Goblins.*

Who serves his prince in what is judg'd unjust ;  
By his own law, serves not his pow'r, but lust.

*Baron.*

The lover's and the courtier's master-peice,  
And the statesman's, dissimulation is ;  
High favour and sure friendship to pretend  
To him, whose throat he'll cut, to gain his end :  
This must he do, will rise ; and then it's best  
To swear most love, when he intends it least.

*Baron's Mirza.*

The prince's favour turns to a disease  
When our ambitious greediness he feeds,  
Till it does surfeit with his love : and still  
The med'cine for that sickness we apply  
Like weapon false, not to ourselves but him,  
Who was the sword, which made the wound : and this  
State-med'cine is our seeming industry,  
When with false cares resembling false alarms,  
We him of dangers warn when none are near ;  
Whilst sutors wake, we, with our undisturb'd  
Authority, sleep safely, and at ease ;  
And, to content ourselves, the world displease.

*Sir W. Davenant's Unfortunate Lovers.*

—————The world would still  
Run swiftly round, but for you state-cripples,  
Who make it halt with your politick stops  
Of too much caution.

*Sir W. Davenant's Law against Lovers.*

Thou seest not, whilst so young and guiltless too,  
That kings mean seldom what their statesmen do ;  
Who measure not the compass of a crown  
To fit the head that wears it, but their own :  
Still hindring peace, because they stewards are,  
Without account, to that wild spender war.

*Sir W. Davenant's Siege of Rhodes.*

The

The righteous state-physicians that attend  
 On sickly kings, prescribing unto us,  
 As nature to the hungry disease of tygers  
 And of wolves; when to preserve their lives  
 They feed on all the weak submitting herd.  
 But how accurs'd would subjects be, were we  
 Not born with far more virtue, than we're taught?

*Sir W. Davenant's Fair Favourite.*

He was her father's counsellor; a man  
 Created in the dark: he walks invisibly,  
 He dwells in labyrinths, and loves silence:  
 But when he talks, his language carries more  
 Promiscuous sense, than ancient oracles:  
 So various in his shapes, that oft he is  
 Disguis'd from his own knowledge. An error  
 Much incident to human politicks,  
 Who strive to know others more than themselves.

*Sir W. Davenant's Albovine, K. of Lombardy.*

Th' ambitious statesman not himself admires  
 For what he hath, but what his pride desires;  
 Doth inwardly confess, he covets sway,  
 Because he is too haughty to obey:  
 Who yield to him, do not their reason please,  
 But hope, their patience may procure them ease;  
 How proudly glorious doth he then appear,  
 Whom even the proud envy, th' humble fear.

*Sir W. Davenant to Henry Farmin.*

Thus the court wheel goes round like fortune's ball;  
 One statesman rising on another's fall.

*Richard Brome's Queen's Exchange.*

He was not of that strain of counsellors,  
 That like a tuft of rushes in a brook,  
 Bends ev'ry way the current turns itself,  
 Yielding to ev'ry puff of appetite  
 That comes from majesty, but with true zeal  
 He faithfully declared all.

*Brewer's Love-sick King.*

1. That

1. That name I must remember, and with horror ;  
 But few have dy'd for doing,  
 What they had dy'd for, if they had not done :  
 It was the king's command, and I was only  
 Th' unhappy minister.

2. Ay, such a minister as wind to fire, +  
 That adds an accidental fierceness to  
 Its natural fury.

1. If 'twere the king's command, 'twas first thy malice  
 Commanded that command, and then obey'd it.

2. Nay, if you have resolv'd it, truth and reason  
 Are weak and idle arguments :

But let me pity thee the unhappy instrument  
 Of prince's wills, whose anger is our fate ;  
 And yet their love's more fatal than their hate.

*Denham's Sophy.*

—————My Lords,

I'll leave you now to prey upon your selves :  
 He that devours the rest, in time may be  
 A monster, more o'ergrown than e'er I was.  
 When you are low and poor, you are all friends,  
 And in one fair pretence together join ;  
 While ev'ry one conceals his own design.  
 It is your country's cause, until full grown  
 In long fought pow'r ; then it proves your own.  
 When you seem good, your crimes are not the less ;  
 Men have all new creations by success.

*Sir Robert Howard's Great Favourite.*

My thoughts must not be judg'd by these base slaves,  
 Who hang upon my fortune, not on me ;  
 Such instruments, like flatter'd princes,  
 Must never hear but of prosperity.  
 Virtue can singly stand on its own trust ;  
 But passions must depend on truth of others :  
 Our hopes of victory on mean mens valours ;  
 Ambition upon base and wretched Instruments ;  
 On womens love, more treacherous than all.

- I'll



I'll find a conquest, in a safe retreat,  
And though they rise, I'll sink to be as great.

*Sir Robert Howard's Great Favourite.*

He that seeks safety in a statesman's pity,  
May as well run a ship upon sharp rocks,  
And hope a harbour.

*Ibid.*

D'ye think that statesmens kindneses proceed  
From any principles but their own need ?  
When they're afraid, they're wondrous good and free ;  
But when they're safe, they have no memory.

*Sir Robert Howard's Vestal Virgin.*

A statesman all but int'rest may forget,  
And only ought in his own strength to trust :  
'Tis not a statesman's virtue to be just.

*E. of Orrery's Henry V.*

But fear in statesmen is the highest crime.  
Those who to empire's upper stations climb,  
Are not so useful in their being wise,  
As they may hurtful be by cowardice :  
For they, fearing to act, what they should do ;  
Make with themselves the valiant useless too.

*E. of Orrery's Mustapha.*

Ah ! had I study'd but as much to gain  
Heav'n, as this world, I had not sweat in vain :  
Instead of horrors that pursue me now,  
Immortal crowns had waited for my brow ;  
But my amazing miseries now are  
Beyond the aid of penitence and pray'r :  
'To my own idols I too long did bow,  
To put that fawning cheat on heaven now ;  
For he hath my religion understood  
To be but craft, and my devotion blood.  
My heav'n was to ascend the papal throne,  
Where to save others souls, I've lost my own.  
And now, alas ! 'twere folly to deny  
Myself the pleasure to despair and die.

May

May all great men learn by my wretched fate,  
 Never to stake their souls at games of state ;  
 For though a while perhaps they seem to win ;  
 They'll find at last, there is no cheat like fin.

*Crown's Juliana.*

I'll seem religious to be damn'dly wicked ;  
 I'll act all villany by holy shews,  
 And that for piety on fools impose :  
 Set up all faiths, that so there may be none,  
 And make religion throw religion down.  
 I will seem loyal, the more rogue to be ;  
 And ruin the king by's own authority :  
 Pretending men from tyranny to save,  
 I will the foolish cred'lous world enslave.

*Crown's Ambitious Statesman.*

S U C C E S S.

Let them call it mischief——

When it's past, and prosper'd, 'twill be virtue.  
 They're petty crimes are punish'd ; great rewarded.  
 Nor must you think of peril, since attempts  
 Begun with danger, still do end in glory ;  
 And when need spurs, despair will be call'd wisdom.  
 Less ought the care of men or fame to fright you ;  
 For they that win, do seldom receive shame  
 Of victory, howe'er it be atchiev'd ;  
 And vengeance least. For who besieg'd with wants,  
 Would stop at death, or any thing beyond it ?  
 Come, there was never any great thing yet  
 Aspired, but by violence or fraud :  
 And he that sticks for folly of a conscience,  
 To reach it, is a good religious fool.

*Johnson's Catiline.*

————— Good success

Is oft more fatal far than bad ; one winning  
 Cast from a flatt'ring die, tempting a gamelter  
 To hazard his whole fortunes.

*Chapman's Revenge for Honour.*

Shews

Shews to aspire just objects, are laid on  
 With cost, with labour, and with form enough;  
 Which only makes our best acts brook the light,  
 And their ends had, we think we have their right :  
 So worst works are made good, with good success;  
 And so for kings, pay subjects carcasses.

*Chapman's First Part of Byron's Conspiracy.*

And tho' the fortune of some age consents  
 Unto a thousand errors grossly wrought;  
 Which flourish'd over with their fair events,  
 Have pass'd for current, and good courses thought :  
 The least whereof, in other times, again  
 Most dang'rous inconveniencies have brought ;

Whilst to the time, not to mens wits, pertain  
 The good successes of ill manag'd deeds :  
 Tho' th' ignorant deceiv'd with colours vain,  
 Mifs of the causes whence this luck proceeds.  
 Foreign defects giving home-faults the way,  
 Make ev'n that weakness sometimes well succeed.

*Daniel's Musophilus.*

What suit of grace hath virtue to put on,  
 If vice shall wear as good, and do as well ?  
 If wrong, if craft, if indiscretion,  
 Act as fair parts, with ends as laudable ?

Which all this mighty volume of events,  
 The world, th' universal map of deeds,  
 Strongly controuls ; and proves from all descents,  
 That the directest courses best succeeds ;  
 When craft (wrapt still in many cumberments)  
 With all her cunning thrives not, tho' it speeds.

For should not grave and learn'd experience,  
 That looks with th' eyes of all the world beside,  
 And with all ages holds intelligence,  
 Go safer than deceit without a guide ?  
 Which in the by-paths of her diffidence,  
 Crossing the ways of right, still runs more wide.

*Ibid.*

Prosp'rous

Prosp'rous success gives blackest actions glory ;  
The means are unremembred in most story.

*Marston's Sophonisba.*

Success, like *Lethe*, to the souls in bliss,  
Makes men forget things past, and crowns our sins  
With name of valour. Be we impious,  
A *Scelus Felix* stiles us virtuous ?

*Mason's Muleassies.*

Success must follow those attempts that rise  
From a just cause, and crown the enterprize.

*Nabbs's Hannibal and Scipio.*

All's but endeavour untill perfected  
By the success, and that is fortune's only ;  
Desert shares little in it.

*Ibid.*

————— So they thrive,  
Whom fate in spight of storms hath kept alive.

*John Ford's Lover's Melancholy.*

Things that in th' period prosp'rously succeed ;  
Though cross'd before, are acted well indeed.

*Glaphthorne's Hollander.*

Things once well begun,  
Are half perform'd ; the managing an act  
With close and hidden practice, 'mongst the wise  
And politick people, brings assur'd success :  
Broad open ways the heavy snail does take,  
Whilst untrod paths best please the subtle snake.

*Glaphthorne's Albertus Wallenstein.*

Hope of reward, or one victorious field,  
Is no firm ground for any one to build.  
May ill success cloath him with discontent,  
That ballanceth the cause by the event.

*Lady Alimony.*

————— Proud success admits no probe  
Of justice to correct or square the fate,  
That bears down all as illegitimate :  
For whatsoe'er it lists to overthrow,  
It either finds it, or else makes it so.

*Cleveland,  
My*



My intent's good, O let it so succeed,  
And be auspicious still to each good deed.

*Sharpham's Flair.*

—————O, success  
Is a rare paint ! that which succeeds is good ;  
When the same action, if it fails, is naught.

*Baron's Mirza.*

All are not ill plots, that do sometimes fail ;  
Nor those false vows, which oft times don't prevail.

*Herrick.*

In tracing human story, we shall find  
The cruel more successful, than the kind.

*Sir W. Davenant's Siege of Rhodes.*

If we but prosper now, not we on fate,  
But she on us, shall for direction wait.

*Sir Robert Howard's Great Favourite.*

i. If all things by success are understood,  
Men that make war, grow wicked to be good :  
But did you vow, those that were overcome,  
And he that conquer'd, both should share one doom ?  
'There's no excuse, for one of these must be  
Not your devotion, but your cruelty.

2. To that rash stranger, sir, we nothing owe ;  
What he had rais'd, he strove to overthrow :  
'That duty lost, which should our actions guide ;  
Courage proves guilt, when merits swell to pride.

*Sir Robert Howard's Indian Queen.*

As all those sins which for a crown are done,  
Heav'n does absolve, when heav'n does put it on ;  
So all those crimes which are perform'd in love,  
Do lose that name when we successful prove.

*E. of Orrery's Black Prince.*

That's villany, that by its ill success  
Betrays a man, and into ruin throws :  
When once it gains a crown, its virtue grows.

*Crown's Second Part of Henry VI.*

It is success makes innocence a sin ;  
And there is nothing but a sword between :

If

If th' end be glorious, glorious is the way;  
They always have the cause, who have the day.

*Crown's Darius.*

## T A S T I N G.

**T**HE body's life with meats and air is fed;  
Therefore the soul does use the tasting pow'r  
In veins, which through the tongue and palate spread,  
Distinguish ev'ry relish, sweet and sow'r.

This is the body's nurse ; but since man's wit  
Found th' art of cook'ry to delight his sense,  
More bodies are consum'd and kill'd with it,  
Than with the sword, famine, or pestilence.

*Sir John Davies.*

—————Would'st delight thy taste?  
Then *Samian* peacocks, and *Ambracian* kids,  
Hens of *Numidia*, pheasants, phenicopters,  
*Tartesian* lampreys, eels of *Benacus*,  
Cockles of *Lochrine*, *Eleusinian* plaice  
Shall fill thy dish, and thousand changes more.

*Nabbs's Microcosmus.*

## T A X E S.

1. Why tribute ? why should we pay tribute ? If  
*Cæsar* can hide the sun from us with a  
Blanket, or put the moon in his pocket,  
We will pay him tribute for light ; else, sir,  
No more tribute.

2. You must know,  
Till the injurious *Romans* did extort  
This tribute from us, we were free. *Cæsar's* ambition,  
Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch  
The sides o'th' world, against all colour, here  
Did put the yoke on us ; which to shake off,  
Becomes a warlike people, which we reckon  
Ourselves to be, to do.

*Shakespeare's Cymbeline.*

Our trade is tax, comprising men, and things;  
 And draw not they mankind's wealth under kings?  
 Soothing the Tyrant, till by his excess,  
 Want makes the majesty of thrones grow less;  
 By taxing peoples vice at such a rate,  
 As to fill up a sieve, exhausts the state:  
 Lastly, so shuffling trade, law, doctrine, will,  
 As no soul shall find peace in good or ill:  
 Both being traps alike us'd, to entice  
 The weak, and humble, into prejudice.

*Lord Brooke's Mustapha.*

---

Projector, I treat first  
 Of you and your disciples; you roar out  
 All is the king's; his will's above his laws:  
 And that fit tributes are too gentle yokes  
 For his poor subjects; whisp'ring in his ear,  
 If he would have them fear, no man should dare  
 To bring a fallad from his country garden,  
 Without the paying gabell; kill a hen  
 Without excise: and that if he desire  
 To have his children, or his servants wear  
 Their heads upon their shoulders, you affirm,  
 In policy, 'tis fit the owners should  
 Pay for them by the poll: or if the prince want  
 A present sum, he may command a city's  
 Impossibilities; and for non-performance  
 Compel it to submit to any fine  
 His officers shall impose. Is this the way  
 To make our emperor happy? can the groans  
 Of his subjects yield him musick? must his thresholds  
 Be wash'd with widows and wrong'd orphans tears,  
 Or his power grow contemptible?

*Massinger's Emperor of the East.*

Study some monopoly  
 May sweep the kingdom at a stake; despise  
 A project will not bring in half the city:  
 Find out a way to forfeit all the charters;  
 Have an exchequer of your own, and keep

The

The princes round about in pension :  
 These are becoming busineses, and speak  
 An active statesman.

*Shirley's Constant Maid.*

In things a moderation keep ;  
 Kings ought to shear, not skin their sheep.

*Herrick.*

The law takes measure of us all for cloaths,  
 Diets us all, and in the sight of all,  
 To keep us from all private leagues with wealth.

*Crown's Regulus.*

T E M P E R A N C E.

————— His most trusty guide,  
 Who suffer'd not his wandering feet to slide :  
 But when strong passion, or weak fleshlinefs  
 Would from the right way seek to draw him wide,  
 He would through temperance and stedfastness,  
 Teach him the weak to strengthen, and the strong  
 suppress.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Tho' I look old, yet I am strong and lusty ;  
 For in my youth I never did apply  
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood ;  
 Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo  
 The means of weakness and debility :  
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
 Frosty, but kindly.

*Shakespeare's As you like it.*

Rewards will only crown  
 The end of a well prosecuted good.  
 Philosophy, religious solitude  
 And labour wait on temperance ; in these  
 Desire is bounded : they instruct the mind's  
 And body's actions.

*Nabbs's Microcosmus.*



Temperance,  
 She's the Physician that doth moderate  
 Desire with reason bridling appetite.

*Nabbs's Microcosmus.*

Yonder's her cave ; whose plain yet decent roof  
 Shines not with ivory or plates of gold :  
 No *Tyrian* purples cover her low couch,  
 Nor are the carv'd supporters, artists work,  
 Bought at the wealth of provinces ; she feeds not  
 On costly viands in her gluttony,  
 Wasting the spoils of conquests : from a rock  
 That weeps a running crystal she doth fill  
 Her shell-cup, and drinks sparingly.

*Ibid.*

1. Canst thou be content  
 With my poor diet too ? 2. Oh wondrous well !  
 'Twas such a diet which that happy age  
 That poets stile the golden, first did use.  
 1. And such a diet to our chests will bring  
 The golden age again. 2. Beside the gain  
 That flows upon us, health and liberty  
 Attend on these bare meals ; if all were blest  
 With such a temperance, what man would fawn,  
 Or to his belly sell his liberty ?  
 'There would be then no slaves, no scycophants  
 At great mens tables. If the base *Sarmentus*,  
 Or the vile *Galba* had been thus content,  
 'They had not born the scoffs of *Cæsar's* board.  
 He whose cheap thirst the springs and brooks can quench,  
 How many cares is he exempted from ?  
 He's not indebted to the merchants toil ;  
 Nor fears that pyrates force, or storms should rob him  
 Of rich *Canarys*, or sweet *Candyan* wines :  
 He smells, nor seeks no feasts ; but in his own  
 True strength contracted lives, and there enjoys  
 A greater freedom than the *Parthian* king.  
 Besides, pure chearful health ever attends it ;  
 Which made the former ages live so long.

With

With riotous banquets, sicknesses came in,  
 When death 'gan muster all his dismal band  
 Of pale diseases ; such as poets feign  
 Keep centinel before the gates of hell,  
 And bad them wait about the glutton's tables ;  
 Whom they, like venom'd pills, in sweetest wines  
 Deceived swallow down, and hasten on  
 What most they would eschew, untimely death.  
 But from our tables here, no painful surfeits,  
 No fed diseases grow, to strangle nature,  
 And suffocate the active brain ; no fevers,  
 No apoplexies, palsies or catarrhs  
 Are here ; where nature not entic'd at all  
 With such a dang'rous bait as pleasant cates,  
 Takes in no more than she can govern well.

*May's Old Couple.*

Temp'rate in what does needy life preserve,  
 As those whose bodies wait upon their minds ;  
 Chast as those minds which not their bodies serve ;  
 Ready as pilots wak'd with sudden winds.

*Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

He, who the rules of temperance neglects,  
 From a good cause may produce vile effects.

*Tuke's Adventures of Five Hours.*

T E M P T A T I O N.

1. Save your honour.

2. From thee ; ev'n from thy virtue.

What's this ? what's this ? is this her fault, or mine ?

The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most ?

Not she ; nor doth she tempt ; but it is I,

That lying by the violet in the sun,

Do as the carrion does, not as the flow'r,

Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,

That modesty, may more betray our sense,

Than woman's lightness ? having waste ground enough,

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,

And pitch our evils there ? oh fie, fie, fie !

What dost thou ? or what art thou, *Angelo* ?

K 4

Dost

Dost thou desire her foully, for those things  
 That make her good ? oh, let her brother live !  
 Thieves for their robb'ry have authority,  
 When judges steal themselves. What ? do I love her,  
 That I desire to hear her speak again ?  
 And feast upon her eyes ? what is't I dream on ?  
 Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a faint,  
 With saints dost bait thy hook ! most dangerous  
 Is that temptation that doth goad us on  
 To sin, in loving virtue : never could the strumpet,  
 With all her double vigour, art and nature,  
 Once stir my temper ; but this virtuous maid  
 Subdues me quite : ever till now,  
 When men were fond, I smil'd ; and wonder'd how,

*Shakespeare's Measure for Measure.*

This is woman, who well knows her strength,  
 And trims her beauty forth in blushing pride,  
 To draw, as doth the wanton morning sun  
 The eyes of men to gaze : but mark their natures,  
 And from their cradles you shall see them take  
 Delight in making babies, devising christ'nings,  
 Bidding of gossips, calling to up-sittings,  
 And then to festivals, and solemn churchings ;  
 In imitation of the wanton ends,  
 Their riper years will aim at. But go further,  
 And look upon the very mother of mischief,  
 Who as her daughters ripen, and do bud  
 Their youthful spring, straight she instructs them how  
 To set a gloss on beauty, add a lustre  
 To the defect of nature ; how to use  
 The mystery of painting, curling, powd'ring,  
 And with strange perriwigs, pin-knots, borderings,  
 To deck them up like to a vintner's bush,  
 For men to gaze at on a midsummer-night.  
 This done, they are instructed by like art,  
 How to give entertainment and keep distance  
 With all their suitors, friends, and favourites ;  
 When to deny, and when to feed their hopes ;

Now

Now to draw on, and then again put off;  
 To frown and smile; to weep and laugh outright,  
 All in a breath, and all to train poor man  
 Into his ruin: nay, by art they know  
 How to form all their gesture; how to add  
 A *Venus* mole on ev'ry wanton cheek;  
 To make a grateful dimple when she laughs:  
 And, if her teeth be bad, to lisp and simper,  
 Thereby to hide that imperfection:  
 And these once learn'd, what wants the tempter now,  
 To snare the stoutest champion of men?  
 Therefore, grave judges, let me thus conclude,  
 Man tempts not woman, woman doth him delude.

*Sweetnam the Woman Hater.*

Thou hast virtue to secure all; I am confident  
 Temptations will shake thy innocence  
 No more, than waves, that climb a rock, which soon  
 Betray their weakness; and discover thee,  
 More clear and more impregnable.

*Shirley's Hide-Park.*

What a frail thing is man! it is not worth  
 Our glory to be chaste, while we deny  
 Mirth and converse with women: He is good,  
 That dares the tempter, yet corrects his blood.

*Shirley's Lady of Pleasure.*

Let me, tho' late, yet at the last begin  
 To shun the least temptation to a sin;  
 Though to be tempted be no sin, untill  
 Man to th' alluring object gives his will.

*Herrick.*

She who will run so near the brink of sin,  
 If strongly push'd, is sure to tumble in.

*Crown's Married Beau.*

T I M E.

For that which might by secret means hath wrought,  
 By tract of time to open shew is brought.

*Mirror for Magistrates.*



The time is out of joint; oh cursed spight!  
That ever I was born to set it right.

*Shakespear's Hamlet.*

For he is but a bastard to the time,  
That doth not smack of observation.

*Shakespear's King John.*

Time travels in divers paces, with divers persons;  
I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time  
Trots withal, who time gallops withal,  
And who he stands still withal.

2. Prithee whom doth he trot withal?

1. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between  
The contract of her marriage, and the day  
It is solemniz'd; if the interim  
Be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard,  
That it seems the length of seven years.

2. Who ambles time withal?

1. With a priest that lacks *Latin*,  
And with a rich man that hath not the gout;  
For th' one sleeps easily, 'cause he cannot study;  
And th' other lives merrily, 'cause he feels no pain:  
'The one lacking the burthen of lean and  
Wasteful learning; the other knowing no  
Burthen of heavy tedious penury.

2. Whom doth he gallop withal?

1. With a thief to the gallows:  
For though he goes as softly as foot can fall,  
He thinks himself too soon there.

2. Whom stays it still withal?

1. With the lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep  
Between term and term, and then they perceive  
Not how time moves.

*Shakespear's As you like it.*

It is an argument the times are fore  
When virtue cannot safely be advanc'd,  
Nor vice reprov'd.

*Johnson's Sejanus.*

Altho' the cause seem'd right, and title strong,  
The time of doing it, yet makes it wrong.

*Daniel's Civil War.*

Injurious time, unto the good unjust ;  
 Oh how may weak posterity suppose  
 Ever to have their merit from the dust,  
 'Gainst them thy partiality that knows !  
 To thy report, O who shall ever trust !  
 Triumphant arches building unto those  
 Allow'd the longest memory to have,  
 That were the most unworthy of a grave !

*Drayton in the Mirror for Magistrates.*

Men rail at *Jove*, and sigh for *Saturn's* time,  
 And to the present, ages past prefer ;  
 Then burden would the gods with ev'ry crime,  
 And damn the heav'ns, where only earth doth err.

*E. of Sterline's Julius Cæsar.*

Ripe I yet am not to destroy succession,  
 The vice of other kingdoms, give him time :  
 The fates without me, can make no progression ;  
 By me alone, ev'n truth doth fall or climb :  
 The instant petty webs, without me spun,  
 Untimely ended be, as they begun.

*Lord Brooke's Mustapha.*

Daughter of heaven am I, but God, none greater ;  
 Pure like my parents, life and death of action,  
 Author of ill success to ev'ry creature,  
 Whose pride against my periods make a faction :  
 With me who go along, rise while they be ;  
 Nothing of mine respects eternity.

*Ibid.*

I bring the truth to light, detect the ill ;  
 My native greatness scorneth bounded ways ;  
 Untimely pow'r, a few days ruin will ;  
 Yea, worth it self falls, till I list to raise.  
 The earth is mine ; of earthly things the care  
 I leave to men, that like them, earthy are.

*Ibid.*

Time hath several falls,  
 Grievs lift up joys, feasts put down funerals.

*Tourneur's Revenger's Tragedy.*

Old time will end our story ;

But no time, if we end well, will end our glory.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Sea Voyage.*

He cuts the green tufts off th' enamel'd plain,  
And with his scythe hath many a summer shorn  
The plow'd lands lab'ring with a crop of corn :  
Who from the cloud-clipt mountains by his stroke  
Fells down the lofty pine, the cedar, oak :  
He opes the flood gates, as occasion is,  
Sometimes on that man's land, sometimes on this.  
He had a being, ere there was a birth ;  
And shall not cease, untill the sea and earth :  
And what they both contain, shall cease to be ;  
Nothing confines him but eternity.  
By him the names of good men ever live,  
Which short liv'd men unto oblivion give :  
And in forgetfulness he lets him fall,  
'That is no other man than natural :  
'Tis he alone that rightly can discover,  
Who is the true, and who the feigned lover.

*Brown's Pastorals.*

Time is the moth of nature, devours all beauty.

*Shirley's Humorous Courtier.*

The ancient times what is the best do shew ;  
The modern teach what is most fit to do.

*Aleyn's Poeticals.*

Time flows from instants, and of these, each one  
Should be esteem'd, as if it were alone :  
The shortest space, which we so highly prize  
When it is coming, and before our eyes,  
Let it but slide into th' eternal main,  
No realms, no worlds can purchase it again :  
Remembrance only makes the footsteps last,  
When winged time, which fixt the prints is past.

*Sir John Beaumont.*

Weep no more for what is past ;  
For time in motion makes such haste

He

He hath no leisure to descry  
Those errors, which he passeth by.

Sir *W. Davenant's Cruel Brother.*

——— Time lays his hand  
On pyramids of brass, and ruins quite  
What all the fond artificers did think  
Immortal workmanship; he sends his worms  
To books, to old records, and they devour  
Th' inscriptions. He loves ingratitude,  
For he destroy'd the memory of man.

*Ibid.*

Our time consumes like smoke, and posts away;  
Nor can we treasure up a month or day.  
The sand within the transitory glass  
Doth hast, and so our silent minutes pass.  
Consider how the ling'ring hour-glass sends  
Sand after sand, untill the stock it spends.  
Year after year we do consume away;  
Untill our debt to nature we do pay.  
Old age is full of grief; the life of man,  
If we consider, is but like a span  
Stretch'd from a swollen hand: the more extent  
It is by strength, the more the pains augment:  
Desire not to live long, but to live well;  
How long we live, not years, but actions tell.

*Watkins.*

T I T L E S.

Now does he feel his title  
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe  
Upon a dwarfish thief.

*Shakespeare's Macbeth.*

Thou wert the first, mad'st merit know her strength,  
And those that lack'd it, to suspect at length,  
'Twas not entail'd on titles; that some word  
Might be found out as good, and not my lord.  
That nature no such difference had impress'd  
In men, but ev'ry bravest was the best:  
That blood not minds, but minds did blood adorn,  
And to live great, was better, than great born.



These were thy knowing arts : which who doth now  
 Virtuouſly practice, muſt at leaſt allow  
 Them in, if not, from thee ; or muſt commit  
 A deſp'rate ſolœciſm in truth and wit

*Johnson's Epigrams.*

Man is a name of honour for a king ;  
 Additions take away from each chief thing.

*Chapman's Buſſy D'ambois.*

Where titles preſume to thruſt before fit  
 Means to ſecond them, wealth and reſpect  
 Often grow ſullen, and will not follow.

*Chapman Johnson and Marſton's Eaſtward Hoe.*

What tho' he hath no title ? He hath might :  
 That makes a title, where there is no right.

*Daniel's Civil War.*

He that above the ſtate of man will ſtrain  
 His ſtile, and will not be that which we are ;  
 Not only us contemns, but doth diſdain  
 The gods themſelves, with whom he would compare.

*Ibid.*

After me, let none whom greatneſs throwds,  
 Truſt tumid titles, nor oſtentive ſhews,  
 Sails ſwol'n with winds ; whiſt emulating clouds,  
 That which puffs up, oft at the laſt o'erthrowds.

*E. of Sterline's Cræſus.*

All tranſitory titles I deteſt,  
 A virtuous life I mean to boaſt alone ;  
 Our births our fires, our virtues be our own.

*Drayton's Legend of Matilda.*

That height and god-like purity of mind  
 Reſteth not ſtill, where titles moſt adorn,  
 With any, nor peculiarly confin'd  
 To names, and to be limited doth ſcorn :  
 Man doth the moſt degenerate from kind ;  
 Richeſt and pooreſt both alike are born ;  
 And to be always pertinently good,  
 Follows not ſtill the greatneſs of our blood.

*Drayton in the Mirror for Magiſtrates.*

— Theſe

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These are lords  
That have bought titles. Men may merchandize  
Wares, ay, and traffick all commodities  
From sea to sea, ay, and from shore to shore :  
But in my thoughts, of all things that are sold ;  
'Tis pity honour should be bought for gold ;  
It cuts off all desert.

*Heywood's Royal King.*

We all are soldiers, and all venture lives :  
And where there is no diff'rence in mens worths,  
Titles are jests.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's King or no King.*

I look down upon him  
With such contempt and scorn, as on my slave ;  
He's a name only, and all good in him  
He must derive from his great grandfire's ashes :  
For had not their victorious acts bequeath'd  
His titles to him, and wrote on his forehead,  
'This is a lord—he had liv'd unobserv'd  
By any man of mark, and dy'd as one  
Amongst the common rout.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Custum of the Country.*

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How dejectedly  
The baser spirit of our present time  
Hath cast itself below the ancient worth  
Of our fore-fathers ! from whose noble deeds  
Ignobly we derive our pedigrees.

*Tourneur's Atheist's Tragedy.*

Are you in love with title ?  
I will have a herald, whose continual practice ?  
Is all in pedigree, come a wooing to you,  
Or an antiquary in old buskins.

*Webster's Devil's Law Case.*

Am I not emperor ? men call me so :  
A rev'rend title, empty attributes,  
And a long page of words follow my name,  
But no substantial true prerogative.

*Goffe's Raging Turk.*  
—If

————— If that titles  
 Or the adorned name of queen could take me,  
 Here would I fix mine eyes and look no farther:  
 But these are baits to take a mean born lady,  
 Not her that boldly may call *Cæsar* father:  
 In that, I can bring honour unto any,  
 But from no king that lives, receive addition  
 To raise desert and virtue by my fortune;  
 Though in a low estate 'twere greater glory,  
 Than to mix greatness with a prince, that owes  
 No worth but that name only.

*Massinger and Dekker's Virgin Martyr.*

————— Poor windy titles  
 Of dignity and offices, that puff up  
 The bubble pride, 'till it swell big, and burst:  
 What are they but brave nothings? toys, call'd honours,  
 Make them on whom they are bestow'd, no better  
 Than glorious slaves, the servants of the vulgar.

*Randolph's Muses Looking-Glass.*

————— Brush off  
 'This honour'd dust that soils your company;  
 This thing, whom nature carelessly obtruded  
 Upon the world, to teach, that pride and folly  
 Makes titular greatness the envy but  
 Of fools, the wise man's pity.

*Habbington's Queen of Arragon.*

————— I'll disinvest  
 Myself of all; additions can but swell  
 Our pride, not virtue up; my ancestors  
 Have left me rich enough in title to  
 Your friendship.

*Sicily and Naples.*

1. Thy blood runs high; there's not one purple stream  
 Cas'd in these azure veins, but is deriv'd  
 From the spring of princely ancestry; and thou art  
 The wealthy storehouse of their fortunes too.
2. 'Las! what are these, but what the owner makes them?  
 Of themselves nothing, only as we use them,

Are

Are good or bad, a blessing or a curse :

1. But then their virtues, by a thrifty providence,  
Are all sum'd up in thy blest self, and make thee  
A happiness, which if enjoy'd, must be  
Bestow'd by gift, because above all purchase.

*Sicily and Naples.*

Had my birth but been

As free from height as from ambition,  
I might have slept under a silent roof,  
And eat securely of a country feast ;  
Bound to no ceremonious paths of state,  
Nor forc'd to torture mine affections,  
Or chain them till they starve, to some deform'd  
Remedy of love ; and change our lives content  
For a bare title : that forsooth must come  
To edge a line of words, and make our names swell  
To fill th' ambitious thirst of greedy age.

*Jones's Adrastra.*

No future titles swell'd him ; in his fight,  
The worthy man seem'd greater than the knight :  
True honour he to merit chain'd, and found  
Desert the title gives, kings but the found.

*Lleuellin.*

To pow'r, adoption makes thy title good ;  
Preferring worth, as birth gives princes place ;  
And virtue's claim exceeds the right of blood, ;  
As soul's extraction does the body's race.

*Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

I learned to admire goodness ; that  
Gives the distinction to men ; without  
This, I behold them but as pictures, which  
Are flourish'd with a pencil, to supply  
The absence of inward worth, their titles  
Like landskips gracing them only far off.

*Sir W. Davenant's Siege.*

Princes may easily pay their debts, when  
They enforce their creditors to buy titles  
And places too, at their own rates.

*Sir W. Davenant's Albion.*



—————Honours, mighty fir,  
When they meet fortunes, are supports to thrones ;  
But join'd to poverty, are the shakers of it :  
And wasting crowns sink with such deep consumptions.

*Sir Robert Howard's Great Favourite.*

A fool indeed, has great need of a title.  
It teaches men to call him count and duke,  
And to forget his proper name of fool.

*Crown's Ambitious Statesman.*

1. Have you no titles and distinctions there ?  
2. Only what merit makes, we mind not blood,  
Nor a vain title floating on that stream ;  
Only great actions there beget great sounds.  
Your high sprung blood in *Sparta* will be lost ;  
I mean all your precedency of birth :  
You must give place to aged matrons there,  
Whose greatest riches are their silver hair.

*Crown's Regulus.*

Oh ! we with specious names ourselves deceive,  
And solid joys for empty titles leave.

*Crown's Second Part of the Destruction of Jerusalem.*

T R A V E L.

1. Have you been a traveller ?  
2. My lord, I have added to my knowledge the *Low*  
*Countrys,*

*France, Spain, Germany and Italy ;*  
And tho' small gain of profit I did find,  
Yet it did please my eye, content my mind.

1. What do you think of the several *States,*  
And princes courts as you have travell'd ?  
2. My lord, no court with *England* may compare,  
Neither for state, nor civil government :  
Lust dwells in *France*, in *Italy*, and *Spain*,  
From the poor peasant, to the prince's train ;  
In *Germany*, and *Holland*, riot serves ;  
And he that most can drink, most he deserves :  
*England* I praise not, for I here was born,  
But that she laughs the others unto scorn.

*Shakespear's Cromwell.*

A traveller ! by my faith, you have great  
Great reason to be sad : I fear you have  
Sold your own lands, to see other mens ;  
Then, to have seen much, and to have nothing,  
Is to have rich eyes, and poor hands.

2. Yes, I have gain'd my experience. 1. And your  
experience

Makes you sad : I had rather have a fool  
To make me merry, than experience  
To make me sad, and travel for it too.  
Farewell, *Monsieur* traveller ; look you lisp,  
And wear strange suites ; disable all the benefits  
Of your own country, be out of love with your  
Nativity, and almost chide God for  
Making you that countenance you are ;  
Or I'll scarce think you have swam in a gondola.

*Shakespear's As you like it.*

1. Some few particulars I have set down,  
Only for this meridian ; fit to be known  
Of your crude traveller.  
First, for your garb, it must be grave and serious,  
Very reserv'd and lockt ; not tell a secret  
On any terms, not to your father ; scarce  
A fable, but with caution ; make sure choice  
Both of your company and discourse ; beware  
You never speak a truth—2. How! 1. Not to strangers?  
For those be they you must converse with most :  
Others I would not know sir, but at distance,  
So as I still might be a savor in 'em :  
You shall have tricks else past upon you hourly :  
And then for your religion, profess none,  
But wonder at the diversity of them all ;  
And for your part, protest, were there no other  
But simply the laws o'th' land, you could content you.

*Johnson's Volpone.*

Sir, to a wise man all the world's his soil :  
It is not *Italy*, nor *France*, nor *Europe*,  
That must bound me, if my fates call me forth.

Yet,

Yet, I protest, it is no salt desire  
 Of seeing countries, shifting a religion,  
 Nor any disaffection to the state  
 Where I was bred, and unto which I owe  
 My dearest plots, hath brought me out ; much less  
 That idle, antick, stale, grey-headed project  
 Of knowing mens minds and manners, with *Ulysses* ;  
 But a peculiar humour of my wive's,  
 Laid for this height of *Venice*, to observe,  
 To quote, to learn the language, and so forth——  
 I hope you travel sir, with licence ?——

*Johnson's Volpone.*

—— These same travellers,  
 That can live any where, make jests of any thing,  
 And cast so far from home, for nothing else,  
 But to learn how they may cast off their friends.

*Chapman's Monsieur d'Olive.*

This is that *Colax*, that from foreign lands,  
 Hath brought home that infection, that undoes  
 His country's goodness, and impoisons all ;  
 His being abroad would mar us quite at home.  
 'Tis strange to see, that by his going out,  
 He hath outgone that native honesty,  
 Which here the breeding of his country gave.

*Daniel's Arcadia.*

Some travel hence, t' enrich their minds with skill,  
 Leave here their good, and bring home others ill ;  
 Which seem to like all countries but their own,  
 Affecting most, where they the least are known,  
 Their leg, their thigh, their back, their neck, their head,  
 As they had been in sev'ral countries bred ;  
 In their attire, their gesture, and their gait,  
 Found in each one, in all *italionate* ;  
 So well in all deformity in fashion,  
 Borrowing a limb of ev'ry sev'ral nation ;  
 And nothing more than *England* hold in scorn,  
 So live as strangers where as they were born.

But

But thy return in this I do not read,  
Thou art a perfect gentleman indeed.

*Drayton's Lady Geraldine to the E. of Surrey.*  
He travels best, that knows when to return.

*Middleton's Phoenix.*

We have thought good and meet by the consent  
Of these our nobles, to move you toward travel,  
The better to approve you to yourself,  
And give you apter power, foundation :  
To see affections actually presented  
Ev'n by those men that own them, yield more profit,  
Ay more content, than singly to read of them,  
Since love or fear, make writers partial :  
The good and free example which you find  
In other countries, match it with your own ;  
The ill to shame the ill ; which will in time,  
Fully instruct you how to set in frame,  
A kingdom all in pieces.

*Ibid.*

This is a traveller, sir ; knows men and  
Manners, and has plow'd up the sea so far  
Till both the poles have knock'd ; has seen the sun  
Take coach, and can distinguish the colour  
Of his horses, and their kinds, and had a  
*Flanders Mare* leap'd there.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady.*

Travell'd he should be, but through himself exactly ;  
For 'tis fairer to know manners well, than countries.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Wild Goose Chase.*

You shall find his travel has not stop'd him  
As you suppose, nor alter'd any freedom,  
But made him far more clear and excellent :  
It drains the grossness of the understanding,  
And renders active and industrious spirits:  
He that knows mens manners, must of necessity  
Best know his own, and mend those by example :  
Tis a dull thing to travel like a mill-horse,  
Still in the place he was born in, round and blinded.

*Living*



Living at home is like it : pure and strong spirits  
 That like the fire still covet to fly upward,  
 And to give fire as take it, cas'd up, and mew'd here,  
 I mean at home, like lusty mettled horses,  
 Only ty'd up in stables to please their masters,  
 Beat out their fiery lives in their own litters.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Queen of Corinth.*

1. How have thy travels  
 Disburthen'd thee abroad of discontents ?
2. Such cure as sick men find in changing beds,  
 I found in change of airs ; the fancy flatter'd  
 My hopes with ease, as theirs do, but the grief  
 Is still the same.

*John Ford's Lover's Melancholy.*

1. I'll freely speak as I have found :  
 In *Spain* you lose experience ; 'tis a climate  
 Too hot to nourish arts ; the nation proud,  
 And in their pride unfociable ; the court  
 More pliable to glorify it self  
 Than do a stranger grace : if you intend  
 'To traffick like a merchant, 'twere a place  
 Might better much your trade ; but as for me  
 I soon took surfeit of it.
2. What for *France* ?
1. *France* I more praise and love ; you are, my lord,  
 Yourself for horsemanship much fam'd, and there  
 You shall have many proofs to shew your skill ;  
 The *French* are passing courtly, ripe of wit,  
 Kind, but extreme dissemblers. You shall have  
 A *Frenchman* ducking lower than your knee,  
 At th' instant mocking ev'n your very shoe-tyes :  
 'To give the country due, it is on earth  
 A paradise ; and if you can neglect  
 Your own appropriaments, but praising that  
 In others, wherein you excel yourself,  
 You shall be much belov'd there.
2. *England* ?
1. I'll tell you what I found there ; men as neat,

As courtly as the *French*, but in condition  
Quite opposite : put the case that you my lord  
Could be more rare on horseback than you are,  
If there, as there are many, one excell'd  
You in your art, as much as you do others,  
Yet will the *English* think, their own is nothing  
Compar'd with you, a stranger ; in their habits  
They are not more fantastick, than uncertain :  
In short, their fare, abundance, manhood, beauty,  
No nation can disparage but it self.

*John Ford's Love's Sacrifice.*

Why sir, do gallants travel ?

Answer that question ; but that at their return  
With wonder to the hearers, to discourse of  
The garb and difference in foreign females.  
As the lusty girl of *France*, the sober *German*,  
The plump *Dutch* froe, the stately dame of *Spain*,  
The *Roman* libertine, and spritful *Tuscan*,  
The merry *Greek*, *Venetian* courtezan,  
The *English* fair complexion, that learns something  
From every nation, and will flie at all.

*Massinger's Guardian.*

Hearken ye gallants that will cross the seas,  
And are industrious for a new disease ;  
If you would needs be gadding, and despise  
For foreign toys, our home bred rarities,  
Take this example with you ; if you go,  
Travel not from religion. Why, although  
You never touch at *Rome*, or else perchance  
You scarce see *Spain*, and glean but part of *France*,  
You may be weary, think your travel great.

*Gomerfall.*

What angle of the earth must be my grave?  
The sea and sun have bounds, and know their course,  
The sons of men have none :  
Limiteless he wanders the foreign desarts,  
And begets more wonders every hour.

*Knave in Grain.*

—You

————— You have begun,  
 Taught travell'd youth, what 'tis it should have done :  
 For't has indeed too strong a custom been,  
 To carry out more wit, than we bring in.

*Suckling.*

What need I travel, since I may  
 More choicer wonders here survey?  
 What need I *Tyre* for purple seek ;  
 When I may find it in a cheek ?  
 Or sack the eastern shores ; there lies  
 More precious diamonds in her eyes ?  
 What need I dig *Peru* for ore,  
 When ev'ry hair of hers yields more ?  
 Or toil for gums in *India*,  
 Since she can breath more rich than they ?  
 Or ransack *Africk*, there will be  
 On either hand more ivory ?  
 But look within, all virtues that  
 Each nation would appropriate,  
 And with the glory of them rest,  
 And in this map at large exprest ;  
 That, who would travel, here might know  
 'The little world in folio.

*Cleveland.*

He foreign countries knew, but they were known  
 Not for themselves, but to advance his own :  
 As merchants trade i'th' *Indies*, not live there,  
 Traffick abroad, but land their prizes here.

*Lluellin.*

By's travels, he could make the sun appear,  
 A young and unexperienc'd traveller.

*Sir William Davenant on Colonel Goring.*

Misguided travellers that rove.  
 Oft find their way by going somewhat back.

*Sir William Davenant's Gondibert.*

*These*

If fir, said he, we heedlessly pass by

Great towns, like birds that from the country come  
But to be scar'd, and on to forests fly ;

Let's be no travell'd fools, but roost at home.

I see, reply'd his friend, you nothing lack

Of what is painful, curious, and discreet

In travellers ; else would you not look back,

So often, to observe this house and street :

Drawing your city map with coaster's care,

Not only marking where soft channels run,

But where the shelves and rocks, and dangers are ;

To teach weak strangers what they ought to shun.

*Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

Thou art a right traveller ;

An old acquaintance in every town

Abroad, and a new stranger still at home.

*Sir W. Davenant's Fair Favourite.*

Man is a stranger to himself, and knows

Nothing so naturally as his woes ;

He loves to travel countries, and confer

The sides of Heav'n's vast diameter ;

Delights to sit in *Nile*, or *Thetis* lap,

Before he hath sail'd over his own map ;

By which means he returns, his travel spent,

Less knowing of himself than when he went.

Who knowledge hunt, kept under foreign locks,

May bring home wit to hold a paradox ;

Yet be fools still. Therefore might I advise,

I would inform the soul before the eyes :

Make man into his proper opticks look,

And so become the student and the book.

*Bishop King.*

All travellers these heavy judgments hear,

A handsome hostess makes a reck'ning dear.

*Ibid.*



## T R E A S O N.

Thou art a Traytor and a miscreant ;  
 Too good to be so, and too bad to live ;  
 Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,  
 The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.

*Shakespeare's King Richard II.*

It is not possible, it cannot be,  
 The king should keep his word in loving us ;  
 He will suspect us still, and find a time  
 To punish this offence in other faults :  
 Suspicion, all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes ;  
 For treason is but trusted like a fox,  
 Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,  
 Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.  
 Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,  
 Interpretation will misquote our looks ;  
 And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,  
 The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.

*Shakespeare's First Part of K Henry IV.*

Treason and murder ever kept together,  
 As two yolk-devils sworn to either's purpose :  
 Working so grossly in a natural cause,  
 That admiration did not whoop at them.  
 But thou, 'gainst all propotion, didst bring in  
 Wonder to wait on treason, and on murder :  
 And whatsoever cunning fiend it was,  
 That wrought upon thee so prepost'rously,  
 Hath got the voice in hell for excellence :  
 And other devils, that suggest by treasons,  
 Do botch and bungle up damnation,  
 With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd  
 From glist'ring semblances of piety :  
 But he that tempted thee, bad thee stand up ;  
 Gave thee no instance why thou should'st do treason,  
 Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.

*Shakespeare's King Henry V.*

Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep ;  
 And in his simple shew he harbours treason.

The

The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb.

*Shakespear's Second Part of King Henry VI.*

He that stands up 'gainst traitors, and their ends,  
Shall need a double guard of law, and friends :  
Especially in such an envious state,  
That sooner will accuse the magistrate,  
Than the delinquent ; and will rather grieve  
The treason is not acted, than believe.

*Johnson's Catiline.*

————— If they be ill men,  
They're mighty ones ; and we must so provide,  
That while we take one head from this foul Hydra,  
There spring not twenty more.

*Ibid.*

————— Should we take,  
Of such a swarm of Traytors, only him,  
Our cares and fears might seem a while reliev'd ;  
But the main peril would bide still inclos'd  
Deep in the veins and bowels of the state :  
As human bodies labouring with fevers,  
While they are tost with heat, if they do take  
Cold water, seem for that short space much eas'd,  
But afterward are ten times more afflicted.

*Ibid.*

What ministers men must for practice use !  
The rash, th' ambitious, needy, desperate,  
Foolish, and wretched, ev'n the dregs of mankind,  
To whores and women ! still it must be so ;  
Each have their proper place, and in their rooms  
They are the best : grooms fittest kindle fires ;  
Slaves carry burdens, butchers are for slaughters,  
Apothecaries, butlers, cooks, for poison ;  
As these for me,

*Ibid.*

For his thoughts they brake not into deeds ;  
Time was the cause, not will : the mind's free act  
In treason, still is judg'd as th' outward fact.

*Chapman's Second Part of Byron's Conspiracy.*

'Treason hath blister'd heels ; dishonest things  
Have bitter rivers, though delicious springs.

*Chapman's Second Part of Byron's Conspiracy.*

For treason taken ere the birth, doth come  
Abortive, and her womb is made the tomb.

*Daniel's Philotas.*

Treason affords a privilege to none ;  
Who like offends, hath punishment all one.

*Ibid.*

What need have *Alexander* so to strive,

By all these shews<sup>2</sup> of form, to find this man  
Guilty of treason, when he doth contrive

To have him so adjudg'd ? do what he can,  
He must not be acquit, tho' he be clear :  
Th' offender, not the offence, is punish'd here.  
And what avails the fore-condemn'd to speak ?  
However strong his cause, his state is weak.

2. Ah, but it satisfies the world ; and we  
Think that well done, which done by law we see :

1. And yet your law serves but your private ends,  
And to the compass of your pow'r extends.

*Ibid.*

When darts invisible do fly,  
A slave may kill a lion in the eye.

*Dekker's Match me in London.*

Treason, like spiders weaving nets for flies,  
By her foul work is found, and in it dies.

*Webster's White Devil.*

However you are tainted, be no traytor ;  
Time may outwear the first, the last lives ever.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Valentinian.*

Foreign attempts against a state and kingdom,  
Are seldom without some great friends at home.

*John Ford's Perkin Warbeck.*

————— Were my breast  
Transparent, and my thoughts to be discern'd,  
Not one spot shall be found to taint the candour  
Of my allegiance. And I must be bold

To

To tell you, fir, for he that knows no guilt  
Can know no fear, 'tis tyranny t' o'ercharge  
An honest man, and such till now I've liv'd,  
And such my lord will die.

*Massinger's Great Duke of Florence.*

—————Take heed,  
Treason's a race that must be run with speed.

*Goffe's Raging Turk.*

This treason is a kind of a quotidian,  
It leaves a man no interval.

*Shirley's Court Secret.*

He's safe in the king's bosom, who keeps warm  
A serpent, till he find a time to gnaw  
Out his preserver.

*Shirley's Politician.*

1. I have some faction; the people love me,  
They gain'd to us, we'll fall upon the court.

2. Unless *Demetrius* yield himself, he bleeds.

1. Who dares call treason sin, when it succeeds?

*Shirley's Coronation.*

'The seeds of treason choak up as they spring;  
He acts the crime, that gives it cherishing.

*Herrick.*

—————Treasons are acted,  
As soon as thought; though they are ne'er believ'd,  
Until they come to act.

*Denham's Sophy.*

For active treason must be doing still,  
Lest she unlearn her art of doing ill.

*Lluellin.*

There's no suspicion of my treason. Nothing  
To holy villany! am I a saint, or not?  
The saint and devil differ in men so little.  
Those open bare-fac'd mortals look as simply  
As naked dogs, or new-thorn sheep, expos'd  
To th' injuries and scorn of all mankind;  
While I, like visiting angels, kill unseen.



Here I lie round, and close as sleeping serpents :  
He that treads on me, feels, before he sees me.

*Fane's Sacrifice.*

Victorious princes, traitors do disdain,  
Though by their treason they do profit gain.

*Fane's Love in the Dark.*

If I had us'd this fool to sin, I might  
Have lodg'd my treason in his brawny head,  
As safe as poison in an asse's hoof.

*Crown's Ambitious Statesman.*

And could the traytors find no fitter time,  
But this, the more to aggravate their crime ?  
When heav'n abandons a declining king,  
Rebellion then grows a religious thing :  
Though on heav'n's party they devoutly fight,  
To whom all kings must bow their sovereign right ;  
And this with vulgar heads succeeds so well,  
Success seems heav'n's commission to rebel.

*Crown's Charles the VIIIth of France.*

T R U T H.

Foul is the fault, though ne'er so quaint the skill,  
That conceals truth to lessen any ill.

*Mirror for Magistrates.*

Thy truth is measur'd by thy fortune,  
And thou art judg'd unfaithful, because thou  
Art unhappy.

*Lilly's Endimion.*

The seat of truth is in our secret hearts,  
Not in the tongue, which falsehood oft imparts.

*Brandon's Octavia.*

What ! gone without a word ?  
Ay, so true Love should do ; it cannot speak :  
For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

*Shakespeare's Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

The truth you speak, doth lack some gentleness,  
And time to speak it in : you rub the sore,  
When you should bring the plaister..

*Shakespeare's Tempest*  
This

This above all, to thine own self be true ;  
 And it must follow, as the night the day,  
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.

*Shakespeare's Hamlet.*

The dignity of truth, is lost  
 With much protesting.

*Johnson's Catiline.*

Upon her head she wears a crown of stars,  
 'Through which her orient hair waves to her waist,  
 By which, believing mortals hold her fast,  
 And in those golden cords are carry'd even,  
 Till with her breath she blows them up to heaven.  
 She wears a robe enchas'd with eagles eyes,  
 To signify her fight in mysteries ;  
 Upon each shoulder sits a milk-white dove,  
 And at her feet do wily serpents move :  
 Her spacious arms do reach from east to west,  
 And you may see her heart shine through her breast :  
 Her right hand holds a sun with burning rays,  
 Her left a curious bunch of golden keys ;  
 With which heav'n's gates she locketh, and displays :  
 A crystal mirror hanging at her breast,  
 By which mens consciences are search'd, and drest :  
 On her coach-wheels hypocrisy lies rack'd,  
 And squint-ey'd slander, with vain glory back'd ;  
 Her bright eyes burn to dust ; in which shines fate :  
 An angel ushers her triumphant gait ;  
 Whilst with her fingers fans of stars she twists,  
 And with them beats back error, clad in mists :  
 Eternal unity behind her shines ;  
 That fire, and water, earth and air combines.  
 Her voice is like a trumpet, loud and shrill ;  
 Which bids all sounds in earth, and heav'n be still.

*Johnson's Masques.*

—————Thy impartial words  
 Are the brave falcons that dare truss a fowl  
 Much greater than themselves ; flatterers are kites,

That check at sparrows : thou shall be my eagle,  
And bear my thunder underneath thy wings :  
Truth's words like jewels, hang in th' ears of kings.

*Chapman's Buffy D'ambois.*

Truth's pace is all upright, sound ev'ry where ;  
And like a die, sets ever on a square.

*Chapman's Widow's Tears.*

Though love be past, yet truth should still remain ;

I virtuous parts ev'n in my foes applaud :

A gallant mind doth greater glory gain,

To dye with honour, than to live by fraud.

*E. of Sterline's Alexandrian Tragedy.*

The truth, to suffer force of tyranny,

From his enforced father's jealousy :

Who utters this, is to his prince a traytor :

Who keeps this, guilty is ; his life is ruth,

And dying lives, ever denying truth.

Thus hath the fancy-law of pow'r ordain'd,

That who betrays it most, is most esteem'd :

Who saith it is betray'd, is traytor deem'd.

*Lord Brooke's Mustapha.*

Who measures hopes, and losses by the truth,

Goes ever naked in this world of might.

*Lord Brooke's Alabam.*

He is an adorer of chaste truth,

And speaks religiously of ev'ry man :

He will not trust obscure traditions,

Or faith implicit, but concludes of things

Within his own clear knowledge : what he says,

You may believe, and pawn your soul upon't,

*Shirley's Example.*

Time's daughter will appear, although she blush

To shew her nakedness.

*Nabbs's Unfortunate Mother.*

'Twixt truth and error, there's this diff'rence known,

Error is fruitful, truth is only one.

*Herrick.*

True

True to himself and others ; with whom both  
Did bind alike, a promise and an oath.

*Cartwright.*

As flattery too oft like friendship shews,  
So them who speak plain truth, we think our foes.

*Denham.*

Vice for a time may shine, and virtue sigh ;  
But truth like heav'n's sun plainly doth reveal,  
And scourge or crown, what darkness did conceal.

*Davenport's City-Nightcap.*

————— Oh truth,  
Thou art, whilst tenant in a noble breast,  
A crown of crystal in an iv'ry chest !

*Davenport's King John and Matilda.*

Truth is not seen by judgments prepossest,  
No more than light by eyes with rheum opprest.

*Fane's Sacrifice.*

T Y R A N T S.

The courts of kings with sycophants do swarm ;  
Tyrants do want no instruments of harm.

*Mirror for Magistrates.*

Hell halleth tyrants down to death amain ;  
Was never yet, nor shall be, cruel deed  
Left unrewarded with as cruel meed.

*Mirror for Magistrates.*

They have supple knees, sleek'd brows, but hearts of gall :  
The bitterness shall be wash'd off with blood ;  
Tyrants swim safest in a crystal flood.

*Marloe's Lust's Dominion.*

I knew him tyrannous ; and tyrants fears  
Decrease not, but grow faster than their years.

*Shakespeare's Pericles.*

Why should *Cæsar* be a tyrant then ?  
Poor man ! I know he wou'd not be a wolf,  
But that he sees the *Romans* are but sheep ;  
He were no lion, were not *Romans* hinds.

*Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar.*



\_\_\_\_\_ Tyrants arts,  
Are to give flatt'ers grace ; accusers, pow'r ;  
'That those may seem to kill, whom they devour.

*Johnson's Sejanus.*

Woe be to that state,  
Where treach'ry guards, and ruin makes men great !

*Chapman's Revenge of Buffy D'ambois.*

Th' aspirer once attain'd unto the top,  
Cuts off those means by which himself got up :

And with a harder hand, and straighter rein,  
Doth curb that looseness he did find before ;  
Doubting th' occasion like might serve again :  
His own example makes him fear the more.

*Daniel's Civil War.*

Of Tyrants ev'n the wrong revenge affords ;  
All fear but theirs, and they fear all mens swords.

*E. of Sterline's Julius Cæsar.*

The people who by force subdu'd remain,  
May pity those by whom oppress'd they rest ;  
They but one tyrant have, whereas there reign  
A thousand tyrants, in one tyrant's breast.

*Ibid.*

Thus tyranny, their brood whose courage fails,  
Doth force the parent in despair to fall ;  
To fight a dastard ; proud when it prevails,  
But yet, as fear'd of all, doth still fear all :  
And tyrants no security can find,  
For ev'ry shadow frights a guilty mind.

*E. of Sterline's Cræsus.*

Tyrants! why swell you thus against your makers ?  
Is rais'd equality so soon grown wild ?  
Dare you deprive your people of succession,  
Which thrones, and scepters, on their freedoms build ?  
Have fear, or love, in greatness no impression ?  
Since people who did raise you to the crown,  
Are ladders standing still to let you down.

*Lord Brocke's Mustapha.*  
Even

Even tyrants covet to uphold their fame;  
Not fearing evil deeds, but evil name.

Lord Brooke's *Muſtapha*.

For dreadful is that pow'r that all may do;  
Yet they, that all men fear, are fearful too.

*Ibid.*

Men would be tyrants, tyrants would be gods;  
Thus they become our ſcourges, we their rods.

Lord Brooke of *Wars*.

All fence the tree, that ſerveth for a ſhade,  
Whofe big-grown body doth bear off the wind,  
Till that his waſtful branches do invade  
The new-ſprung plants, and them in priſon bind;  
When as a tyrant to his weaker made,  
And as a vile devourer of his kind,  
All lend their hands at his large root to hew,  
Whofe greatneſs hind'reth others that would grow.

Drayton's *Barons Wars*.

————— Alas,  
What in a man ſequeſter'd from the world,  
Or in a private perſon, is preferr'd,  
No policy allows of in a king!  
To be or juſt, or thankful, makes kings guilty;  
And faith, though prais'd, is puniſh'd, that ſupports  
Such as good fate forſakes. Join with the gods,  
Obſerve the man they favour, leave the wretched;  
The ſtars are not more diſtant from the earth,  
Than profit is from honeſty; all the pow'r,  
Prerogative, and greatneſs of a prince,  
Is loſt, if he deſcend once but to ſteer  
His courſe, as what's right guides him: let him leave  
The ſcepter, that ſtrives only to be good,  
Since kingdoms are maintain'd, by force and blood.

Beaumont and Fletcher's *False One*.

I leave not thy blade unſheath'd; a tyrant's heart  
To his own ſword a ſcabbard ſhould impart.

*True Trojans*.

————— A tyrant's growth  
 Rear'd up by ruins, thence may learn his fall :  
 For whom all fear, he justly feareth all.

*True Trojans.*

————— For tyrants seldom dye  
 Of a dry death ; it waiteth at their gate,  
 Drest in the colour of their robes of state.

*Aleyn's Henry VII.*

Good kings are mourn'd for after life, but ill,  
 And such as govern'd only by their will,  
 And not their reason, unlamented fall :  
 No good mens tears shed at their funeral.

*Massinger's Roman Actor.*

Learn by my harms to eschew tyranny ;  
 It was thy dying father's legacy,  
 And shall be mine too ; and I leave thee more  
 In that, than in my splendid wreath of ore :  
 For cruel acts, in them, their torments have ;  
 Guilt on our souls, blots on our names they leave.

*Baron's Mirza.*

'Twixt kings and tyrants there's this diff'rence known,  
 Kings seek their subjects good, tyrants their own.

*Herrick.*

————— Fear no slain ;  
 A tyrant's blood doth wash the hand that spills it.

*Cartwright's Siege.*

Tyrants and devils think all pleasures vain,  
 But what are still deriv'd from others pain.

*Sir William Davenant's Siege of Rhodes.*

For this to tyranny belongs,  
 'To forget service, but remember wrongs.

*Denham's Sophy.*

All the ambitious for the throne would fight,  
 For where none has the title, all have right :  
 Thus whilst we cast a bloody tyrant down  
 By blood, we raise another to the crown.  
 'Tis this, 'tis this, which chiefly frightens me,  
 We may change tyrants, not the tyranny :

*Where*

Where force is title, force must make it good ;  
And who comes in by arms, must reign by blood.

Earl of Orrery's *Tryphon*.

When heav'n admits a tyrant to a throne,  
'Tis but from vaster heights to cast him down ;  
'To do it, whilst he's climbing, would appear  
A less revenge, than being seated there :  
And since such guilt does most the gods incense,  
The punishment should equal the offence.

*Ibid.*

For *Rome* has had a long succession  
Of state usurpers ; when this *Hydra's* head  
Is cut away, another may bud forth :  
Pray heav'n, we have no cause, with that old beldam  
Of *Syracusa*, in our fruitless wishes,  
To dig our ancient tyrants up again.

*Marcus Tullius Cicero.*

1. While glorious murderers  
Destroy mankind, to form a tyranny,  
We'll destroy tyranny, to form mankind.
2. 'Tis true ; how cruel is it and unjust,  
Whole nations should in sorrow live and die,  
That one great lion may his lust enjoy ?

*Crown's Darius.*

## V A L O U R.

LET me make men know  
More valour in me, than my habits shew.

*Shakespeare's Cymbeline.*

For valour wins applause,  
That dares but to maintain the weaker cause.

*Johnson's Masques.*

————— It is the law  
Of daring : not to do a wrong, is true  
Valour ; flight it, being done to you.

To



To know the heads of danger ; where 'tis fit  
To bend, to break, provoke, or suffer it :  
All this is valour !

*Johnson's Underwoods.*

1. What is true valour ?

2. It is the greatest virtue, and the safety  
Of all mankind ; the object of it's danger.  
A certain mean 'twixt fear and confidence ;  
No inconfid'rate rashness, or vain appetite  
Of false encountering formidable things,  
But a true science of distinguishing  
What's good or evil. It springs out of reason,  
And tends to perfect honesty, the scope  
Is always honour, and the publick good :  
It is no valour for a private cause.

1. No, not for reputation ?

2. That's man's idol,

Set up 'gainst God, the maker of all laws,  
Who hath commanded us we should not kill ;  
And yet we say, we must for reputation.  
What honest man can either fear his own,  
Or else will hurt another's reputation ?  
Fear, to do base unworthy things, is valour ;  
If they be done to us, to suffer them,  
Is valour too. The office of a man  
That's truly valiant, is considerable  
Three ways ; the first is in respect of matter,  
Which still is danger ; in respect of form,  
Wherein he must preserve his dignity ;  
And in the end, which must be ever lawful.

1. But men, when they are heated, and in passion,  
Cannot consider. 2. Then it is not valour.

I never thought an angry person valiant :  
Virtue is never aided by a vice.

What need is there of anger, and of tumult,  
When reason can do the same things, or more ?

1. O yes, 'tis profitable, and of use,  
It makes us fierce, and fit to undertake.

2. Why, so will drink make us both bold and rash,

Or phrensy if you will ; do these make men valiant ?  
 They are poor helps, and virtue needs them not.  
 No man is valianter by being angry,  
 But he that could not valiant be without:  
 So that it comes not in the aid of virtue,  
 But in the stead of it. 1. He holds the right.  
 2. And 'tis an odious kind of remedy,  
 'To owe our health to a disease.

*Johnson's New Inn.*

1. Be not angry valiant ?
2. How does that differ from true valour ?

1. Thus.

It is the efficient, or that which makes it :  
 For it proceeds from passion, not from judgment :  
 Then true beasts have it, wicked persons : there  
 It differs in the subject ; in the form,  
 'Tis carry'd rashly, and with violence ;  
 Then in the end, where it respects not truth,  
 Or publick honesty, but meer revenge.  
 Now confident, and undertaking valour,  
 Sways from the true, two other ways ; as being  
 A trust in our own faculties, skill, or strength,  
 And not the right, or conscience of the cause,  
 That works it : then in the end, which is the  
 Victory, and not the honour.

2. But the ignorant valour,  
 That knows not why it undertakes, but doth it  
 T' escape the infamy meerly ? —————

1. It is worst of all :

That valour lies in th' eyes of the lookers on,  
 And is call'd valour with a witness. 2. Right.

1. The things true valour's exercis'd about,  
 Are poverty, restraint, captivity,  
 Banishment, loss of children, long disease :  
 The least is death. Here valour is beheld ;  
 Properly seen ; about these, it is present,  
 Not trivial things, which but require our confidence :  
 And, yet to those, we must object ourselves,

Only

Only for honesty : if any other  
 Respect be mixt, we quite put out her light.  
 And as all knowledge, when it is remov'd,  
 Or separate from justice, is call'd craft,  
 Rather than wisdom : so a mind affecting,  
 Or undertaking dangers for ambition,  
 Or any self-pretext, not for the publick,  
 Deserves the name of daring, not of valour ;  
 And over-daring is as great a vice,  
 As over-fearing. 2. Yes, and often greater.  
 1. But as it is not the meer punishment,  
 But cause, that makes a martyr ; so it is not  
 Fighting or dying, but the manner of it  
 Renders a man himself. A valiant man  
 Ought not to undergo, or tempt a danger,  
 But worthily, and by selected ways,  
 He undertakes with reason, not by chance.  
 His valour is the salt t' his other virtues,  
 They're all unseason'd without it : The waiting-maids,  
 Or the concomitants of it, are his patience,  
 His magnanimity, his confidence,  
 His constancy, security, and quiet :  
 He can assure himself against all rumour ;  
 Despairs of nothing ; laughs at contumelies ;  
 As knowing himself advanced in a height  
 Where injury cannot reach him, nor aspersion  
 Touch him with foyle !

*Johnson's New Inn.*

He is shot-free, in battle is not hurt,  
 Not he that is not hit : So he is valiant,  
 That yields not unto wrongs, not he that scapes them.

*Johnson's New Inn.*

And thus we see, where valour most doth vaunt,  
 What 'tis to make a coward valiant.

*Chapman's Revenge of Buffy D'ambois.*

It seems the coldness of declining age,  
 Hath kill'd thy courage with a frost of fears.

*E. of Sterline's Darius.*

—— Then

—————Then shines valour,  
And admiration from her fix'd sphere draws,  
When it comes burnish'd with a righteous cause.

*Middleton and Rowley's Fair Quarrel.*

Virtue to valour hath this gift assign'd,  
Great men may dye, yet deeds still rest in mind.

*Goffe's Couragious Turk.*

Befall what will: in midst of horrors noise,  
And crackling flames, when all is lost, we'll dye  
With weapons in our hands, and victory scorn:  
There's none that dye so poor, as they were born.

*True Trojans.*

*Mars* would have thought, had *Mars* his actions seen,  
Himself the transumpt, this the pattern been.

*Aleyn's Henry VII.*

Remove those lets which did his valour stay;  
Streams have self-motions, take the dams away.

*Aleyn's Poitiers.*

And now my fancy sees great *Edward* rise

*Mars* his enthusiast; his actions were  
Raptures of valour, and deep extasies

Of man above himself: for drawing here  
His spirits from their matter, 'passed more  
Himself, than he surpass'd the world before.

He on the stage of *Aquitain* did play

That part, which none beside can personate:  
In ev'ry course, or found, or made a way,

And prostrates as infallible as fate:  
Like to death's harbinger his passage made,  
And there death lodged, where he lodg'd his blade.

*Ibid.*

—————Thus noble causes

Put fire into the spirits of full men:

Though sometimes seeming valour may arise  
Through lust, or wine, from hateful cowardice.

*Nabbs's Covent-Garden.*

Who



Who may do most, does least: the bravest will  
Shew mercy there, where they have pow'r to kill.

*Herrick.*

When fortune, honour, life, and all's in doubt,  
Bravely to dare, is bravely to get out.

*Suckling's Aglaura.*

In envy of thy hopes they hither came,  
And envy, men in war, ambition name,  
Ambition, valour: but 'tis valour's shame,  
When envy feeds it more than noble fame.

*Sir W. Davenant's Madagascar.*

Most to himself, his valour fatal was,  
Whose glories oft to others dreadful are;  
So comets, though suppos'd destruction's cause,  
But waste themselves to make their gazers fear.

*Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

His courage, like to powder, carelessly  
Laid up, is in continual danger  
Of ev'ry accidental spark that may  
Inkindle it to ruin.

*Sir W. Davenant's Distresses.*

That courage which the vain for valour take,  
Who proudly danger seek for glory's sake,  
Is impudence; and what they rashly do,  
Has no excuse, but that 'tis madness too:  
Yet, when confin'd, it reaches valour's name,  
Which seeks fair virtue, and is met by fame:  
It weighs the cause, ere it attempts the fact,  
And bravely dares forbear, as well as act:  
It would reclaim much rather than subdue;  
And would the chacers, not the chac'd pursue:  
Would rather hide success, than seek applause,  
And though of strength secur'd, yet trusts the cause:  
And all the aid of strength it measures too,  
Not by the acts it did, or still can do,  
But passively, by what it well endures:  
This noble valour is, and this is yours.

*Sir W. Davenant to the E. of Orrery.*  
And

And taught us, all assaults, all ills to bear,  
Is not to fly from danger, but from fear.

*Lluellin.*

Courage, in great distress, can only aid,  
But fear, of what should help, will be afraid.

*Sir Robert Howard's Vestal Virgin.*

Who bears a manlike soul, or valiant breast,  
Provokes not dangers to disturb his rest :  
Nor is so prodigal on ev'ry cause  
Too light, to spend his strength, but when the laws  
The true religion, or his country's good  
Crave his assistance, freely spills his blood.  
To cast away our lives denotes a fear ;  
Who throws not off that life he cannot bear ?  
*Cato* or *Cassius* scarce deserv'd a room  
In fame, and virtue groan'd to raise their tomb :  
We might more justly praise to *Otho* lend,  
Who liv'd a woman, like a man did end.

*Dancer.*

Brave men scorn death, but yet they value life ;  
Because their lives are useful to the world.

*Crown's Darius.*

Never contemn thy self ; he who will have  
Fortune or women love him, must be brave.

*Crown's Second Part of the Destruction of Jerusalem.*

V E R T U E

With state and greatness, virtue seldom dwells ;  
State fosters pride, pride all good grace expells.

*Mirror for Magistrates.*

Fair fall the steps, that happily do end  
Their course, begun in virtue's painful race ;  
Many begin that steep hill to ascend,  
Where virtue dwells ; but few do find such grace  
As not to faint, ere they attain that place.

*Ibid.*

Virtue itself turns vice, b'ing misapply'd ;  
And vice sometime by action's dignify'd.

*Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet.*

Forgive

Forgive me this my virtue ;  
 For, in the fatness of these purfy times,  
 Vertue it self of vice must pardon beg,  
 Yea, courb, and woove, for leave to do it good.

*Shakespear's Hamlet.*

————— Vertues forces  
 Shew ever noblest in conspicuous courses.

*Johnson's Sejanus.*

Happen what there can, I will be just;  
 My Fortune may forsake me, not my vertue:  
 That shall go with me, and before me still,  
 And glad me doing well, though I hear ill.

*Johnson's Catiline.*

Heroick vertue sinks not under length  
 Of years, or ages, but is still the same,  
 While he preserves, as when he got good fame.

*Johnson's Masques.*

As nothing equals right to vertue done,  
 So is her wrong past all comparison:  
 Vertue is not malicious ; wrong done her,  
 Is righted ever, when men grant they err.

*Chapman's Monsieur d' Olive.*

Tho' vertue be the same, when low she stands  
 In th' humble shadows of obscurity,  
 As when she either sweats in martial bands,  
 Or sits in court clad with authority ;  
 Yet, madam, doth the strictness of her room,  
 Greatly detract from her ability :  
 For, as inwall'd within a living tomb,  
 Her hands and arms of action labour not ;  
 Her thoughts, as if abortive from the womb,  
 Come never born, tho' happily begot :  
 But where she hath, mounted in open sight,  
 An eminent and spacious dwelling got,  
 Where she may stir at will, and use her might,  
 There is she more herself, and more her own ;  
 There in the fair attire of honour dight,  
 She sits at ease, and makes her glory known.

Applause

Applause attends her hands, her deeds have grace :

Her worth, new born, is straight as if fully grown.  
With such a godly and respected face

Doth virtue look, that's set to look from high ;  
And such a fair advantage by her place  
Hath state and greatness to do worthily.

*Daniel to the Countess of Bedford.*

A worthy mind needs never to repent,  
The suff'ring crosses for an honest cause.  
Whilst trav'ling now with a contented mind,  
The memory of this my fancy feeds ;  
Though to great states their periods are assign'd,  
Time cannot make a prey of vertuous deeds.

*E. of Sterline's Cræsus.*

Vertue, those that can behold thy beauties,  
Those that suck, from their youth, thy milk of goodness,  
Their minds grow strong against the storms of fortune ;  
And stand, like rocks, in winter gulls unshaken ;  
Not with the blindness of desire forsaken.

*Lord Brooke's Mustapha.*

States may afflict, tax, torture, but our minds  
Are only sworn to *Jove* : I grieve, and yet am proud  
That I alone am honest ; high powers ! ye know,  
Vertue is seldom seen with troops to go.

*Marston's Sophonisba.*

Man's wit doth build, for time but to devour ;  
But vertue's free from time and fortune's pow'r.

*Drayton's Jane Grey, to Gilford Dudley.*

Others, whom we call vertuous, are not so  
In their whole substance ; but their virtues grow  
But in their humour, and at seasons shew.

For when, through tasteless flat humility  
In dough-bak'd man, some harmlessneis we see,  
'Tis but his phlegm that's vertuous, and not he :



So is the blood sometimes ; who ever ran  
 To danger unimportun'd, he was then  
 No better than a sanguine vertuous man :  
 So cloyster'd men, who in pretence of fear,  
 All contributions to this life forbear,  
 Have virtue in melancholy, and only there.  
 Spiritual cholerick criticks, which in all  
 Religions find faults, and forgive no fall,  
 Have, thro' this zeal, virtue but in their gall.  
 We're thus but parcel gilt ; to gold we're grown,  
 When virtue is our soul's complexion :  
 Who knows his virtue's name or place, hath none.  
 Virtue's but aguish, when 'tis several,  
 By occasion wak'd and circumstantial ;  
 True virtue's soul, always in all deeds all.

*Dr. Donne.*

Extraordinary virtues, when they soar  
 Too high a pitch for common sight to judge of,  
 Losing their proper splendor, are condemn'd  
 For most remarkable vices.

*Massinger's Unnatural Combat.*

Titles may set a gloss upon our name,  
 But virtue only is the soul of fame.

*Shirley's Coronation.*

Each must, in virtue, strive for to excell ;  
 That man lives twice, who lives the first life well.

*Herrick.*

What though he nor rewards, nor knows my pain ?  
 In virtuous acts the very doing's gain.

*Baron.*

To honour virtue, is to set it forth.

*Ibid.*

Virtue's no virtue whilst it lives secure ;  
 When difficulty waits on't, then 'tis pure.

*John Quarles to Baron.*

Black-side, long put, or standing opposite,  
 Doth use to add more lustre unto white :

A

A pearl shines brighter in a negroe's ear :  
 Some ladies look more fair who patches wear :  
 So vice, if counterplac'd, or seated near,  
 Makes vertue shew more lovely, strong, and clear.

*Howell.*

For vertue, though a rarely planted flow'r,  
 Was in the seed by this wise florist known ;  
 Who could foretel, ev'n in her springing hour,  
 What colours she shall wear when fully blown.

*Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

Vertue's defensive armour must be strong,  
 To 'scape the merry, and malicious tongue.

*Sir W. Davenant's Law against Lovers.*

The frowns of heav'n are to the vertuous, like  
 Those thick dark clouds, which wandring seamen spy,  
 And often shew the long expected land  
 Is near.

*Sir W. Davenant's Unfortunate Lovers.*

Fate hath done mankind wrong ; vertue may aim  
 Reward of conscience, never can of fame.

*Edward Hyde, (E. of Clarendon,) on Dr. Donne's Death.*

Vertue doth man to vertuous actions steer ;  
 'Tis not enough that he should vice forbear.

*Denham.*

Whilst passion holds the helm, reason and honour  
 Do suffer wrack ; but they sail safe, and clear,  
 Who constantly by vertue's compass steer.

*Davenant's King John and Matilda.*

'Tis not to vertue that you now resort,  
 If it wants strength, its own self to support ;  
 'Tis only sin not suff'ring that it fears,  
 It grows the stronger, the more weight it bears.

*E. of Orrery's Black Prince.*

Ye gods ! to what must I hereafter trust ;  
 Since you destroy me but for being just ?  
 If you of vertue only will admit,  
 Why am I ruin'd for pursuing it ?

*E. of Orrery's Tryphon.*

*The*

The consul's lost ! dreadful reverse of fate !  
 It over-turns my reason, makes me doubt  
 If virtue ough to have regard from men,  
 Since it has none from heaven.

*Crown's Regulus.*

'The gods in vain, plant vertue here below ;  
 It ripens not by any sun, or time :  
 'This world for virtue is too cold a clime.

*Crown's Calisto.*

### V I C I S S I T U D E.

For what is it on earth,  
 Nay under heav'n, continues at a stay ?  
 Ebbs not the sea, when it hath overflown ?  
 Follows not darkness, when the day is gone ?  
 And see we not sometimes the eye of heav'n  
 Dimm'd with o'er flying clouds ? there's not that work  
 Of careful nature, or of cunning art,  
 How strong, how beauteous, or how rich it be,  
 But falls in time to ruin.

*Shakespear's Sir John Oldcastle.*

'Though land tarry in your heirs, some forty,  
 Fifty descents, the longer liver at last yet  
 Must thrust them out of it ; if no quirk in law,  
 Or odd vice oi their own not do it first.  
 We see those changes, daily : the fair lands,  
 That were the clients, are the lawyers, now :  
 And those rich mannors, there, of good-man *Taylors*,  
 Had once more wood upon them, than the yard  
 By which they were measur'd for the last purchase.  
 Nature hath these vicissitudes, she makes  
 No man a state of perpetuity.

*Johnson's Devil's an Ass.*

Ev'n like some empty creek, that long hath lain  
 Left or neglected of the river by,  
 Whose searching sides pleas'd with a wand'ring vein,  
 Finding some little way that close did lie,  
 Steal in at first, then other streams again  
 Second the first, then more than all supply ;

'Till

'Till all the mighty main hath borne at last  
 The glory of his chiefest pow'r that way ;  
 Plying this new found pleasant room so fast,  
 'Till all be full, and all be at a stay :  
 And then about, and back again doth cast,  
 Leaving that full to fall another way :

So fares this hum'rous world ; that ever more  
 Wrapt with the current of a present course,  
 Runs into that which lay contemn'd before ;  
 Then glutted, leaves the same, and falls t' a worse :  
 Now zeal holds all, no life but to adore ;  
 The cold in spir't and faith is of no force.

Straight all that holy was, unhallow'd lies,  
 The scatter'd carcasses of ruin'd vows ;  
 Then truth is false, and now hath blindness eyes ;  
 Then zeal trusts all, now scarcely what it knows ;  
 That evermore too foolish or too wise,  
 It fatal is to be seduc'd with shews.

*Daniel's Musophilus.*

Thus doth the ever-changing course of things  
 Run a perpetual circle, ever turning ;  
 And that same day, that highest glory brings,  
 Brings us unto the point of back-returning.

*Daniel's Cleopatra.*

Is there no constancy in earthly things ?  
 No happiness in us, but what must alter ?  
 No life, without the heavy load of fortune ?  
 What miseries we are, and to ourselves ?  
 Ev'n then when full content seems to set by us,  
 What daily foreshows and sorrows ?

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Monsieur Thomas.*

Thus run the wheels of state, now up, now down,  
 And none that lives finds safety in a crown.

*Markham and Sampson's Herod and Antipater.*

——— Oh sad vicissitude  
 Of earthly things ! to what untimely end—  
 Are all the fading glories that attend



Upon the state of greatest monarchs, brought !  
 What safety can by policy be wrought,  
 Or rest be found on fortune's restless wheel !  
 Tost humane states are here inforc'd to feel  
 Her kingdom such, as floating vessels find  
 The stormy ocean, when each boist'rous wind  
 Let loose from *Eol's* adamantine caves,  
 Rush forth, and rowl into impetuous waves  
 The sea's whole waters ; when some times on high  
 The raised bark doth some time kiss the sky,  
 Some times from that great height descending down,  
 Doth seem to fall as low as *Acheron*.  
 Such is the frail condition of man's state.

*May's Henry II.*

V I C T O R Y.

1. Are not conquests good titles ?
2. Conquests are great thefts.
1. Then would I rob for kingdoms, and if I  
 Obtain'd, fain would I see him that durst call  
 The conqueror a thief ?
2. Thy council hath shed as much blood as would  
 Make another sea : Valour I cannot  
 Call it, and barbarousness is a word too mild.

*Lilly's Midas.*

Base seem'd the conquest, which no danger grac'd.

*E. of Sterline's Darius.*

Conquest by blood is not so sweet as wit ;  
 For howsoe're nice virtue censures it,  
 He hath the grace of war, that hath war's profit.

*Marston's Sophonisba.*

————— Discretion  
 And hardy valour are the twins of honour,  
 And nurs'd together make a conqueror ;  
 Divided, but a talker.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Bonduca.*

In all designs, this still must be confest,  
 He that himself subdues, conquers the best.

*Webster and Rowley's Thracian Wonder.*

The

The day is ours, tho' it cost dear ; yet 'tis not  
Enough to get a victory, if we lose  
The true use of it.

*Massinger's Bashful Lover.*

'Tis proper to choose spirits to relieve  
As well as conquer men ; and when they dye,  
It will more crown their memory, to leave  
Favours, than conquests in their diary,

*Aleyn's Poictiers.*

Fear not his numbers : victories consist  
In minds not multitudes : most of their part  
Favour our cause, and coldly will resist :  
Fear not the hand, assured of the heart.

*Aleyn's Henry VII.*

For 'tis not victory to win the field,  
Unless we make our enemies to yield  
More to our justice, than our force ; and so  
As well instruct, as overcome our foe.

*Gomerfall.*

1. I not deny your conquest, for you may  
Have vertues to intitle 't yours ; but otherwise,  
If one of strange and ill contriv'd desires,  
One of a narrow or intemp'rate mind,  
Prove master of the field, I cannot say,  
That he hath conquer'd, but that he hath had  
A good hand of it ; he hath got the day,  
But not subdu'd the men : victory being  
Not fortune's gift, but the deserving's purchase.

2. Whom dost thou call deserving ?

1. Him, who dares  
Dye next his heart in cold blood ; him, who fights  
Not out of thirst, or the unbridled lust  
Of a flesh'd sword, but out of conscience,  
To kill the enemy, not the man : who when  
'The lawrell's planted on his brow, ev'n then  
Under that safe protecting wreath, will not  
Contemn the thunderer ; but will  
Acknowledge all his strength deriv'd, and in

A pious way of gratitude return  
Some of the spoil to heaven in sacrifice ;  
As tenants do the first fruits of their trees,  
In an acknowledgment that the rest is due.

*Cartwright's Royal Slave.*

1. To be o'recome by his victorious sword,  
Will comfort to our fall afford ;  
Our strength may yield to his, but 'tis not fit  
Our virtue should to his submit ;  
In that, *Ianthe*, I must be  
Advanc'd, and greater far than he.
2. Fighting with him who strives to be your friend,  
You not with virtue, but with pow'r contend.

*Sir W. Davenant's Siege of Rhodes.*

Conquest of realms compar'd to that of minds,  
Shews but like mischief of outrageous winds ;  
Making no use of force, but to deface,  
Or tear the rooted from their native place :  
Who by distress at last are valiant made,  
And take their turn invaders to invade :  
From woods they march victorious back again  
To cities, the wall'd parks of herded men  
Victors by conqu'ring realms are not secure ;  
Nor seem of any thing, but hatred sure.  
A king who conquers minds does so improve  
The conquer'd, that they still the victor love.

*Sir W. Davenant to the King.*

He who commends the vanquish'd, speaks the pow'r,  
And glorifies the worthy conqueror.

*Herrick.*

For he who conquests wisely has design'd,  
Will never leave an enemy behind.  
Beginnings should to th' end still useful be ;  
'Tis more to use, than gain a victory.

*E. of Orrery's Mustapha.*

What *Alexander* ne'er could reach, I won ;  
Had he subdu'd to the *Chinensian* shore,  
Then with some reason he had wept for more :

But,

But, lik a froward child, at meals too great,  
He cry'd for want of stomach, not of meat.

*Sir Francis Fane's Sacrifice.*

V I R G I N I T Y.

1. Is it not politick in the common-wealth  
Of nature, to preserve virginity.  
Loss of virginity is national increase;  
And there was never virgin got, till virginity  
Was first lost. Virginity, by being  
Once lost, may be ten times found : by being  
Ever kept, it is ever lost ; 'tis too  
Cold a companion, away with it.

2. I will stand for it a little, though  
Therefore I die a virgin.

1. There's little can be said in it : 'tis 'gainst  
The rule of nature. To speak on the part  
Of virginity, is to accuse your mother ;  
Which is most infallible disobedience.  
He that hangs himself is a virgin :  
Virginity murders itself, and should  
Be bury'd in highways, out of all sanctify'd  
Limits, as a desp'rate offendress against  
Nature. Virginity breeds mites ; much like  
A cheese, consumes it self to the very  
Paring, and so dies with feeding its own  
Stomach. Besides virginity's peevish,  
Proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the  
Most prohibited sin in the canon.  
Keep it not, you cannot chuse but lose by't.  
Out with't ; within ten months it will make it  
Self two, which is a goodly increase, and  
The principal it self not much the worse.  
'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss  
With lying. The longer kept, the less worth :  
Off with't whilst 'tis vendible. Answer the  
Time of request. Virginity, like an  
Old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion ;  
Richly futed, but unfutable ; just like



The brooch and the tooth-pick, which we wear not  
 Now ; your date is better in your pye and your  
 Porridge, than in your cheek ; and your virginity,  
 Your old virginity is like one of our  
*French* wither'd pears ; it looks ill, it eats dryly ;  
 Marry, tis a wither'd pear : 'twas formerly  
 Better ; marry, yet 'tis a wither'd pear.  
 Will you any thing with it ?

*Shakespear's All's Well that ends Well.*

1. What an honest work it would be, when we find  
 A virgin in her poverty and youth,  
 Inclining to be tempted, to employ  
 As much perswasion, and as much expence  
 To keep her upright, as men use to do upon her falling.
2. 'Tis charity, that many maids will be unthankful for ;  
 And some will rather take it for a wrong,  
 To buy them out of their inheritance,  
 The thing that they were born to.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Honest Man's Fortune.*

That which thy lascivious will doth crave,  
 Which if once had, thou never more canst have ;  
 Which if thou get, in getting thou dost waste it,  
 Taken is lost, and perish'd if thou hast it :  
 Which if thou gain'st, thou ne'er the more hast won ;  
 I losing nothing, yet am quite undone :  
 And yet of that, if that a king deprave me,  
 No king restores, though he a kingdom gave me.

*Drayton's Matilda to King John.*

A treasure 'tis, able to make more thieves  
 Than cabinets set open to entice ;  
 Which learn them theft, that never knew the vice.

*Thomas Middleton's Mayor of Quinborough.*

'There's a cold curse laid upon all maids ;  
 Whilst others clip the sun, they clasp the shades.  
 Virginity is paradise lock'd up ;  
 You cannot come by yourselves without see,  
 And 'twas decreed that man should keep the key.

*Tourneur's Revenger's Tragedy.*

If maidens would, mens words could have no pow'r ;  
 A virgin honour is a cryстал tow'r,  
 Which being weak, is guarded with good spirits ;  
 Until she basely yields, no ill inherits.

*Tourneur's Revenger's Tragedy.*

One is no number ; maids are nothing then  
 Without the sweet society of men.  
 Wilt thou live single still ? one shalt thou be,  
 Though never singling *Hymen* couple thee.  
 Wild savages that drink of running springs,  
 Think water far excels all other things :  
 But they that daily take neat wine despise it.  
 Virginitie albeit some highly prize it,  
 Compar'd with marriage, had you try'd them both,  
 Differs as much as wine and water doth.

*Cook's Green's Tuquoque.*

Your home's your cloister, your best friends, your beads ;  
 Your chaste and single life shall crown your birth,  
 Who dies a virgin, lives a saint on earth.  
 Then farewell world, and worldly thoughts adieu,  
 Welcome chaste vows, my self I yield to you !

*John Ford's 'Tis pity she is a Whore.*

The freedom that a virgin hath,  
 Is much to be preferr'd ; who would endure  
 The humours of so excellent a thing  
 As is a husband ? which of all the herd,  
 Runs not possess'd with some notorious vice,  
 Drinking or whoring, fighting, jealousy,  
 Ev'n of a page at twelve, or of a groom  
 That rubs horses heels ? is it not daily seen,  
 Men take wives but to dress their meat, to wash  
 And starch their linnen ? for the other matter  
 Of lying with them, that's but when they please ;  
 And whatsoe'er the joy be of the bed,  
 The pangs that follow procreation  
 Are hideous, or you wives have gull'd your husbands  
 With your loud shriekings, and your deathful throes.

*Field's Amends for Ladies.*

1. What are you?
2. Sir, I am a chambermaid.
1. What are you damn'd for?
2. Not for revealing

My mistress secrets, for I kept them better  
Than mine own; but keeping my maiden-  
Head till it was stale, I am condemned  
To lead apes in hell.

1. Alas, poor wench! upon condition  
You will be wise hereafter, and not refuse  
Gentlemens proffers; learn pride ev'ry day,  
And painting; bestow a courtesy now  
And then upon the apparitor to  
Keep council, I release you; take your apes  
And monkeys away with you, and bestow  
Them on gentlemen and ladies that want play-fellows.

*Shirley's School of Compliments.*

Virginity is but a single good,  
A happiness, which like a miser's wealth,  
Is as from others, so from your own use,  
Lock'd up, and closely cabin'd, since it not admits  
Communication of it's good; when you  
Shall, in the state of marriage, freely taste  
Nature's choice pleasures, the same happiness  
You were created for.

*Glaphorne's Albertus Wallenstein.*

Tho' you *Diana* like, have liv'd still chaste,  
Yet must you not, fair, dye a maid at last:  
The roses on your cheeks were never made  
To bless the eye alone, and so to fade;  
Nor had the cherries on your lips their being,  
To please no other sense than that of seeing:  
You were not made to look on, tho' that be  
A bliss too great for poor mortality:  
In that alone those rarer parts you have,  
To better uses sure wise nature gave,  
Than that you put them to: to love, to wed,  
For *Hymen's* rites, and for the marriage bed

You

You were ordain'd, and not to lie alone ;  
One is no number, 'till that two be one.

*Suckling.*

See ev'ry thing that we espy  
Is fruitful, saving you and I :  
View all the fields, survey the bow'rs,  
The buds, the blossoms, and the flow'rs ;  
And say if they so rich could be  
In barren base virginity.  
Earth's not so coy as you are now,  
But willingly admits the plow :  
For how had man or beast been fed,  
If she had kept her maidenhead ?

*Randolph.*

Maids nays are nothing ; they are shy,  
But to desire what they deny.

*Herrick.*

1. What if I have solemnly protested  
To live and dye a virgin ?
2. Then you must  
As solemnly break that oath ; such temerarious  
And imprudent vows are better broke than  
Kept ; for none can by an ordinary way  
Perceive, whether they have that special gift  
Of continency, as to be able to live  
And dye unmarried. What woman hath so  
Sail'd about the world of her own heart,  
Sounded each creek, survey'd each corner, but  
That still there may remain much *terra incognita*  
To herself ? besides, concupiscences  
Too much restrain'd will swell the more ; had  
*Danae* not been kept in a brazen door,  
She had dy'd a harmless virgin, not a whore.

*Nevile's Poor Scholar.*

————— Suppose  
She be a virgin, alas poor green thing what  
Is she good for ! why to steal gooseberrys,  
And eat young apricots in *May*, before

M 5

The



The stones are hard ; or pick the mortar  
From an aged wall, and swallow it most greedily.

*Sir W. Davenant's News from Plymouth.*

————— What's virginity ?

A something nothing, singularity,  
Unsociable, so slightly reckon'd of,  
That either sex, but to thy number grown,  
Has a desire to leave it.

*Alexander Brome's Cunning Lovers.*

V O W S.

Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken ;  
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will  
To learn his wit, t' exchange the bad for better.

*Shakespear's Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

1. He hath giv'n count'nance to his speech, my lord.  
With almost all the holy vows of heav'n.  
2. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks ! I do know,  
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul  
Lends the tongue vows. These blazes, oh my daughter,  
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,  
Ev'n in their promise, as it is a making,  
You must not take for fire. For lord *Hamlet*,  
Believe so much in him, that he is young ;  
And with a larger tether may he walk,  
Than may be given you. In few, *Ophelia*,  
Do not believe his vows ; for they are brokers,  
Not of that die which their investments shew,  
But meer implorers of unholy suits,  
Breathing like sanctify'd and pious bawds,  
The better to beguile.

*Shakespear's Hamlet.*

Are vows so cheap with women ? or the matter  
Whereof they are made, that they are writ in water,  
And blown away with wind ? or doth their breath  
Both hot and cold at once, threat life and death ?  
Who could have thought so many accents sweet  
Tun'd to our words, so many sighs should meet  
Blown from our hearts, so many oaths and tears

Sprinkled

Sprinkled among, all sweeter by our fears,  
 And the divine impression of stol'n kisses,  
 That seal'd the rest, could now prove empty blisses?  
 Did you draw bonds to forfeit? sign to break?  
 Or must we read you quite from what you speak,  
 And find the truth out the wrong way? or must  
 He first desire you false, would wish you just.

*Johnson's Underwoods.*

O they must ever strive to be so good;  
 Who sells his vow is stamp'd the slave of blood.

*Tho. Middleton's Phœnix.*

————— These are feeble vows,  
 Made only by our fears: we ought to have  
 Our reason undismay'd, when e'er a promise  
 Can force performance.

*Habbington's Queen of Arragon.*

First, let me seek my vows where they were seal'd,  
 They were so strictly kept, that I shall find  
 Them warm, as if but newly breath'd——  
 These are the funeral rights of love.

*Sir W. Davenant's Unfortunate Lovers.*

Why, since you *Orgo's* words so soon believe,  
 Will you less civilly suspect my vows?  
 My vows which want the temple's seal, will bind  
 (Though private kept) surer than publick laws;  
 For laws but force the body, but my mind  
 Your virtue counsels, whilst your beauty draws.

*Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

1. For 'tis in vain to waste  
 Thy breath for them: the fatal vow is past.
2. To break that vow is juster, than commit  
 A greater crime, by your preserving it.
1. The gods themselves their own will best express  
 To like the vow, by giving the success.

*Sir Robert Howard's Indian Queen.*

When vows with vows, altars with altars jarr,  
 It seems to breed in heav'n a civil war.

*Crown's Juliana.*

## U S U R P A T I O N.

A scepter snatch'd with an unruly hand,  
Must be as boistrouſly maintain'd, as gain'd :  
And he, that ſtands upon a ſlipp'ry place,  
Makes nice of no vile hand to hold him up.

*Shakeſpear's King John.*

Pirates may make cheap penn'worths of their pillage,  
And purchaſe friends, and give to courtezans,  
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone ;  
While as the ſilly owner of the goods  
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapleſs hands,  
And ſhakes his head, and trembling ſtands aloof,  
While all is ſhar'd, and all is born away,  
Ready to ſtarve, and dares not touch his own :  
So York muſt ſit, and fret, and bite his tongue,  
While his own lands are bargain'd for and fold.

*Shakeſpear's Second Part of K Henry VI.*

For tho' uſurpers ſway the rule a while,  
Yet heav'n's are juſt, and time ſuppreſſeth wrongs.

*Shakeſpear's Third Part of K. Henry VI.*

To keep an uſurp'd crown, a prince muſt ſwear,  
Forſwear, poiſon, murder, and commit all  
Kind of villaines, provided it be  
Cunningly kept from the eyes of the world.

*Chapman's Alphonſus.*

Think what the worſt have done ; what they enjoy,  
That pluck down ſtates to put up private laws,  
Whom ſame ennobles whiſt ſhe would deſtroy.

*Lord Brooke's Alabam.*

All uſurpers have the falling ſickneſs,  
They cannot keep up long.

*Middleton's Mayor of Quinborough.*

Whiſt you uſurp thus, and my claim deride,  
If you admire the vengeance I intend,  
I more ſhall wonder where you got the pride  
To think me one you ſafely may offend.

*Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

'Tis

'Tis love, not faction, where the good  
Conspire to kill usurping blood.

*Killegrew's Conspiracy.*

## W A N T.

**W**ANT of that torments us most,  
Whose worth appears in being lost.

*Brandon's Othario.*

'Twere best, not call; I dare not call; yet famine,  
'Ere it clean o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.  
Plenty and peace, breed cowards; hardness ever  
Of hardness is mother.

*Shakespear's Cymbeline.*

It hath been taught us from the primal state,  
That he, which is, was wish'd, untill he were;  
And the ebb'd man, (ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,)  
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd.

*Shakespear's Antony and Cleopatra.*

Men ne'er are satisfy'd with what they have;  
But, as a man match'd with a lovely wife,  
Whon his most heav'nly theory of her beautys  
Is dull'd, and quite exhausted with his practise,  
He brings her forth to feasts; where he, alas,  
Falls to his viands with no thought like others,  
That think him blest in her; and they, (poor men)  
Court, and make faces, offer service, sweat  
With their desire's contention, break their brains  
For jests, and tales, sit mute, and lose their looks,  
(Far out of wit, and out of countenance):  
So all men else, do, what they have, transplant,  
And place their wealth in thirst of what they want.

*Chapman's Second Part of Byron's Conspiracy.*

The only plague, from men, than rest doth reave,  
Is, that they weigh their wants, not what they have.

*E. of Sterline's Julius Cæsar.*

Why



Why should we grieve at want?  
 Say the world made thee her minion, that  
 Thy head lay in her lap, and that she danc'd thee  
 On her wanton knee, she could but give thee a whole  
 World; that's all, and that all's nothing: the world's  
 Greatest part cannot fill up one corner of thy heart.  
 Say, the three corners were all fill'd, alas!  
 Of what art thou possesst? a thin-blown glass,  
 Such as by boys are puff'd into the air.  
 Were twenty kingdoms thine, thou'dst live in care;  
 Thou could'st not sleep the better, nor live longer,  
 Nor merrier be, nor healthfuller, nor stronger?  
 If then thou want'st, thus make that want thy pleasure,  
 No man wants all things, nor has all in measure.

*Dekker's Second Part of the Honest Whore.*

Your Wolf no longer seems to be a wolf,  
 Then when she's hungry.

*Webster's White Devil.*

Want made him feared more than his disgrace:  
 As 'tis observ'd, that *Catiline* ne'er meant  
 His country's ruin, 'till his means were spent.

*Aleyn's Henry VII.*

What though the scribe of *Florence* doth maintain,  
 To keep men quiet, is to keep them scant:  
 Clouds of examples, and all *Henry's* reign  
 Refell him, whose rebellions sprung from want.  
 Want's a strange herald! For some men had bore  
 No arms at all, unless they had been poor.

To Men exhaust, and worn with penury,  
 New things are pleasing, and the old ingrate,  
 And innovation is their remedy:

Rebellions are the monsters of a state;  
 And nature shews, that they proceed no less  
 From the defect of matter, than th' excess.

They who to fortune's lowest form are thrown,  
 To ruin, and confusion do aspire,  
 As if another's wound could salve their own;  
 And when their own Estates are set on fire,

Then *Catiline's* resolve is judg'd most fit,  
With fire, not water, to extinguish it.

*Aleyn's Henry VII.*

Want is a softer wax, that takes thereon,  
This, that, and ev'ry base Impression.

*Herrick.*

Need is no vice at all; though here it be  
With men, a loathed inconveniency.

*Herrick.*

For want's a real evil to mankind;  
What e'er we need, we languish till we find.

*Alex. Brome.*

## W A R.

It is the best with foreign foes to fight  
Abroad, as did the haughty *Hannibal*,  
And not at home to feel their hateful spight:  
Of all the rest it is the greatest thrall,  
That foes arriv'd should spoil our subjects all:  
And for a truth this always hath been found,  
He speedeth best, which fights on foreign ground.

*Mirroure for Magistrates.*

Lastly stood war, in glitt'ring arms yclad,  
With visage grim, stern looks, and blackly hew'd;  
In his right hand, a naked sword he had,  
That to the hilts was all with blood embu'd:  
And in his left (that kings and kingdoms ru'd,)  
Famine and fire he held, and there withal  
He razed Towns, and threw down tow'rs and all.

Cities he sack'd, and realms that whilome flower'd  
In honour, glory, and rule above the best,  
He over-whelm'd, and all their fame devour'd,  
Consum'd, destroy'd, wasted, and never ceast,  
'Till he their wealth, their name, and all oppress:  
His face fore-hew'd with wounds, and by his side  
There hung his targe, with gashes deep and wide:

In

In midst of which depainted there we found

Deadly debate, all full of snaky hair,

That with a bloody fillet was ybound,

Out breathing nought, but discord ev'ry where

Lord *Dorset* in the *Mirroure for Magistrates*.

When thou famous victory hast won,

And high amongst all knights hast hung thy shield,

Thenceforth the suit of earthly conquest shun,

And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field:

For blood can nought but sin, and wars but sorrows yield.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,

And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;

Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;

Cry, courage! to the field! and thou hast talk'd

Of sallies and retires; of trenches, tents,

Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,

Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,

Of prisoners ransom, and of foldiers slain,

And all the current of a heady fight.

*Shakespeare's First Part of K. Henry IV.*

In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man

As modest stillness and humility:

But when the blast of war blows in our ears,

Then imitate the action of the tyger;

Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,

Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;

Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;

Let it pry through the portage of the head,

Like the brass-cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,

As fearfully, as doth a galled rock

O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,

Swill'd with the wild and wastful ocean.

Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;

Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit

To his full heighth.

*Shakespeare's K. Henry V.*

1. Methinks, I could not die any where so  
Contented as in the king's company ;  
His cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

2. That's more than we know.

1. Ay, or more than we should seek after ; for  
We know enough, if we know we are the  
King's subjects : if his cause be wrong, our obedience  
To the king, wipes the crime of it out of us.

2. But if the cause be not good, the king himself  
Hath a heavy reck'ning to make ; when all  
Those legs, and arms, and heads chop'd off in a  
Battle, shall join together at the latter  
Day, and cry all, we dy'd at such a place ;  
Some swearing, some crying for a surgeon ;  
Some, upon their wives left poor behind them ;  
Some, upon the debts they owe ; some, upon  
Their children rawly left. I am afraid  
Their are few dye well, that dye in battle ;  
For how can they charitably dispose  
Of any thing, when blood is their argument ?  
Now, if these men do not dye well, it will  
Be a black matter for the king that led  
Them to it, whom to disobey, were against  
All proportion of subjection.

3. So, if a son, that is sent by his father  
About merchandize, do fall into some  
Lewd action and miscarry, th' imputation  
Of his wickedness, by your rule, should be  
Imposed upon his father that sent  
Him ; or if a servant, under his master's  
Command, transporting a sum of money,  
Be assail'd by robbers, and dye in many  
Irreconcil'd iniquities ; you may call  
The business of the master, the author  
Of the servant's damnation ; but this is  
Not so : the king is not bound to answer  
The particular endings of his soldiers,  
The father of his son, nor the master



Of his servant ; for they purpose not their  
Death, when they purpose their  
Services. Besides, there is no king, be  
His cause never so spotless, if it come  
To the arbitrement of swords, can try it  
Out with all unspotted foldiers : Some,  
Peradventure, have on them the guilt of  
Premeditated and contrived murder ;  
Some, of beguiling virgins with the broken  
Seals of perjury ; some, making the wars  
Their bulwark, that have before gored the  
Gentle bosom of peace with pillage and  
Robbery. Now if these men have defeated  
The law, and out-run native punishment ;  
Though they can out-strip men, they have no wings  
To fly from God. War is his beadle, war  
Is his vengeance ; so that here men are punish'd,  
For before breach of the king's laws, in the  
King's quarrel now : Where they fear'd the death,  
They have born life away ; and where they would  
Be safe, they perish. Then if they die unprovided,  
No more is the king guilty of their damnation,  
Than he was before guilty of those impieties  
For which they are now visited. Ev'ry  
Subject's duty is the king's, but ev'ry  
Subject's soul is his own. Therefore should ev'ry  
Soldier in the wars do, as ev'ry sick man  
In his bed, wash ev'ry moth out of his  
Conscience : and dying so, death is to him  
Advantage ; or not dying, the time was  
Blessedly lost, wherein such preparation  
Was gained : and in him that escapes, it  
Were not sin to think, that making God so  
Free an offer, he let him out live that  
Day to see his greatness, and to teach others  
How they should prepare.

*Shakefpear's K. Henry V.*

Shame

Shame and confusion! all is on the rout :  
 Fear frames disorder ; and disorder wounds,  
 Where it should guard. O War ! thou son of hell,  
 Whom angry heav'ns do make their minister,  
 Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part  
 Hot coals of vengeance ! Let no soldier flie.  
 He that is truly dedicate to war,  
 Hath no self-love ; for he that loves himself,  
 Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,  
 The name of valour.

*Shakespear's Second Part of K. Henry VI.*

O war ! begot in pride and luxury,  
 The child of malice, and revengeful hate ;  
 Thou impious good, and good impiety !  
 Thou art the foul refiner of a state,  
 Unjust scourge of mens iniquity,  
 Sharp easer of corruptions desperate !  
 Is there no means, but that a sin-sick land  
 Must be let blood with such a boist'rous hand ?

*Daniel's Civil War.*

Now nothing entertains th' attentive ear,  
 But stratagems, assaults, surprizes, fights :  
 How to give laws to them that conquer'd were ;  
 How to articulate with yielding wights.  
 The weak with mercy, and the proud with fear,  
 How to retain : to give deserts their right ;  
 Were now the arts—and nothing else was thought,  
 But how to win, and maintain what was got.

*Ibid.*

Affection finds a side, and out it stands ;  
 Not by the cause, but by her int'rest led :  
 And many urging war, most forward are,  
 Not that 'tis just, but only that 'tis war.

*Ibid.*

Who would make war, must not have empty coffers ;  
 Where one for glory, thousands fight for gain.

*E. of Sterline's Darius.*

Audit

Audit the end : How can humanity,  
 Preserved be in ruin of mankind ?  
 Both fear and courage feel her cruelty,  
 The good and bad, like fatal ruin find :  
 Her enemies do still provide her food,  
 From those she ruins, she receives her good.

*Lord Brooke of Wars.*

*Scipio*, advanced like the god of blood,  
 Leads up grim war, that father of foul wounds,  
 Whose sinewy feet are steep'd in gore, whose hideous  
 voice

Makes turrets tremble, and whole cities shake ;  
 Before whose brows, flight and disorder hurry,  
 With whom march burnings, murder, wrong, wast,  
 rapes ;

Behind whom, a sad train is seen, woe, fears,  
 Torture, lean need, famine, and helpless tears.

*Marston's Sophonisba.*

For all the murders, rapes, and thefts,  
 Committed in the horrid lust of war,  
 He that unjustly caus'd it first proceed,  
 Shall find it in his grave, and in his seed.

*Webster's White Devil.*

Some sharp their swords, some right their morions set,  
 Their greaves and pouldrons others rivet fast,  
 The archers now their bearded arrows whet,  
 Whilst ev'ry where the clam'rous drums are brac'd ;  
 Some taking view where they sure ground might get,  
 Not one, but some advantage doth forecast :  
 With ranks and files each plain and meadow swarms,  
 As all the land were clad in angry arms.

*Drayton's Barons Wars.*

All wars are bad : yet all wars do good ;  
 And, like to surgeons, let sick kingdoms blood.

*Dekker's Second Part of the Honest Whore.*

He is unwise that to a market goes,  
 Where there is nothing to be sold but blows.

*Aleyn's Henry VII.*  
 These

These fair exordiums are the ways to win,  
It is war's rhet'rick bravely to begin.

*Aleyn's Poitiers.*

Nor is it wisdom where no treasons are,  
To hope for succour from a strange supply :  
Money's the nerve and ligament of war,  
In makes them fight, and keeps from mutiny.  
Leaders are souls, armies the bodies, coin  
The vital spirits that do both combine.

*Aleyn's Crescey.*

————— The subject's large,  
Nor can we there too much dispute, where, when  
We err, 'tis at a kingdom's charges ; peace  
And war are in themselves indifferent,  
And time doth stamp them either good or bad :  
But here the place is much considerable ;  
War in our own, is like to too much heat  
Within, it makes the body sick ; when in  
Another country, 'tis but exercise,  
Conveys that heat abroad, and gives it health.

*Suckling's Brennoralt.*

Cessation for short times in war, are like  
Small fits of health, in desp'rate maladies :  
Which while the instant pain seems to abate,  
Flatters into debauch and worse estate.

*Ibid.*

Though war's great shape best educates the fight,  
And makes small soft'ning objects less our care ;  
Yet war, when urg'd for glory, more than right,  
Shews victors, but authentick murd'ers are.

*Sir W, Davenant's Gondibert.*

How various are th' effects of war !  
What fury rules  
O'er human sense, that we should struggle to  
Destroy in mangled wounds, our life, which  
Heav'n decreed so short ? It is a mystery,  
Too sad to be remember'd by the wise,

That



That half mankind consume their noble blood  
In causes not belov'd, or understood.

*Sir W. Davenant's Love and Honour.*

To broach a war, and not to be assur'd  
Of certain means to make a fair defence,  
Howe're the ground be just, may justly seem  
A wilful madness.

*Hemmings's Jews Tragedy.*

1. I ne'er thought same a lawful cause of war:
2. Wars are good physick, when the world is sick:  
But he, who cuts the throats of men for glory,  
Is a vain savage fool; he strives to build  
Immortal honours upon man's mortality:  
And glory on the shame of human nature,  
To prove himself a man by inhumanity:  
He puts whole kingdoms in a blaze of war,  
Only to still mankind into a vapour;  
Emptys the world to fill an idle story:  
In short, I know not why he should be honour'd,  
And they that murder men for money hang'd.

*Crown's Ambitious Statesman.*

War, is the harvest fir, of all ill men:  
In war, they may be brutes with reputation.

*Ibid.*

### W H O R E.

A hufwife, that, by selling her desires,  
Buys her self bread and cloth. It is a creature  
That dotes on *Cassio*; as 'tis the strumpet's plague  
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one.

*Shakespear's Othello.*

'Tis there civility to be a whore;  
He's one of blood and fashion! and with these  
The bravery makes, she can no honour leese.  
To do't with cloth, or stuffs, lust's name might merit;  
With velvet, plush, and tissues, it is spirit!

*Johnson's Underwoods.*

Farewell thou private strumpet, worse than common;  
Man were on earth an angel, but for woman!

That

'That seven-fold branch of hell from them doth grow ;  
 Pride, lust, and murther, they raise from below,  
 With all their fellow sins. Women were made  
 Of blood, without souls : when their beauties fade,  
 And their lust's past, avarice or bawdery  
 Makes them still lov'd : then they buy venery,  
 Bribing damnation, and hire brothel slaves ;  
 Shame's their executors, infamy their graves.

*Marston's Insatiate Countess.*

Alas, good creatures ! what would you have them do ?  
 Would you have them get their living by the  
 Curse of man, the sweat of their brows ? so they  
 Do, every man must follow his trade,  
 And every woman her occupation :  
 A poor decayed mechanical man's  
 Wife, her husband is lay'd up, may not she  
 Lawfully be lay'd down, when her husband's  
 Only rising is by his wife's falling ?  
 A captain's wife wants means, her commander  
 Lies in open field abroad, may not she  
 Lie in civil arms at home ? a waiting  
 Gentlewoman, that had wont to take, say,  
 To her lady, miscarrys, or so ; the  
 Court misfortune throws her down, may not the  
 City courtesy take her up ? do you know  
 No alderman would pity such a woman's  
 Case ? why is charity grown a sin, or  
 Relieving the poor and impotent an  
 Offence ? you will say beasts take no money  
 For their fleshly entertainment ; true, because  
 They are beasts, and therefore beastly ; only men  
 Give to loose, because they are men, therefore  
 Manly ; and indeed, wherein should they bestow  
 Their money better ? in land, the title  
 May be crack'd ; in houses, they may be burnt ;  
 In apparel, 'twill wear ; in wine, alas for pity,  
 Our throat is but short : but employ your money  
 Upon women, and a thousand to nothing,

Some

Some one of them will bestow that upon you,  
 Which shall stick by you as long you live:  
 They are no ingrateful persons, they will  
 Give you *quid* for *quo*: do you protest, they'll swear;  
 Do you rise, they'll fall, do you fall, they'll rise?  
 Do you give them the *French* crown, they'll give  
 You the *French*———O *justus, justa, justum*.  
 They sell their bodies; do not better persons  
 Sell their souls? nay, since all things have been sold,  
 Honour, justice, faith, nay ev'n God himself,  
 Ay me, what base ignobleness is it  
 To sell the pleasures of a wanton bed?  
 Why do men scrape, why heaps to full heaps join?  
 But for his mistress, who would care for coin?  
 For this I hold to be deny'd of no man,  
 All things are made for man, and man for woman.

*Marston's Dutch Courtesan.*

Who keeps a harlot, tell him this from me,  
 He needs nor thief, disease, or enemy.

*Middleton's Mad World my Masters.*

Stand forth——thou one of those,  
 For whose close lusts the plague ne'er leaves the city.  
 Thou, worse than common; private, subtle harlot,  
 Thou dost deceive three with one feigned lip;  
 Thy husband, the world's eye, and the law's whip:  
 Thy zeal is hot, for 'tis to lust and fraud,  
 And dost not dread to make thy book thy bawd.  
 Thou'rt curse enough to husbands ill got gains,  
 For whom the court rejects, his gold maintains.  
 How dear and rare was freedom wont to be?  
 How few but are by their wives copies free,  
 And brought to such a head, that now we see,  
 City and suburbs wear one livery.

*Middleton's Phœnix.*

Our term ends once a month; we should get more  
 Than the lawyers, for they have but four terms  
 A year, and we have twelve, that makes them  
 Run so fast to us in the vacation.

*Middleton's Michaelmas Term.*

—— You have no soul,  
 'That makes you weigh so light: heav'n's treasure  
 bought it,  
 And half a crown hath sold it:——for your body,  
 'Tis like the common shore, that still receives  
 All the town's filth. The sin of many men  
 Is within you; and thus much I suppose,  
 That if all committers stood in a rank,  
 They'd make a lane (in which your shame might dwell)  
 And with their spaces reach from hence to hell:  
 Nay, I shall urge it more, there has been known  
 As many by one harlot maim'd and dismember'd,  
 As would have stuff'd an hospital: this I might  
 Apply to you, and perhaps do you right:  
 O y'are as base as any beast that bears,  
 Your body's ev'n hir'd, and so are theirs.  
 For gold and sparkling jewels, (if he can)  
 You'll let a *Jew* get you with *Christian*:  
 Be he a *Moor*, a *Tartar*, though his face  
 Look'd uglier than a dead man's scull;  
 Could the devil put on a humane shape,  
 If his purse shake out crowns, up then he gets:  
 Whores will be rid to hell with golden bits.  
 So that y'are crueller than *Turks*, for they  
 Sell *Christians* only, you sell your selves away.  
 Why those that love you, hate you; and will term you  
 Lickorish damnation: wish themselves half sunk  
 After the sin is laid out, and ev'n curse  
 Their fruitless riot, (for what one begets  
 Another poisons): lust and murder hit;  
 A tree being often shook, what fruit can knit?

*Dekker's First Part of the Honest Whore*

1. A harlot is like *Dunkirk*, true to none,  
 Swallows both *English*, *Spanish*, fulsome *Dutch*,  
 Back-door'd *Italian*, last of all the *French*,  
 And he sticks to you 'faith, gives you your diet,  
 Brings you acquainted, first with monsieur doctor,  
 And then you know what follows.

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N

2. Misery,



——— 2. Misery,  
 Rank, stinking, and most loathsome misery !  
 1. Methinks a toad is happier than a whore,  
 That with one poison swells, with thousands more  
 The other stocks her veins : harlot, fie, fie !  
 You are the miserablest creatures breathing,  
 The very slaves of nature : mark me else,  
 You put on rich attires, other eyes wear them ;  
 You eat, but to supply your blood with sin :  
 And this strange curse ev'n haunts you to your graves,  
 From fools you get, and spend it upon slaves :  
 Like bears and apes, y're baited, and shew tricks  
 For money, but your bawd the sweetness licks.  
 Indeed you are their journey-women, and do  
 All base and damn'd works they list set you to :  
 So that you ne'er are rich ; for do but shew me,  
 In present memory, or in ages past,  
 The fairest and most famous courtesan,  
 Whose flesh was dearest, that rais'd the price of sin  
 And held it up ; to whose intemp'rate bosom,  
 Princes, earls, lords, the worst has been a knight,  
 The mean'st a gentleman, have offer'd up  
 Whole hecatombs of sighs, and rain'd in show'rs  
 Handfuls of gold, yet for all this, at last  
 Diseases suck'd her marrow, grew so poor,  
 That she has begg'd ev'n at a beggar's door.  
 And (wherein heav'n has a finger) when this idol  
 From coast to coast has leap'd on foreign shores,  
 And had more worship, than th' outlandish whores ;  
 When sev'ral nations have gone over her,  
 When for each sev'ral city she has seen,  
 Her maidenhead has been new, and been sold dear :  
 Did live well there, and might have dy'd unknown,  
 And undesam'd ; back comes she to her own,  
 And there both miserably lives and dies,  
 Scorn'd ev'n of those that once ador'd her eyes :  
 As if her fatal circled life thus ran,  
 Her pride should end there, where it first began.

*Dekker's First Part of the Honest Whore.*

A strumpet is one of the devil's vines ;  
 All the sins like so many poles, are stuck  
 Upright out of hell, to be her props, that  
 She may spread upon them : and when she's ripe,  
 Every slave has a pull at her, then  
 Must she be prest : The young beautiful grape  
 Sets the teeth of lust on edge, yet to taste  
 That liquorish wine, is to drink a man's  
 Own damnation.

*Dekker's Second Part of the Honest Whore.*

Were harlots therefore wise, they'd be sold dear ;  
 For men account them good but for one year :  
 And then, like Almanacks whose dates are gone,  
 They are thrown by, and no more look'd upon.

*Ibid.*

She is a right strumpet ; I ne'er knew any  
 Of their trade rich two years together : sieves  
 Can hold no water, nor harlots hoard up  
 Money ; they have many vents, too many  
 Sluices to let it out ; taverns, taylor's, bawds,  
 Panders, fiddlers, swaggerers, fools and knaves,  
 Do all wait upon a common harlot's  
 Trencher ; she is the gally-pot to which  
 These drones fly ; not for love to the pot, but  
 For the sweet fucket within it, her money, her money.

*Ibid.*

For to turn a harlot  
 Honest, it must be by strong antidotes ;  
 'Tis rare, as to see panthers change their spots :  
 And when she's once a star, fix'd and shines bright,  
 Tho' 'twere impiety then to dim her light,  
 Because we see such tapers seldom burn :  
 Yet 'tis the pride and glory of some men,  
 To change her to a blazing star again.

*Ibid.*

A drab of slate, a cloath of silver flirt !  
 Her train borne up, her soul trails in the dirt.

Ask but the thriving't harlot in cold blood,  
 She'd give the world to make her honour good :  
 Perhaps you'll say but only to the duke's son  
 In private : why, she first begins with one,  
 Who afterwards to thousands proves a whore ;  
 Break ice in one place, it will crack in more.

*Tourneur's Revenger's Tragedy.*

Your punk is like your politician ; for they  
 Both consume themselves, for the common people :  
 And your punk of the two, is the better  
 Member ; for she, like a candle to burn  
 Others, burns herself.

*Cupid's Whirligig.*

Not sale-ware, mercenary stuff, that ye may  
 Have i'th' suburbs, and now maintain traffick with  
 Ambassadors servants ; nor with landresses,  
 Like your students in law, who teach her to  
 Argue the case so long, till she find a  
 Statute for it ; nor with mistress filkworm  
 In the city, that longs for creams and cakes,  
 And loves to cuckold her husband in fresh  
 Air ; nor with your waiting gentlewoman,  
 That is in love with poetry, and will  
 Not part with her honour, under a copy  
 Of fine verses, or an anagram ; nor  
 With your coarse lady herself, that keeps a  
 Stallion, and cozens the old knight, and  
 His two pair of spectacles, in the shape  
 Of a serving man ; but with your rich, fair,  
 High-fled, glorious, and springing cat a mountains,  
 Ladies of blood, whose eyes will make a soldier  
 Melt, and he were compos'd of marble ; whose  
 Ev'ry smile hath a magnetick force to  
 Draw up souls, whose voice will charm a satyre,  
 And turn a man's pray'r into ambition ;  
 Make a hermit run to hell for a touch  
 On her, and there hug his own damnation.

*Shirley's Grateful Servant.*

Then

Then let us be friends, and most friendly agree :  
 'The pimp, and the punk, and the doctor are three ;  
 They cannot but thrive, when united they be :  
 The pimp brings in custom ; the punk she gets treasure ;  
 Of which the physician is sure of his measure,  
 For work that she makes him, in sale of her pleasure :  
 For which, when she fails by diseases or pain,  
 'The Doctor new vamps and upsets her again.

*Richard Brome's City Wit.*

O that I should love a whore, a very  
 Common cocatrice ! my thoughts are drown'd in  
 A gulf of sin ; she's a very cannibal,  
 Which doth devour man's flesh, and a horse-leach  
 That sucks out mens best bloods perfection :  
 A very pris'ners box that ope's for ev'ry  
 Man's benevolence.

*Sharpham's Fleire.*

Peacocks and whores are near ally'd,  
 Since both their tails maintain their pride.

*Baran.*

She is as harlots fair, like gilded tombs,  
 Goodly without, within all rottenness :  
 She's like a painted fire upon a hill,  
 Set to allure the frost-nipt passengers,  
 And starve them after hope : she is indeed  
 All such as strumpets are, angel in shew,  
 Devil in heart.

*Hoffman's Tragedy.*

The harlot is the broad way unto hell,  
 A labyrinth, a ditch, a poisonous well :  
 She is a nightly glow-worm, canker'd brass,  
 A common inn, a sink, a broken glass :  
 Her love is lust, her lover is a slave,  
 Her arms are fetters, and her bed's a grave.  
 Use thy own fountain ; stollen waters please  
 Lascivious minds, and breed the foul's disease.

*Watkins.*



And as this wit should goodness truly know,

We have a will, which that true good should chuse,  
Though will doth oft (when wit false forms doth shew)

Take ill for good, and good for ill refuse :

Will puts in practice, what the wit deviseth :

Will ever acts, and wit contemplates still :

And as from wit, the pow'r of wisdom riseth,

All other virtues daughters are of will.

Will is the prince, and wit the counsellor,

Which doth for common good in council sit ;

And when wit is resolv'd, will lends her pow'r

To execute what is advis'd by wit.

Wit is the mind's chief judge, which doth controul

Of fancy's courts the judgments false and vain ;

Will holds the royal scepter in the soul,

And o'er the passions of the heart doth reign.

Will is as free as any emperor,

Nought can restrain her gentle liberty :

No tyrant, nor no torment hath the pow'r

To make us will, when we unwilling be.

*Sir John Davies.*

What we would do,

We shou'd do, when we would ; for this would changes,

And hath abatements and delays as many,

As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents ;

And then this should, is like a spend-thrift sigh

That hurts by easing.

*Shakespear's Hamlet.*

But orderly to end where I begun,

Our wills and fates do so contrary run,

That our devices still are overthrown ;

Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.

*Ibid.*

My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,

Two traded pilots 'twixt the dang'rous shores

Of will and judgment.

*Shakespear's Troilus and Cressida.*

—The cloyed will,  
That satiate, yet unsatisfy'd desire, (that tub  
Both fill'd, and running ;) rav'ning first the lamb,  
Longs after, for the garbage.

*Shakespeare's Cymbeline.*

1. It is not in my virtue to amend it.
2. Virtue? a fig: 'tis in ourselves that we  
Are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens,  
To the which our wills are gardeners: so  
That if we plant nettles, or sow lettuce;  
Set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it  
With one gender of herbs, or distract it  
With many; either have it steril with  
Idleness, or manur'd with industry;  
Why, the pow'r and corrigible authority  
Of this, lies in our will.

*Shakespeare's Othello.*

Humours are man's religion, pow'r his laws;  
His wit confusion, and his will the cause.

*Lord Brooke's Inquisition on Fame and Honour.*

What certainty is in our bloods, our fates?  
What we still write, is blotted out by fates:  
Our wills are like a cause, that is law-toft,  
What one court orders, by another's croft.

*Middleton's Game at Chess.*

I'll make you know my will is like  
A flint, smooth and cold; but being stricken,  
Sparkles forth fire ev'n in the striker's eyes.

*Cupid's Whirligig.*

No grief is grown so desp'rate, but the ill  
Is half way cured, if the party will.

*Herrick.*

When man is punish'd, he is plagued still,  
Not for the fault of nature, but of will.

*Ibid.*

The wrathful winter hast'ning on apace,  
 With blustering blasts had all ybar'd the treen,  
 And old *Saturnus* with his frosty face  
 With chilling cold had pierc'd the tender green ;  
 The mantles rent wherein enwrapped been  
 The gladsome groves, that now lay overthrown,  
 The tapets torn, and ev'ry tree down blown.

The foil that erst so seemingly was seen,  
 Was all despoiled of her beauty's hue,  
 And stole fresh flow'rs (wherewith the summer's queen  
 Had clad the earth :) now *Boreas* blasts down blew,  
 And small fowls flocking, in their song did rew  
 The winter's wrath, wherewith each thing defac'd,  
 In woful wise bewail'd the summer past.

Hawthorn had lost his motley livery ;  
 The naked twigs were shiv'ring all for cold,  
 And dropping down the tears abundantly ;  
 Each thing (methought) with weeping eye me told  
 The cruel season, bidding me withhold  
 Myself within, for I was gotten out  
 Into the fields, whereas I walk'd about.

Earl of Dorset in the *Mirror for Magistrates*.

————— Do not scorn  
 My age, nor think, 'cause I appear forlorn,  
 I serve for no use ; 'tis my sharper breath  
 Does purge gross exhalations from the earth :  
 My frosts and snows do purify the air  
 From choking fogs, make the sky clear and fair :  
 And though by nature cold and chill I be,  
 Yet I am warm in bounteous charity.

*John Ford and Thomas Dekker's Sun's Darling.*  
 In winter's time when hardly fed the flocks,  
 And icicles hung dangling on the rocks ;  
 When *Hyems* bound the floods in silver chains,  
 And hoary frosts had candy'd all the plains ;

When

When ev'ry barn rung with the threshing flails,  
And shepherds boys for cold 'gan blow their nails.

*Brown's Pastorals.*

————— When winter doth the earth array  
In silver suit, and when the night and day  
Are in dissention, night locks up the ground,  
Which by the help of day is oft unbound.

*Ibid.*

Fair *Flora's* pride into the earth again  
Was sunk : cold winter had begun his reign,  
And summon'd beauteous daylight to restore  
To night, those hours, which he had stol'n before.

*May's Henry II.*

*December* rag'd, the northern winds did blow,  
And by their pow'r had glaz'd the silver flood  
Of near adjoining *Thames*, whose waters flood  
Congealed still ; o'er which the snow around  
Had fall'n, and with white fleeces cloath'd the ground.

*Ibid.*

Now shiv'ring winter fledg'd with feather'd rain,  
Cover'd the earth with beds of watrish down,  
Which warns the prince to quit the open plain,  
And have his soldiers winter'd in a town ;  
Who unto *Bourdeaux* unimpeach'd retreats,  
And for this year takes leave of martial seats.

The piercing frosts candy'd in *Gallick* skies,  
Against their countrys foes would so combine,  
The tunicles should not secure their eyes,  
And all the humours would turn cristalline :  
In their blue channels the red streams had flood,  
And spirits been congealled in that flood.

Therefore the prince will not his men bestow,  
In fields unhelter'd, whilst the leagu'ring cold,  
And batt'ring engines of chill ice and snow,  
Assault the spirits, and surprize their hold :  
Who let their men i'th' field in winter lie,  
Both combat nature, and the enemy.

N 5

*Aleyn's Poitiers*



And as from senses, reason's work doth spring,  
 So many reasons understanding gain,  
 And many understandings knowledge bring,  
 And by much knowledge, wisdom we obtain.

So many stairs we must ascend upright,  
 Ere we attain to wisdom's high degree :  
 So doth this earth eclipse our reason's light,  
 Which else in infants would like angels see.

Sir John Davies.

————— Men wise,  
 By the same steps by which they fell, may rise.

*Shakespear and Rowley's Birth of Merlin.*

Wisdom wishes to appear most bright,  
 When it doth tax itself ; as these black masques  
 Proclaim an en-shield beauty ten times louder,  
 Than beauty could display'd.

*Shakespear's Measure for Measure.*

A wise man's home is wherefo'ere he's wife ;  
 Now that, from man, not from the place doth rise.

*Marston's Second Part of Antonio and Mellida.*

A wise man wrongfully, but never wrong  
 Can take : his breast's of such well-temper'd proof,  
 It may be rac'd, not pierc'd by savage tooth  
 Of foaming malice : show'rs of darts may dark  
 Heav'n's ample brow, but not strike out a spark ;  
 Much less pierce the sun's cheek.

*Ibid.*

————— He that's a man for men,  
 Ambitious as a god, must like a god  
 Live free from passions ; his full aim'd at end,  
 Immense to others, sole self to comprehend ;  
 Round in's own globe, not to be clasp'd, but holds  
 Within him all, his heart being of more folds,  
 Than shield of *Telamon* ; not to be pierc'd, though struck :  
 The God of wise men is themselves, not luck.

*Marston's Sophonisba.*

All

All things are lawful that do profit bring ;  
A wise man's bow goes with a two-fold string.

*John Day's Isle of Gulls.*

The opinion of wisdom, is a foul tetter,  
That runs all over a man's body: if simplicity  
Directs us to have no evil, it directs us  
To a happy being, for the subtlest folly  
Proceeds from the subtlest wisdom.

*Webster's Dutchess of Malfy.*

This is the wise man's cure,  
That any thing, fate wills, he can endure.

*Daubourne's Poor Man's Comfort.*

Let a wise man place his strength  
Within himself, nor trust to outward aids:  
That whatsoever from the gods can come,  
May find him ready to receive their doom.

*May's Cleopatra.*

Move on then stars, work your pernicious will:  
Only the wise rule, and prevent your ill.

*Massinger and Field's Fatal Dowry.*

True wisdom, planted in the hearts of kings,  
Needs no more glory than the glory't brings;  
And like the sun, is view'd by her own light,  
Being, by her own reflection, made more bright.

*Quarles.*

Wealth, without wisdom, may live more content,  
Than wit's enjoyers can, debarr'd of wealth;  
All pray for riches, but I ne'er heard yet  
Of any since *Solomon* that pray'd for wit:  
He's counted wise enough in these vain times,  
That hath but means enough to wear gay cloaths,  
And be an outside of humanity; what matters it a pin,  
How indiscreet so e'er a natural be,  
So that his wealth be great? that's it doth cause  
Wisdom in these days to give fools applause.  
And when gay folly speaks, how vain soe're;  
Wisdom must silent sit, and speech forbear.

*Taylor's Hog hath lost his Pearl.*

————— In such like affairs,  
Which do concern th' uncertain rule of states,  
Wise men should always be above their fates.

*Glaphorne's Albertus Wallenstein.*

————— But let  
Ev'n the plotting destinies contrive,  
And be themselves of council ; all their malice  
Shall only shew an idle fruitless hate,  
While wisdom takes the upper hand of fate.

*Cartwright's Royal Slave.*

Excellent morality ! O the vast extent  
O'th' kingdom of a wise man ! such a mind  
Can sleep secure, when the brine kisses the moon,  
And thank the courteous storm for rocking him !

*Baron's Mirza.*

The wise men were but seven : now we scarce know  
So many fools, the world so wise doth grow.

*Heath's Clarastella.*

Your wisdom hath the skill to cure  
Distempers, stronger than your fortune feels.

*Sir W. Davenant's Unfortunate Lovers.*

The wise I here observe,  
Are wise tow'rds God ; in whose great service still,  
More than in that of kings, themselves they serve.

*Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

I can but smile to think how foolish wise  
Those women are, that chuse their loves for wisdom.  
Wisdom in man's a golden chain, to tie  
Poor women in a glorious slavery.

*Sicelides.*

Justice and faith never forsake the wise,  
Yet may occasion put him in disguise ;  
Not turning like the wind, but if the state  
Of things must change, he is not obstinate ;  
Things past, and future, with the present weighs,  
Nor credulous of what vain rumour says ;  
Few things, by wisdom are at first believ'd ;  
An easy ear deceives, and is deceiv'd.

*Denham*

But seven wise men the antient world did know ;  
We scarce know seven, who think themselves not so.

*Denham.*

Wisdom of what her self approves, makes choice ;  
Nor is led captive by the common voice.  
Clear fighted reason wisdom's judgement leads,  
And sense, her vassall, in her footsteps treads.

*Ibid.*

All human wisdom to divine, is folly ;  
This truth, the wisest man made melancholy.

*Ibid.*

Greatness we owe to fortune, or to fate ;  
But wisdom only can secure a state.

*Denham's Sophy.*

1. Are there divinities below ?
2. There are ; ev'ry wise thing is a divinity,  
That can dispose, and check the fate of things.

*Sir Robert Howard's Great Favourite.*

1. Consult a little with your prudence.
2. Wisdom's too froward to let any find  
Trust in himself, or pleasure in his mind ;  
She takes by what she gives ; her help destroys ;  
She shakes our courage, and disturbs our joys :  
Rashness allows unto the sudden sense  
All it's own joys, and adds her confidence.

*Sir Robert Howard's Vestal Virgins.*

For 'tis the fate of wise men, to be thought  
To act what int'rest, not justice, bids them :  
And Histories do oft'ner palliate crimes,  
Than publish them.

*Fane's Sacrifice.*

Were all things of one temper,  
The universe would not subsist one minute :  
Were all men wise, the world would be at a  
Stand, whilst each do prove unmalleable  
Unto others designs.

*Hectors.*

The



The wife do always govern their own fates,  
And fortune with officious zeal attends  
To crown their enterprizes with success.

*Abdicated Prince.*

W I T.

Wit not avails, late bought with care and cost ;  
Too late it comes, when life and all is lost.

*Mirror for Magistrates.*

The wit, the pupil of the soul's clear eye,  
And in man's world the only shining star :  
Look in the mirror of the fantasy,  
Where all the gath'rings of the senses are :

From thence, this pow'r the shapes of things abstracts,  
And them within her passive part receives,  
Which are enlightned by that part which acts,  
And so the forms of single things perceives:

But after, by discoursing to and fro,  
Anticipating, and comparing things,  
She doth all universal natures know,  
And all effects into their causes brings :

When she rates things, and moves from ground to ground,  
The name of reason she obtains by this :  
But when by reason she the truth hath found,  
And standeth fix'd, she understanding is.

When her assent she lightly doth encline  
To either part, she has opinion's light:  
But when she doth by principles define  
A certain truth, she hath true judgment's sight.

*Sir John Davies.*

But they that know that wit can shew no skill,  
But when she things in senses glass doth view,  
Do know, if accident this glass do spill,  
It nothing sees, or sees the false for true :

For if that region of the tender brain,  
Where th' inward sense of fantasy should sit,  
And th' outward sense's gath'rings should retain,  
By nature, or by chance, become unfit :

Either at first uncapable it is,  
 And so few things, or none at all receives :  
 Or marr'd by accident, which haps amiss,  
 And so amiss it ev'ry thing perceives.

*Sir John Davies.*

As the most forward bud  
 Is eaten by the canker, ere it blow ;  
 Ev'n so by love, the young and tender wit  
 Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the bud ;  
 Losing his verdure, ev'n in the prime,  
 And all the fair effects of future hopes.

*Shakespeare's Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

The only foil of his fair vertue's gloss,  
 If vertue's gloss will stain with any foil,  
 Is a sharp wit, match'd with too blunt a will ;  
 Whose edge hath pow'r to cut, whose will still wills,  
 It should spare none that come within his pow'r.

*Shakespeare's Love's Labour's lost.*

Short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.

*Ibid.*

Your wit makes wise things foolish ; when we greet  
 With eyes best seeming heaven's fiery eye,  
 By light we lose light ; your capacity  
 If of that nature, as to your huge store  
 Wise things seems foolish, and rich things but poor.

*Ibid.*

Good wits are greatest in extremities.

*Johnson's Volpone.*

But as of lions it is said, and eagles,  
 That when they go, they draw their feres and talons  
 Close up, to shun rebating of their sharpness :  
 So our wit's sharpness, which we should employ  
 In noblest knowledge, we should never waste  
 In vile and vulgar admirations.

*Chapman's Revenge of Buffy D'ambois.*

Her wit stings, blisters, galls off the skin  
 With the tart acrimony of her sharp quickness :

By

By sweetneſs ſhe is the very *Pallas*  
That flew out of *Jupiter's* brain-pan.

*Marſton's Firſt Part of Antonio and Mellida.*

One excellence to many is the mother ;  
Wit doth as creatures, one beget another.

*Drayton in the Mirror for Magiſtrates.*

The wit of man wanes and decreaſes ſoon ;  
But woman's wit is ever at full moon.

*Middleton's Mad World my Maſters.*

When ſhe has reapt what I have ſown,  
She'll ſay one grain taſts better of her own,  
Than whole ſheaves gather'd from another's land :  
Wit's never good, till bought at a dear hand.

*Dekker's Firſt Part of the Honelt Whore.*

——— 'Tis moſt fit,  
He ſhould have ſtate, that riſeth by his wit.

*Barrey's Ram Alley.*

He's a good huſband, who ſo buys his wit,  
That others, not himſelf, doth pay for it.

*Aleyn's Henry VII.*

When wit makes not abuſe its exerciſe,  
The uſes of it then are truly wiſe :  
But 'tis a fooliſh vanity, not wit,  
When conſcience bounds are broke to practice it.

*Nabbs's Covent Garden.*

In meaner wits that proverb chance may hold,  
That they who ſoon are ripe, are ſeldom old.

*Goffelow on Tho. Randolph's Death.*

Dread not the ſhackles ; on with thine intent :  
Good wits get more fame by their puniſhment.

*Herrick.*

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly ſtriking  
Sometimes a friend, ſometimes the engineer :  
Haſt thou the knack ? pamper it not with liking :  
But if thou want it, buy it not too dear.  
Many affecting wit beyond their pow'r,  
Have got to be a dear fool for an hour.

*Herbert.*

Aa

As buds to blossoms, blossoms turn to fruit ;  
So wits ask time to ripen and recruit,

*Howell.*

Thy wit's chief virtue, is become it's vice ;  
For ev'ry beauty thou hast rais'd so high,  
That now coarse faces carry such a price,  
As must undo a lover that should buy.

*Sir W. Davenant to Tho. Carew.*

The nimble packing hand, the swift  
Disorder'd shuffle, or the slur, or his  
More base employment, who makes love for bread,  
Do all belong to men that may be thought  
To live, fir, by their sins, not by their wits.

*Sir W. Davenant's Wits.*

These are the victories of wit : by wit  
We must atchieve our hopes ; which to refine  
And purify, with paces doubled let us  
Descend a marble vault : there taste the rich  
Legitimate blood of the mighty grape :  
It magnifies the heart, and makes the agile  
Spirits dance ;

It drowns all thoughts adulterate and sad,  
Inspires the prophet, makes the poet glad.

*Sir W. Davenant's Just Italian.*

Wit flies beyond the limit of that law,  
By which our sculptors 'grave, or painters draw,  
And statuarys up to nature grow ;  
Who all their strokes of life to poets owe.  
Their art can make no shape for wit to wear,  
It is divine, and can no image bear :  
None by description can that soul express ;  
Yet all must the effects of it confess :  
States boast of those effects, when they relate,  
How they in treatys soil'd a duller state :  
And warriors, shewing how they gain'd the day,  
How they drew up, and where their ambush lay :  
And lovers, telling, why a rival fail'd,  
Whilst they but whisper'd beauty, and prevail'd :

*And*



And cloister'd men, when they with smiles declare  
How rigidly they are confin'd from care,  
And how they let the world plough troubled seas,  
Whilst they for penance must endure their ease.

*Sir W. Davenant to the E. of Orrery.*

As sullen heirs, when wastful fathers dye,  
Their old debts leave for their posterity  
To clear; and the remaining acres strive  
T'enjoy, to keep them pleasant whilst alive:  
So I (alas!) were to my self unkind,  
If from that little wit, he left behind,  
I simply should so great a debt defray;  
I'll keep it to maintain me, not to pay.  
Yet, for my soul's last quiet when I dye,  
I will commend it to posterity:  
Although 'tis fear'd, 'cause they are left so poor,  
They'll but acknowledge, what they should restore.

*Sir W. Davenant to Doctor Duppa.*

You can't expect that they should be great wits,  
Who have small purses, they usually  
Sympathize together; wit is expensive,  
It must be dieted with delicacies,  
It must be suckled with the richest wines,  
Or else it will grow flat and dull.

*Newile's Poor Scholar.*

Time runs, love flies;  
He that thinks least, is the most wise:  
And fortune ever did approve  
A present wit, in war, or love.

*Fane's Love in the Dark.*

W I V E S.

I will rather trust a *Fleming* with my  
Butter, parson *Hugh* the *Welchman* with my  
Cheese, an *Irishman* with my *aqua vitæ*  
Bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling  
Gelding, than my wife with her self: then she  
Plots, then she ruminates, then she devises:

And

And what they think in their hearts they may effect,  
They will break their hearts but they will effect.

*Shakespear's Merry Wives of Windsor.*

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,  
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too ;  
We do not act, that often jest and laugh :  
'Tis old, but true, still swine eat all the broth.

*Ibid.*

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,  
Ew'n such a woman oweth to her husband :  
And when she's froward, peevish, fullen, sower,  
And not obedient to his honest will,  
What is she but a foul contending rebel,  
And graceless traytor to her loving lord ?  
I am asham'd, that women are so simple  
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace ;  
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,  
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.  
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,  
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,  
But that our soft conditions, and our hearts  
Should well agree with our external parts ?  
Come, come, you froward and unable worms,  
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,  
My heart as great, my reason happily more,  
'To bandy word for word, and frown for frown ;  
But now I see, our lances are but straws,  
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare ;  
'That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.  
'Then vale your stomachs, for it is no boot,  
And place your hands below your husbands foot :  
In token of which duty if he please,  
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

*Shakespear's Taming of the Shrew.*

After you are marry'd, sir, suffer valiantly ;  
For I must tell you all the perils that you are  
Obnoxious to. If she be fair, young, and  
Vegetous, no sweetmeats ever drew more  
Flies ; all the yellow doublets, and great roses.

In the town will be there : if foul and crooked,  
She'll be with them, and buy those doublets and  
Roses, fir ; if rich, and that you marry  
Her dowry, not her, she'll reign in your house,  
As imperious as a widow : if noble,  
All her kindred will be your tyrants : if  
Fruitful, as proud as *May*, and humorous  
As *April* ; she must have her doctors, her  
Midwives, her Nurses, her longings ev'ry  
Hour ; though it be for the dearest morsel  
Of man : if learned, there was never such  
A parrot ; all your patrimony will  
Be too little for the guests that must be  
Invited, to hear her speak *Latin* and *Greek* :  
And you must lie with her in those languages  
Too, if you will please her : if precise, you  
Must feast all the silenc'd brethren once in  
Three days, salute the sisters, entertain  
The whole family, or woo'd of them, and  
Hear long-winded exercises, singings,  
And catechisings, which your not giv'n to,  
And yet must give for, to please the zealous  
Matron your wife ; who, for the holy cause,  
Will cozen you over and above : then, if  
You love your wife, or rather doat on her,  
O, how she'll torture you, and take pleasure  
In your torments ! you shall lye with her but  
When she lists ; she will not hurt her beauty,  
Her complexion, or it must be, for that  
Jewel, or that pearl, when she does ; ev'ry  
Half hour's pleasure must be bought anew, and  
With the same pain and charge you woo'd her at first.  
Then, you must keep what servants she please, what  
Company she will ; that friend must not visit  
You without her license ; and him she loves  
Most, she will seem to hate eagerliest  
To decline your jealousy, or feign to be  
Jealous of you first ; and for that cause go  
Live with her she-friend, or cozen at the

College, that can instruct her in all the  
Mysterys of writing letters, corrupting  
Servants, taming spies; where she must have that  
Rich gown for such a great day, a new one  
For the next, a richer for the third; be  
Serv'd in silver, have the chamber fill'd with  
A succession of grooms, footmen, ushers,  
And other messengers; besides embroiderers,  
Jewellers, tire-women, semsters, feather-men,  
Perfumers; whilst she feels not how the land  
Drops away, nor the acres melt; nor foresees  
The change, when the mercer has your woods  
For her velvets: never weighs what her pride  
Costs, sir, so she may kiss a page, or a  
Smooth chin, that has the despair of a beard;  
Be a Stateswoman, know all the news, what  
Was done at *Salisbury*, what at the *Bath*,  
What at court, what in progress: or, so she  
May censure poets, and authors, and stiles,  
And compare them, *Daniel* with *Spencer*,  
*Johnson* with th'other youth, and so forth; or  
Be thought cunning in controversies, or  
The very knots of divinity, and have often  
In her mouth the state of the question:  
And then skip to the mathematicks, and  
Demonstration and answer in religion  
To one, in state to another, in bawdry  
To a third. All this is very true, Sir.  
And then her going in disguise to that  
Conjurer, and this cunning woman; where  
The first question is, how soon you shall dye?  
Next, if her present servant love her? next,  
That if she shall have a new servant? and  
How many? which of her family would  
Make the best bawd, male or female?  
What precedence she shall have by her next  
Match? and sets down the answers, and believes  
Them above the scriptures. Nay, perhaps she'll

Study



Study the art : and then comes reeking home  
 Of vapour and sweat, with going a foot,  
 And lies in a month of a new face, all  
 Oil, and bird-lime; and rises in asses  
 Milk, and is cleans'd with a new fucus: God  
 Be with you sir, one thing more (which I had  
 Almost forgot) This too, with whom you are  
 To marry, may have made a conveyance  
 Of her virginity aforehand, as  
 Your wise widows do of their estates, before  
 They marry, in trust to some friend, sir; who  
 Can tell? or if she have not done it yet,  
 She may do, upon the wedding day, or  
 The night before, and antidate you cuckold.

*Johnson's Silent Woman.*

He that will choose  
 A good wife from a bad, come learn of me,  
 That hath try'd both, in wealth and misery.  
 A good wife will be careful of her fame,  
 Her husband's credit, and her own good name,  
 And such art thou: a bad wife will respect  
 Her pride, her lust, and her own name neglect,  
 And such art thou; a good wife will be still  
 Industrious, apt to do her husband's will;  
 But a bad wife, cross, spiteful and madding,  
 Never keep home, but always be a gadding,  
 And such art thou; a good wife will conceal  
 Her husband's dangers, and no thing reveal  
 That may procure him harm, and such art thou:  
 But a bad wife corrupts chaste wedlock's vow,  
 On this side virtue, and on that side sin,  
 On this who strive to loose, or this to win:  
 Here lives perpetual joy, here burning woe.  
 Now husbands choose on which hand will you go?  
 Seek vertuous wives, all husbands will be blest;  
 Fair wives are good, but vertuous wives are best.  
 They that my fortunes will peruse, shall find  
 No beauty's like the beauty of the mind.

*How a Man may choose a good Wife from a bad.*

———My dear lord's wife, and knows  
 That tinsel glitter, or rich purpled robes,  
 Curled hairs, hung full of sparkling carcanets,  
 Are not the true adornments of a wife:  
 So long as wives are faithful, modest, chaste,  
 Wise lords affect them. Vertue doth not waste  
 With each slight flame of crackling vanity.  
 A modest eye forceth affection,  
 Whilst outward gayness, light looks but entice;  
 Fairer than nature's fair, is foulest vice.  
 She that loves art, to get her cheek more lovers,  
 Much outward gawds, slight inward grace discovers:  
 I care not to seem fair, but to my lord.  
 'Those that strive most to please a stranger's sight,  
 Folly may judge most fair, wisdom most light.

*Marston's Second Part of Antonio and Mellida.*

In the election of a wife, as in  
 A project of war, to err but once, is  
 To be undone for ever. You are a man  
 Well sunk in years, and to graft such a young  
 Blossom into your stock, is the next way  
 To make ev'ry carnal eye bespeak your injury.  
 Troth I pity her too; she was not made  
 To wither and go out by painted fires,  
 That yields her no more heat than to be lodg'd  
 In some bleak banquetting house in the dead  
 Of winter; and what follows then? your shame,  
 And the ruin of your children; and there's  
 The end of a rash bargain.

*Middleton's Any thing for a quiet Life.*

'Tis not enough for one that is a wife  
 To keep her spotless from an act of ill,  
 But from suspicion she should free her life,  
 And bare her self of pow'r as well as will:  
 'Tis not so glorious for her to be free,  
 As by her proper self restrain'd to be.

When

When she hath spacious ground to walk upon,  
 Why on the ridge should she desire to go?  
 It is no glory to forbear alone

Those things, that may her honour overthrow:  
 But 'tis thank-worthy, if she will not take  
 All lawful liberties for honour's sake.

That wife, her hand against her fame doth rear,  
 That more than to her lord herself will give  
 A private word to any second ear;

And though she may with reputation live,  
 Yet, though most chaste, she doth her glory blot,  
 And wounds her honour, though she kills it not.

When to their husbands they themselves do bind,  
 Do they not wholly give themselves away?  
 Or give they but their body, not their mind,  
 Reserving that though best for others, pray?  
 No sure, their thoughts no more can be their own;  
 And therefore should to none but one be known.

Then she usurps upon another's right,  
 That seeks to be by publick language grac'd:  
 And though her thoughts reflect with purest light,  
 Her mind, if not peculiar, is not chaste.  
 For in a wife it is no worse to find,  
 A common body, than a common mind.

And ev'ry mind though free from thought of ill,  
 That out of glory seeks a worth to shew:  
 When any's ears but one therewith they fill,  
 Doth in a sort her pureness overthrow.

*Lady Carew's Mariam.*

Let all young sprightly wives that have  
 Dull foolish coxcombs to their husbands,  
 Learn by me their duties, what to do;  
 Which is, to make them fools, and please them too.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Noble Gentlemen.*

I know

The sum of all that makes a man, a just man happy,  
Consists in the well choosing of his wife ;  
And there well to discharge it, does require  
Equality of years, of birth, of fortune ;  
For beauty being poor, and not cry'd up  
By birth or wealth, can truly mix with neither :  
And wealth, where there's such difference in years,  
And fair descent, must make the yoke uneasy.

*Massinger's New Way to pay old Debts.*

A witty wife, with an imperious will,  
Being cross, finds means to cross her husband still.

*Richard Brome's Mad Couple well match'd.*

If e'er I take a wife, I will have one,  
Neither for beauty nor for portion,  
But for her vertues ; and i'll marry'd be  
Not for my lust, but for posterity :  
And when i'm wed, i'll never jealous be,  
But make her learn how to be chaste by me :  
And be her face what 'twill, i'll think her fair,  
If she within the house confine her care :  
If modest in her words and cloaths she be,  
Not daub'd with pride, and prodigality :  
If with her neighbours she maintains no strife,  
And bears her self to me a faithful wife ;  
I'd rather unto such a one be wed,  
Than clasp the choicest *Hellen* in my bed :  
Yet though she were an angel, my affection  
Should only love, not doat on her perfection.

*Randolph.*

Suspicion, discontent, and strife,  
Come in for dowry with a wife.

*Herrick.*

Oh servile state of conjugal embrace !  
Where seeming honour covers true disgrace.  
We with reproaches, mistresses defame ;  
But we poor wives endure the greatest shame :

O

We



We to their slaves are humble slaves, whilst they  
 Command our lords, and rule what we obey :  
 Their loves each day new kindnesse uphold,  
 We get but little, and that little cold ;  
 That a poor wife is with her state reproach'd,  
 And to be marry'd, is to be debauch'd.

*Crown's Calista.*

W O M E N.

———— It is thought wonderful  
 Among the seamen, that mugill, of all  
 Fishes the swiftest, is found in the belly  
 Of the bret, of all, the slowest : and shall  
 It not seem monstrous to wise men, that the  
 Heart of the greatest conqu'ror of the world,  
 Should be found in the hands of the weakest  
 Creature of nature ? of a woman ! of  
 A captive ! Ermines have fair skins, but foul  
 Livers ; sepulchers fresh colours, but rotten  
 Bones ; women fair faces, but false hearts.

*Lilly's Alexander and Campaspe.*

Mens due deserts each reader may recite,  
 For men of men do make a goodly shew,  
 But womens works can never come to light ;  
 No mortal man their famous acts may know ;  
 No writer will a little time bestow,  
 The worthy acts of women to repeat ;  
 Though their renown and due deserts be great.

*Mirror for Magistrates.*

1. You're pictures out of doors,  
 Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,  
 Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,  
 Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds !
2. O, fie upon thee, slanderer !
1. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk ;  
 You rise to play, and go to bed to work,

*Shakeſpear's Othello.*

If she be black, and thereto have a wit,  
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

*Shakespeare's Othello.*

There's none so foul and foolish thereunto,  
But does foul pranks, which fair and wise ones do.

*Ibid.*

A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her ;  
Send her another, never give her o'er ;  
For scorn at first, makes after love the more :  
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,  
But rather to beget more love in you :  
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone ;  
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone :  
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say ;  
For, get you gone, she doth not mean away :  
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces ;  
Tho' ne'er so black, say they have angel's faces.  
That man that hath a tongue, I say is no man,  
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

*Shakespeare's Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

One woman reads another's character,  
Without the tedious trouble of decyphering.

*Johnson's New Inn.*

He that holds religious and sacred thoughts  
Of a woman ; he that bears so reverend  
A respect to her, that he will not touch  
Her, but with a kiss'd hand and a timorous  
Heart ; he that adores her like his goddess,  
Let him be sure, she'll shun him like her slave.  
Alas ! good souls, women of themselves are  
Tractable and tractable enough, and  
Would return *quid* for *quod* still, but we are  
They that spoil them, and we shall answer for't  
Another day ; we are they that put a  
Kind of wanton melancholly into them,  
That makes them think their noses bigger than  
Their faces, greater than the sun in brightness ;

And whereas nature made them but half fools,  
We make them all fools.

*Chapman's May Day.*

Trust women! ah *Myrtillus*, rather trust  
The summer's winds, th' ocean's constancy;  
For all their substance is but levity:  
Light are their wav'ring veils, light their attires,  
Light are their heads, and lighter their desires:  
Let them lay on what coverture they will  
Upon themselves, of modesty and shame,  
They cannot hide the woman with the same.  
Trust women! ah *Myrtillus*, rather trust  
The false devouring crocodile of *Nile*,  
For all they work is but deceit and guile:  
What have they but is feign'd? their hair is feign'd,  
Their beauty feign'd, their stature feign'd, their pace,  
Their gesture, motion, and their grace is feign'd:  
And if that all be feign'd without, what then  
Shall we suppose can be sincere within?  
For if they do but weep, or sing, or smile,  
Smiles, tears, and tunes, are engines to beguile;  
And all they are, and all they have of grace,  
Consists but in the outside of a face.

*Daniel's Arcadia.*

But how durst he of one the glory raise,  
Where two condemn'd would needs the wrong repair?  
It spites our sex, to hear another's praise;  
Of which, each one would be thought only fair.

*Earl of Sterline's Julius Cæsar.*

A woman's hate is ever dipp'd in blood,  
And doth exile all councils that be good.

*Lord Brooke's Alabam.*

Alas, fair princess! those that are strongly form'd,  
And truly shap'd, may naked walk; but we,  
We things call'd women, only made for shew  
And pleasure, created to bear children,  
And play at shuttle-cock; we imperfect mixtures,  
Without respective ceremony us'd,

And

And ever compliment, alas, what are we?  
 Take from us formal custom, and the courtesies  
 Which civil fashion hath still us'd to us,  
 We fall to all contempt. O women! how much,  
 How much are you beholden to ceremony?

*Marston's Sophonisba.*

If she be a virgin of a modest  
 Eye, shame fac'd, temp'rate aspect, her very  
 Modesty inflames me, her sober blushes  
 Fire me: If I behold a wanton, pretty,  
 Courtly, petulant ape, I am extreemly  
 In love with her, because she is not clownishly rude,  
 And that she assures her lover of no  
 Ignorant, dull, moving *Venus*: Be she  
 Sow'rly severe, I think she wittily counterfeits,  
 And I love her for her wit: If she be  
 Learned and censures poets, I love her soul,  
 And for her soul, her body: Be she a  
 Lady of profess'd ignorance, oh I am  
 Infinitely taken with her simplicity;  
 I'm assur'd to find no sophistication  
 About her! Be she slender and lean, she's  
 The *Greek's* delight: Be she thin and plump, she's  
 Th' *Italian's* pleasure: If she be tall, she's  
 Of a goodly form, and will print a fair  
 Proportion in a large bed: If she be  
 Short and low, she's nimbly delightful,  
 And ordinarily quick witted: Be she young,  
 She's for mine eye: Be she old, she's for my  
 Discourse, as one well knowing there is much  
 Amiableness in a grave matron: But be  
 She young, or old, lean, fat, short, tall, white, red,  
 Brown, nay even black, my discourse shall find  
 Reason to love her, if my means may procure  
 Opportunity to enjoy her.

*Marston's Fawn.*

But when that sex leave vertue to esteem,  
 Those greatly err, which think them what they seem.  
 Their



Their plighted faith, they at their pleasure leave,  
 Their love is cold, but hot as fire their hate ;  
 On whom they smile, they surely those deceive ;  
 In their desires, they be insatiate :  
 Them of their will, there's nothing can bereave,  
 Their anger hath no bound, revenge no date :  
 They lay by fear, when they at ruin aim,  
 They shun not sin, as little weigh they shame.

*Drayton's Barons Wars.*

To dote on weaknefs, slime, corruption, woman !  
 What is she, took afunder from her cloaths ?  
 Being ready, she confifts of hundred pieces,  
 Much like your *German* clock, and near ally'd ;  
 Both are fo nice, they cannot go for pride :  
 Befide a greater fault, but too well known,  
 They'll ftrike to ten, when they fhould ftop at one.

*Middleton's Mad World my Masters.*

When there comes a reftRAINT upon fleft, we  
 Are always moft greedy upon't ; and that  
 Makes your merchant's wife often times pay fo  
 Dear for a mouthful : give me a woman  
 As fhe was made at firft, fimple of herfelf,  
 Without fophiftication, like this wench :  
 I cannot abide them, when they have tricks,  
 Set fpeeches, and artful entertainments :  
 You fhall have fome fo impudently afpected,  
 They will out-cry the forehead of a man,  
 Make him blufh firft, and talk him into filence ;  
 And this is counted manly in a woman ;  
 It may hold fo, fure womanly it is not : no,  
 If e'er I love, or any thing move me,  
 'Twill be a woman's fimple modetty.

*Ibid.*

————— Oh haplefs creatures !

There is in woman a devil from her birth ;  
 Of bad ones we have fhools, of good a dearth.

*Dekkers Match me in London.*

She

She is not bad that hath desire to ill,  
But she that hath no pow'r to rule that will.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Woman Hater.*

All we that are call'd women, know as well  
As men, it were a far more noble thing,  
To grace where we are grac'd, and give respect  
There where we are respected; yet we practise  
A wilder course, and never bend our eyes  
On men with pleasure, till they find the way  
To give us a neglect: then we, too late  
Perceive, the loss of what we might have had,  
And doat to death.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady.*

Q. Tell me, what is that only thing,

For which all women long:

Yet having what they most desire,

To have it, does them wrong?

A. 'Tis not to be chaste, nor fair,

Such gifts, malice may impair;

Richly trimm'd, to walk or ride,

Or to wanton unespied;

To preserve an honest name,

And so, to give it up to fame;

These are toys: in good or ill,

They desire to have their will;

Yet when they have it, they abuse it,

For they know not how to use it.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Women Pleas'd.*

Many glorious women that are fam'd

For masculine vertue, have been vitious;

Only a happier silence did betide them:

She hath no faults, who hath the art to hide them.

*Webster's White Devil.*

Women are caught as you take tortoisés:

She must be turn'd on her back.

*Ibid.*

This is the tyranny we men endure ;  
 Women can make us mad, but none can cure.

*Webster and Rowley's Thracian Wonder*

—————It shall suffice ;

By women man first fell, by them I'll rise.

*Mason's Mulcasses.*

Women and honesty are as near ally'd,  
 As parsons lives are to their doctrines,  
 One and the same.

*Barry's Ram Alley.*

Never regard the passions of a woman :  
 They're wily creatures, and have learnt this wit,  
 Where they love most, best to dissemble it.

*Smith's Hector of Germany.*

How have I wrong'd thee ! oh who would abuse  
 Your Sex, which truly knows ye ! O women,  
 Were we not born of ye ? should we not then  
 Honour ye ? nurs'd by ye, and not regard  
 Ye ? begotten on you, and not love ye ?  
 Made for ye, and not seek ye ? and since we  
 Were made before ye, should we not love and  
 Admire ye as the last, and therefore perfect 't work  
 Of nature ? Man was made, when nature was  
 But an apprentice, but woman, when she  
 Was a skilful mistress of her art ; therefore  
 Cursed is he that doth not admire those  
 Paragons, those models of heav'n, angels  
 On earth, goddesses in shape : by their loves  
 We live in double breath, even in our  
 Offspring after death. Are not all vices  
 Masculine, and virtues feminine ? are  
 Not the *Muses* the loves of the learned ?  
 Do not all noble spirits follow the *Graces*,  
 Because they are women ? there's but one phoenix,  
 And she's a female : is not the princess  
 And foundress of good arts, *Minerva*, born  
 Of the brain of highest *Jove*, a woman ?  
 Have not these women the face of love, the

Tongue

Tongue of persuasion, the body of delight ?  
 O divine perfection'd woman, whose praises  
 No tongue can full express, for that the matter  
 Doth exceed the labour ! O, if to be  
 A woman be so excellent, what is  
 It then to be a woman enrich'd by  
 Nature, made excellent by education,  
 Noble by birth, chaste by virtue, adorn'd  
 By beauty ! a fair woman which is the  
 Ornament of heaven, the grace of earth,  
 The joy of life, and the delight of all sense,  
 Ev'n the very *summum bonum* of man's life.

*Cupid's Whirligig.*

—————What a plague  
 Of vary'd torture is a woman's heart ?  
 How like a peacock's tail, with diff'rent lights  
 They differ from themselves ! the very air  
 Alters the aspen humours of their bloods,  
 Now excellent good, now super-excellent bad.

*Sir Giles Goose-Cap.*

Creatures the most imperfect, nothing of  
 Themselves, only patch'd up to cozen and  
 Gull men, borrowing their hair from one, and  
 Complexions from another ! nothing  
 Their own that's pleasing ; all dissembled, not  
 So much, but their very breath is sophisticated  
 With amber-pellets, and kissing causes.  
 Marry a woman ! — Thou undergo'st an  
 Harder task, than those bold spirits, that did  
 Undertake to steal the great *Turk* into *Christendom*.  
 A woman ! she's an angel at ten, a  
 Saint at fifteen, a devil at forty,  
 And a witch at fourscore.

*Sweetnam the Woman Hater.*

—————We are all  
 But flesh and blood ; the same thing that will do  
 My lady good, will please her woman too.

*John Ford's Lover's melancholy.*



Here's th' unhappiness of woman still,  
That having forfeited, in old time, their trust,  
Now makes their faith suspected, that are just.

*Massinger, Middleton, and Rowley's Old Law.*

O never love, except thou be belov'd !  
For such an humour ev'ry woman seizeth,  
She loves not him that 'plaineth, but that pleaseth.  
When much thou lovest, most disdain comes on thee,  
And when thou think'st to hold her, she flies from thee :  
She follow'd flies, she fled from, follows post,  
And loveth best, where she is hated most.  
'Tis ever noted, both in maids and wives,  
Their hearts and tongues are never relatives :  
Hearts full of holes (so elder shepherds feign)  
As apter to receive, than to retain.

*Brown's Pastorals.*

Women, as well as men, retain desire,  
But can dissemble more than men, their fire.

*Ibid.*

Trust not a woman ! they have found the herb  
To open locks ; not brazen towers can hold 'em ;  
Or if they get not loose, they have the vertue  
Of loadstones ; shut up in a box, they'll draw  
Customers to them ; nay, being dead and bury'd,  
There is a Suspicion they will break the grave ;  
Which puts so many husbands to the charge  
Of heavy stones to keep their bad wives under.

*Shirley's Constant Maid.*

————— It is  
The nature of women to be vext,  
When they know any of their servants court  
Another ; and that love they thought not worth  
Their own reward, will sting 'em to the soul,  
When 'tis translated where it meets with love :  
And this will either break her stubborn heart,  
Or humble her.

*Shirley's Brothers.*

All mankind are alike to them ;  
 And though we iron find  
 That never with a loadstone join'd,  
     'Tis not the iron's fault,  
 It is, because the loadstone yet was never brought.  
 If where a gentle bee hath fall'n  
     And labour'd to his pow'r,  
 A new succeeds not to that flow'r,  
     But passes by ;  
 'Tis to be thought, the gallant elsewhere loads his thigh.  
 For still the flowers ready stand,  
     One buzzes round about,  
 One lights, one tastes, gets in, gets out,  
     All, all ways use them,  
 Till all their sweets are gone, and all again refuse them.  
*Suckling.*

I will not love one minute more, I swear,  
 No, not a minute ; not a sigh or tear  
 'Thou gett'st from me, or one kind look again,  
 'Tho' thou should'st court me to't, and would'st begin.  
 I will not think of thee, but as men do  
 Of debts and sins ; and then, I'll curse thee too :  
 For thy sake, woman shall be now to me  
 Less welcome, than at midnight ghosts shall be :  
 I'll hate so perfectly, that it shall be  
 Treason, to love that man that loves a she ;  
 Nay, I will hate the very good, I swear,  
 That's in thy sex, because it does lie there :  
 Their very vertue, grace, discourse, and wit,  
 And all for thee : —what, wilt thou love me yet ?  
*Ibid.*

———These silly women, when they feed  
 Our expectation so high, do but like  
 Ignorant conjurers, that raise a spirit  
 Which handsomly they cannot lay again.

*Suckling's Aglaure.*

He is a parricide to his mother's name,  
 And with an impious hand murders her fame,

That wrongs the praise of women ; that dares write  
 Libells on faints, or with foul ink requite  
 The milk they lent us : Better sex, command  
 To your defence, my more religious hand  
 At sword, or pen ; yours was the nobler birth ;  
 For you of man were made, man but of earth,  
 The son of dust : and tho' your sin did breed  
 His fall, again you rais'd him in your seed :  
*Adam* in's sleep again full loss sustain'd,  
 That for one rib, a better self regain'd ;  
 Who had he not your blest creation seen,  
 An *Anchorite* in *Paradise* had been.  
 Why in this work did the creation rest,  
 But that eternal providence thought you best  
 Of all his six days labour ? Beasts should do  
 Homage to man, but man shall wait on you :  
 You are of a comelier sight, of daintier touch,  
 A tender flesh, and colour bright, and such  
 As *Parians* see in marble ; skin more fair,  
 More glorious head, and far more glorious hair ;  
 Eyes full of grace and quickness ; purer roses  
 Blush in your cheeks ; a milder white composes  
 Your stately fronts ; your breath more sweet than his  
 Breaths spice, and nectar drops at ev'ry kiss.  
 Your skins are smooth, bristles on theirs do grow  
 Like quills of porcupines ; rough wooll doth flow  
 O'er all their faces ; you approach more near  
 The form of angels, they like beasts appear :  
 If then in Bodies where the souls do dwell  
 You better us ; do then our souls excel ?  
 No, we in souls equal perfection see,  
 There can in them, nor male nor female be.  
 Boast we of knowledge ? you are more than we,  
 You were the first ventur'd to pluck the tree :  
 And that more rhet'rick in your tongues do lie,  
 Let him dispute against, that dares deny  
 Your least commands ; and not persuaded be  
 With *Sampson's* strength, and *David's* piety,

To be your willing captives : vertue sure  
 Were blind as fortune, should she choose the poor  
 Rough cottage, man, to live in, and despise  
 To dwell in you, the stately edifice :  
 Thus you are prov'd the better sex ; and we  
 Must all repent, that in our pedigree,  
 We chose the father's name ; where should we take  
 The mother's, a more honour'd blood, twould make  
 Our generation sure and certain be,  
 And i'd believe some faith in heraldry.  
 Thus perfect creatures, if detraction rise  
 Against your sex, dispute but with your eyes,  
 Your hand, your lip, your brow, there will be sent  
 So subtle and so strong an argument,  
 Will teach the stoick his affection too,  
 And call the cynick from his tub to woove.  
 Thus must'ring up your beauteous troops go on,  
 The fairest, is the valiant *Amazon*.

*Randolph.*

Let them imagine, who did ever know  
 What misled womens wild desires will do,  
 When they extremely do, or lust, or loath;  
 Cruel alike, alike unjust in both,  
 And from their worst desires most hardly chang'd.

*May's Edward III.*

The wanton nymph doth more delight me far ;  
 The modest nymphs do more seem chaste than are :  
 Women are all alike ; the difference this,  
 This seems and is not, that both seems and is ;  
 Or if some are not, as they call it, ill ;  
 They want the pow'r and means, but not the will.

*Sicelides.*

Women in the beginning (as 'tis said)  
 To be an help to man was chiefly made :  
 Then ought not women much to be commended,  
 Who answer th' end for which they were intended ?  
 Women were made to help men, so they do ;  
 Some unto sorrow, grief, diseases too :

*Others,*



Others, do their kind husbands help to spend  
 Their whole estates ; thus answer they their end :  
 Some help men unto more than they were born  
 To have, I mean *Acteon's* head and horn.  
 Crooked-condition'd nature made her, when  
 She form'd her of the crooked'st parts in men :  
 Nature first fram'd her of a man's rib, she  
 Then can't chuse but a cross-grain'd creature be :  
 And ever since (it may not be deny'd)  
 Poor man hath subject been t'a stich i' th' side.

*Cleveland.*

For shame you pretty female elves,  
 Cease thus to candy up your selves ;  
 No more you sectarys of the game,  
 No more of your calcining flame.  
 Women commence by cupid's dart,  
 As a king hunting dubs a hart.

*Ibid.*

She shew'd that her soft sex contains strong minds,  
 Such as evap'rates through the coarser male ;  
 As through coarse stone, elixir passage finds,  
 Which scarce through finer chrystal can exhale.

*Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

—— A woman's will  
 Is not so strong in anger, as her skill.

*Sir W. Davenant's Albovine.*

Oh what a feeble fort's a woman's heart,  
 Betray'd by nature, and besieg'd by art !

*Fane's Love in the Dark,*

Dangers and businets are cut out for men ;  
 Women are spar'd, to stock the world again.

*Fane's Sacrifice.*

No woman takes her self to be a monster ;  
 Yet she would be so, if her eyes were stars,  
 Her lips of roses, and her face of lilies :  
 Why, traps were made for foxes, gins for hares,  
 Lime-twigs for birds, and lies and oaths for women.

*Ibid.*

Oh

Oh women, mens subduers !  
 Natures extreams ! no mean is to be had ;  
 Excellent good, or infinitely bad.

*Davenport's King John and Matilda.*

Womens sweet words  
 As far are from their hearts (though from their breasts  
 They flie) as lapwings crys are from their nests.

*Davenport's City Night Cap.*

He is a fool who thinks by force, or skill,  
 To turn the current of a woman's will.

*Tuke's Adventures of Five Hours.*

Seek for the star that's shot upon the ground,  
 And nought but a dim gelly there is found :  
 Thus foul and dark our female stars appear,  
 If fall'n or loosned once from vertue's sphere.

*Bishop King.*

Women, like china, should be kept with care ;  
 One flaw debases her to common ware.

*Crown's Sir Courtly Nice.*

Poor womankind——  
 Heav'n for our ruin, gifts on us bestows,  
 Charms to allure, no power to oppose.  
 In passion we are strong, in reason weak,  
 Constant alone, to error and mistake ;  
 In vertue feign'd, in vanity sincere ;  
 Witty in sin, and for damnation fair.

*Crown's Darius.*

These are great maxims, sir, it is confest ;  
 Too stately for a womans narrow breast.  
 Poor love is lost in mens capacious minds ;  
 In ours, it fills up all the room it finds.

*Crown's Second Part of the Destruction of Jerusalem.*

From men we only seem to fly,  
 To meet them with more privacy.

*Crown's Calisto.*

# W O R D S

Ev'n as the vapour which the fire repells,  
 Turns not to earth, but in the mid air dwells ;

Where

Where while it hangs, if *Boreas*' frosty flaws,  
 With rigour rattle it, not to rain it thaws,  
 But thunder, light'nings, ratt'ling hail or snow  
 Sends down to earth, whence first it rose below ;  
 But if fair *Phæbus* with his count'nance sweet  
 Resolve it, down the dew, or manna fleet :  
 The manna dew, that in the eastern lands,  
 Excel the labour of the bees small hands.  
 Else for her *Memnon* grey *Aurora*'s tears  
 On the earth it still ; the partner of her fears.  
 Or sends sweet show'rs to glad their mother earth,  
 Whence first they took their first inconstant birth :  
 To so great griefs, ill taken words do grow :  
 Of words well taken, such delights do flow.

*Mirror for Magistrates.*

———— His plausible words  
 He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them  
 To grow there and to bear.

*Shakespeare's All's well that ends well.*

Your words are ear-wigs to my vexed brains,  
 Like hen-bane juice, or aconite diffus'd,  
 They strike me senseless.

*True Trojans.*

Words are the soul's ambassadors, who go  
 Abroad upon her errands to and fro ;  
 They are the sole expounders of the mind,  
 And correspondence keep 'twixt all mankind.  
 They are those airy keys that ope (and wrest  
 Sometimes) the locks and hinges of the breast.  
 By them the heart makes fallies: wit and sense  
 Belong to them : They are the quintessence  
 Of those ideas which the thoughts distil,  
 And so calcine and melt again, until  
 They drop forth into accents ; in whom lies  
 The salt of fancy, and all faculties.  
 The world was fram'd by the eternal word,  
 Who to each creature did a name afford ;

And

And such an union made 'twixt words and things,  
That ev'ry name a nature with it brings.  
Words do involve the greatest mysteries :  
By them the *Jew* into his *Cabal* pries.  
'The chymick says, in stones, in herbs, in words,  
Nature for ev'ry thing a cure affords :  
Nay, some have found the glorious stars to be  
But letters, set in an orthography,  
The fate of kings and empires to foretell ;  
With all things else below, could we them spell.  
That grand distinction between man and brute,  
We may to language chiefly attribute.  
The lion roars, the elephant doth bray ;  
The bull doth bellow, and the horse doth neigh ;  
Man speaks : 'Tis only man can words create,  
And cut the air to sounds articulate  
By nature's special charter. Nay, speech can  
Make a shrewd discrepance 'twixt man and man :  
It doth the gentleman from clown discover ;  
And from a fool the grave philosopher :  
As *Solon* said to one in judgment weak,  
I thought thee wise until I heard thee speak.  
For words in man bear the most critick part ;  
We speak by nature ; but speak well by art.  
And as good bells we judge of by the sound,  
So a wise man by words well plac'd is found :  
Therefore it may be call'd no vain pretence,  
When 'mongst the rest the tongue would be a sense.  
The tongue's the rudder which man's fancy guides,  
Whilst on this world's tempestuous sea he rides.  
Words are the life of knowledge ; they set free,  
And bring forth truth by way of midwifery :  
'The activ'st creatures of the teeming brain,  
The judges who the inward man arraign :  
Reason's chief engine and artillery  
'To batter error, and make falsehood fly :  
The cannons of the mind, who sometimes bounce  
Nothing but war, then peace again pronounce.

The



The *Rabbins* say, such is the strength of words,  
That they make deeper wounds than spears or swords.  
*Howell.*

Words have wings, and, as soon as (their cage) the  
Mouth is open'd, out they fly, and mount beyond  
Our reach and past recovery; like light'ning,  
They can't be stop't, but break their passage through  
The smallest crannys, and penetrate  
Sometimes the thickest walls; their nature's as  
Expansive as the light: like sun-beams they  
Are darted many miles from their first source.

*Newile's Poor Scholar.*

# W O R L D.

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable  
Seem to me all the uses of this world?  
Fie on't! oh fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,  
'That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,  
Possess it meerly.

*Shakespear's Hamlet.*

This world's a city full of straying streets,  
And death's the market-place where each one meets.  
*Shakespear, Beaumont and Fletcher's Two noble Kinsmen.*  
Lo, how the stormy world doth worldlings tofs,  
'Twixt sandy pleasures, and a rocky will!  
Whilst them that court it most, it most doth cross,  
To vice indulgent, vertue's step-dame still.

*E. of Sterline's Cræsus.*

Who to the full, thy vileness, world, e'er told!

What is in thee, that's not extremely ill?  
A loathsome shop, where poison's only sold,  
Whose very entrance instantly doth kill:  
Nothing in thee but villany doth dwell,  
And all thy ways lead head long into hell,

*Drayton's Legend of Pierce Garveson.*

This world is like a mint, we are no sooner  
Cast into the fire, taken out again,  
Hammer'd, stamp'd, and made current, but  
Presently we are chang'd.

*Dekker and Webster's Westward Hoe.*

As mankind, so is the world's whole frame  
 Quite out of joint, almost created lame :  
 For before God had made up all the rest,  
 Corruption enter'd, and deprav'd the best :  
 It seiz'd the angels, and then first of all  
 The world did in her cradle take a fall,  
 And turn'd her brains ; and took a general maim,  
 Wronging each joint of th' universal frame :  
 The noblest part, man, felt it first ; and then,  
 Both beasts and plants, curst in the curse of man ;  
 So did the world from the first hour decay,  
 That evening was beginning of the day ;  
 And now the springs and summers, which we see,  
 Like sons of women after fifty be :  
 And new philosophy calls all in doubt,  
 The element of fire is quite put out :  
 The sun is lost, and th' earth ; and no man's wit  
 Can well direct him where to look for it.

*Dr. Donne.*

————— The world contains  
 Princes for arms, and counsellors for brains,  
 Lawyers for tongues, divines for hearts, and more,  
 The rich for stomachs, and for backs the poor ;  
 The officers for hands, merchants for feet,  
 By which remote and distant countries meet.

*Ibid.*

They say the world is like a byass-bowl,  
 And it runs all on the rich mens sides : others  
 Say, 'tis like a tennis ball, and fortune  
 Keeps such a racket with it, as it tosses  
 It into time's hazard, and that devours all.

*Cupid's Whirligig.*

This world's the chaos of confusion :  
 No world at all, but mass of open wrongs,  
 Wherein a man, as in a map may see  
 The high road way from woe to misery.

*Willy beguill'd.*

1. What

1. What other is the world than a ball,  
Which we run after with hoop and with hollø,  
He that doth catch it, is sure of a fall,  
His heels tript up by him that doth follow!
2. Do not women play too?
3. They are too light, quickly down.
1. O yes, they are the best gamesters of all;  
For though they often lie on the ground,  
Not one amongst a hundred will fall,  
But under her coats the ball will be found.

*Shirley's Bird in a Cage.*

No marvel, thou great monarch didst complain,  
And weep, there were no other worlds to gain:  
Thy griefs and thy complaints were not amiss;  
Hea's grief enough, that finds no world but this.

*Quarles.*

Thus having travers'd the fond world in brief,  
The lust of th' eyes, the flesh, and pride of life;  
Unbias'd and impartially we see,  
'Tis lighter in the scale, than vanity.  
What then remains? But that we still should strive  
Not to be born to die, but dye to live.

*Cleveland.*

Well hath the great creator of the world  
Fram'd it in that exact and perfect form,  
That by itself unmoveable might stand,  
Supported only by his providence.  
Well hath his pow'rful wisdom ordered  
The in nature disagreeing elements,  
That all affecting their peculiar place,  
Maintain the conservation of the whole.  
Well hath he taught the swelling ocean  
To know his bounds, lest in luxurious pride  
He should insult upon the conquer'd land.  
Well hath he plac'd those torches in the heav'ns  
To give light to our else all darkned eyes:  
The christal windows thorough which our soul  
Looking upon the world's most beauteous face,

Is blest with sight and knowledge of his works.  
 Well hath he all things done : for how, alas !  
 Could any strength or wit of feeble man  
 Sustained have that greater universe  
 Too weak an *Atlas* for one commonwealth ?  
 How could he make the earth, the water, air,  
 And fire, in peace their duties to observe,  
 Or bridle up the headstrong ocean,  
 That cannot rule the wits and tongues of men,  
 And keep them in ? It were impossible  
 To give light to the world, with all his art  
 And skill, that cannot well illuminate  
 One darkned understanding.

*Sophister.*

In this grand wheel, the world, we're spokes made all ;  
 But that it may still keep its round,  
 Some mount while others fall.

*Alex. Brome.*

Who looks upon this world, and not beyond it,  
 To the abodes it leads to, must believe it  
 The bloody slaughter-house of some ill pow'r,  
 Rather than the contrivance of a good one.  
 Ev'ry thing here breeds misery to man ;  
 The sea breeds storms to sink him : If he flies  
 To shore for aid, the shore breeds rocks to tear him :  
 The earth breeds briars to rend him, trees to hang him ;  
 Those things that seem his friends, are false to him :  
 The air that gives him breath, gives him infection ;  
 Meat takes his health away, and drink his reason.  
 His reason is so great a plague to him,  
 He never is so pleas'd as when he's robb'd on't  
 By drink or madness.

*Crown's ambitious Statesman.*

——— Oh cursed troubled world !  
 Where nothing without sorrow can be had,  
 And 'tis not easy to be good or bad !  
 For horror attends evil, sorrow good,  
 Vice plagues the mind, and virtue flesh and blood.

*Crown's Darius.*



The world is a great dance, in which we find  
 The good and bad have various turns assign'd ;  
 But when they've ended the great masquerade,  
 One goes to glory, th' other to a shade.

*Crown's Juliana.*

## Y O U T H.

**B**E affable and courteous in youth, that  
 You may be honour'd in age. Roses that  
 Lose their colours, keep their favours, and pluck'd  
 From the stalk, are put to the still. *Cotonea,*  
 Because it boweth when the sun riseth,  
 Is sweetest when it is oldest : and children,  
 Which in their tender Years sow courtesy,  
 Shall in their declining states reap pity,

*Lilly's Sappho and Phao.*

———Let me not live (quoth he)  
 After my flame lacks oil ; to be the snuff  
 Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses  
 All but new things disdain ; whose judgments are  
 Meer fathers of their garments ; whose constancies  
 Expire before their fashions.

*Shakespear's All's well that ends well.*

———For Youth no less becomes  
 The light and careless livery that it wears,  
 Than settled age his fables, and his weeds  
 Importing health and graveness.

*Shakespear's Hamlet.*

I'll serve his youth, for youth must have his course,  
 For being restrain'd, it makes him ten times worse :  
 His pride, his riot, all that may be nam'd,  
 Time may recall, and all his madness tam'd.

*Shakespear's London Prodigal.*

I will

I'll not practice any violent means to stay  
 Th' unbridled course of youth in him : for that  
 Restrain'd, grows more impatient ; and, in kind,  
 Like to the eager, but the gen'rous grey-hound,  
 Who, ne'er so little from his game withheld,  
 Turns head, and leaps up at his holder's throat.

*Johnson's Every Man in his Humour.*

What Stoick strange, who most precise appears,  
 Could that Youth's death with tearless eyes behold ?  
 In all perfections ripe, tho' green in years ;  
 A hoary judgment under locks of gold.

*E. of Sterline's Cræsus.*

—————The heat  
 Of an unsteady youth, a giddy brain,  
 Green indiscretion, flattery of greatness,  
 Rawness of judgment, wilfulness in folly,  
 Thoughts vagrant as the wind, and as uncertain.

*John Ford's Broken Heart.*

—————Folly may be in youth :  
 But many times 'tis mixt with grave discretion  
 That tempers it to use, and makes its judgment  
 Equal, if not exceeding that, which palseys  
 Have almost shaken into a disease.

*Nabbs's Covent Garden.*

I love to see a nimble activeness  
 In noble youth ; it argues active minds  
 In well shap'd bodies, and begets a joy  
 Dancing within me.

*Ibid.*

1. Though youthful blood be hot,  
 Yet it must be allay'd and cool'd by snowy age ;  
 And those of elder years ought to restrain  
 Its violent and impetuous course.

2. Ay, but with this caution and proviso,  
 That the restraint be not unseasonable :  
 'Tis a receiv'd opinion 'mong anatomists,  
 That the ligature and binding of a member,  
 If seasonably apply'd, preserves the heart

From

From violent influxes of the blood ;  
 But if the application be untimely, it causes  
 Gangreens and hæmorrhagies ;  
 So youthful blood if checkt unseasonably,  
 Becomes more insolent and impetuous,  
 More vitiated and corrupt, than if  
 Its natural course had not been hinder'd ;  
 The age of youth is the strong rein of  
 Passion, and vice does ride in triumph  
 Upon the wheels of vehement desire,  
 Which run with infinite celerity,  
 When the body drives the chariot,  
 They can't be stopp'd on a sudden ;  
 Art and deliberation must be us'd.

*Newile's Poor Scholar.*

All hardy youths ! from valiant fathers sprung,  
 Whom perfect honour he so highly taught,  
 That th' aged fetch'd examples from the young,  
 And hid the vain experience which they brought.

*Sir William Davenant's Gondibert.*

Something of youth, I in old age approve ;  
 But more the marks of age in youth I love.  
 Who this observes, may in his body find  
 Decrepit age, but never in his mind.

*Denham.*

And they whose high examples youth obeys,  
 Are not despised, though their strength decays ;  
 And those decays, to speak the naked truth,  
 Though the defects of age, were crimes of youth :  
 Intemp'rate youth, by sad experience found,  
 Ends in an age imperfect and unsound.

*Denham.*

And to rash youth 'tis an unhappy fate,  
 To come too early to a great estate.

*Crown's Calisto.*

JOHN RYLAND ~~IN~~ I N I S.

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